

August 1921

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Marden's Magazine



The Remarkable Story of (See Page 81) Robert E. Hicks

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The New SUCCESS

Marden's Magazine

A MAGAZINE OF OPTIMISM, SELF-HELP AND ENCOURAGEMENT

Volume V.

NEW YORK, August, 1921

Number 8

LEADING CONTENTS OF THIS ISSUE

	PAGE
Only the People Can Censor Moving Pictures	Rex Beach 16
A Stenographer to See You, Mr. Business Man	Helen Southwick 20
The McFlimsey Emporium.	Orison Swett Marden 23
Sam Hodge, American (A Serial. Part II).	Henry Irving Dodge 27
The Men Put Me Up to Run for Congress (Interview with Alice M. Robert- son, M. C.).	Matilda Weidemeyer Gantt 33
From Plowboy to Banker (Life-story of Thomas R. Preston).	A. F. Harlow 35
I Wrote a Song a Day for Thirty Years (Interview with George M. Cohan) Ada Patterson	39
How Acorns of Ideas Became Oaks of Prosperity	Frank Winslow 43
Woman's Place in Medicine	Charlotte C. West 51
"Gold," The Play of the Month	Edwin Markham 54
What Did I Fear? Darned If I Know!	Raymond Oswell 57
Mrs. George W. Loft, Deputy Police Commissioner	Stanton A. Coblenz 58
An Interview with Postmaster-General Hays	Kenneth Harris 61
An Interview with Don Carlos Seitz, of the New York World	Ada Patterson 64
Erika Morini, Master of the Violin	Luther Emanuel Widen 68
Physically Done Up at Forty.	Orison Swett Marden 69
The Loafer	Orison Swett Marden 72
Pertinent Sayings of President Masaryk (Translation).	F. O. Barton 74
The Doubting Thomas. (A Story. Part I).	Howard P. Rockey 75
The Man Who Came Back. (Life-story of Robert E. Hicks).	Albert Sidney Gregg 81
The Triumph of Katherine O'Day (A Story).	Beulah Sheldon 86
What One Immigrant to America Accomplished	Irene O'Connor 87
The Pass-It-On Club	94
Think It Over	114

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The NEW SUCCESS MARDEN'S MAGAZINE

ORISON SWETT MARDEN
EDITOR

ROBERT MACKAY
MANAGING EDITOR

VOLUME V.
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NEW YORK,
AUGUST, 1921



Only the People Can Censor Moving Pictures

Declares REX BEACH, famous author
and producer

Will you start a moving-picture censorship in your community?

Interview by ROBERT MACKAY

REX BEACH, whose name is known wherever big, virile, wholesome American fiction is read, also one of the most successful producers of motion-pictures in this country, sends through this issue of *THE NEW SUCCESS*, a message to the people asking their hearty coöperation to assist in censoring all moving-picture plays that are to be shown in the future. According to Mr. Beach—and no other man has so keen an insight to the workings and development of the moving-picture industry as he, for he is making it his life work,—the outcome of the various State boards of censorship will not solve the problem of eliminating what is detrimental to the morals of the various communities but will result in crippling the motion-picture industry; and this, he claims, would be one of the greatest misfortunes that could befall the American public.

Rex Beach is a clear-thinking man, a deep student of the thing that is foremost in his

mind. He is that rare combination: artist and business man. He took up authorship because he did not care for the stories that other men and women were turning out. He frankly thought that he could write better ones and he was willing to abandon a lucrative position in the world to prove that he was right. So he turned to his typewriter and his imagination, and, in a few years, he was recognized as one of the leading fictionists of the United States. That was some dozen years ago. The "Movies" were just beginning to be heard of; and when the promoters of films needed material for big American subjects, the stories of Rex Beach took on an unusual value. He soon discovered that he could serve the public better by being his own producer. Few men are so conversant with all the intricacies of the picture-making art as this big, breezy American.

"To-day," said Mr. Beach, as I interviewed him in his beautiful home near Dobbs Ferry,

New York, overlooking the majestic Hudson River and the hills and dales of Fenimore Cooper's romances, "the moving-picture play is as much a part of our lives as the motor-car, the electric light, the railroad, or the press. The millions of people who inhabit this country can no more do without them than they can do without any other form of industry or enlightenment. Unfortunately, at the beginning, the production of pictures fell into the hands of men who did not take seriously the importance of films of high moral elements; but, to-day, most of these producers have been driven out of the game. The industry is fast becoming as exclusive as the publishing of books or magazines—for it requires vast sums of money to make good pictures, and there is no more capital for those who disregard the importance of making picture-plays that can be seen without being branded as a menace to public morals.

"**T**HAT there has been a number of degrading picture-plays, I do not deny. They have crept in and have aroused the various States to censorship activities. These pictures have brought contumely and contempt on the entire motion-picture industry, and the reformers have been aroused. I am certain that if these pictures had been given the support they deserved they would have died—and their producers would have gone out of business with them; but, naturally, they cast odium on more worthy productions with the result that censorship is about to be carried to a dangerous degree.

"We are told that the motion-picture—taking it in its broadest sense—degrades our youth, is responsible for crime, incites our foreign born to bolshevism, and holds American womanhood up to shame. Those are some of the statements made in all seriousness—statements that have brought wild applause from the proponents of censorship measures. If the people will compare the average moving-picture with the average novel and the average play, they will realize that the elements that make one are no worse than the elements that make the other.

"For instance: our fiction and our drama abound with many elements of life, such as love, romance, crime, gambling and other things that beset the human being. Shakespeare, who produced the greatest literature in the world, wrote about all these things, and yet if Shakespeare were to be put through the same degree of censorship that is proposed to be meted out to moving-pictures, there would not be a Shakespearian play on the stage. If we were to eliminate all the elements that make motion-pictures

interesting and possible, we would have nothing to work on. I do not believe that any *legitimate* producer is presenting crime just to make crime popular. He is using it as the basis for human uplift. You cannot cure a disease unless there is a disease to be cured.

"**A**CCORDING to the moving-picture censors, motherhood and burglary are crimes equally heinous.

"For a number of years, I have written outdoor stories which, to my mind, at least, are clean. In every State in the Union, except Pennsylvania, I can acknowledge my identity without great shame—at least without more shame than any author feels at mention of his books. But in Pennsylvania I bear the brand of Cain. One of my pictures which was considered clean in the other forty-seven States was declared by the Pennsylvania board to contravene the public morals of that State. There being no appeal from the Pennsylvania Board, the picture has never been released in that State and I am labeled as a menace to the public welfare. In forty-seven other States I am just the opposite.

"The history of State censorship is full of absurdities that would induce mirth were the consequences less serious, and of injustices which can arouse nothing but alarm not only among us who are making pictures, but also among thinking people who will take the time to learn something about it. It is impossible for censors to agree on what should be presented on the screen and what should not.

"**T**HERE is only one possible censorship for moving-pictures. That censorship lies with the public. The public must be the body that determines what or what shall not be produced. If the people of every community would first find out what the moving-picture theaters of their community intend to produce, the managers would very quickly see that no objectionable films were shown:

"A large amount of objection arises from the supposed corruption of children who are permitted frequent visits to moving-picture theaters. But it is impossible to separate children from adults in the theater. It is plain to see that pictures could not be made solely for one or the other. Parents are at fault in permitting their children to see pictures they have not first investigated. Parents rely too much on influences away from home to shape the creeds their children should follow.

"I am reminded of the statement of a New York city school teacher. In our schools it is



necessary for the pupils to attend with clean bodies and clothes. In this particular teacher's class, was a girl whose face and neck showed that she had not used soap and water. The teacher told her to bring her state of uncleanness to the attention of her mother. On the following day, the girl appeared still unwashed.

"Did you tell your mother?" asked the teacher.

"Yes," replied the girl, "but mother told me to tell you that *you* must keep me clean."

THE nub of correct censorship of moving pictures lies in this little story. The only thorough and lasting censorship must begin with the parents themselves. If, in every community, as I have said—and I wish to repeat it most emphatically—reputable fathers and mothers would organize boards and simply demand of the moving-picture theater manager a complete synopsis of the story of the pictures he is to show, they would very soon find that they could let their children attend any screen production and not worry.

"If the moving picture-industry puts itself into a position where it is more interested in pleasing children than in furnishing entertainment and education, it is foregoing its greatest

purpose. Such production would be based solely on narrow-mindedness, and narrow-mindedness is the unfortunate point of view taken by the average reformer. The reformer



Photograph by Campbell Studios

REX BEACH—HE HAS A MESSAGE FOR YOU!

This clear-visioned, deep-thinking American gives you a very valuable suggestion through this number of **THE NEW SUCCESS**. Read carefully what he says regarding the censoring of moving-picture plays, and write to the editor of this magazine, your views on the subject. Your letters may—and should—contain suggestions that will start a nation-wide campaign that will be not only of benefit to the people but help an industry which, as Mr. Beach states, is now an integral part of our lives.

is inclined to overlook strength of character in the individual. He bases his point of view on the weakling's outlook—weaklings who are

(Continued on page 104)

A stenographer to see you, Mr. Business Man!

She wishes to give you a little dictation, so, please listen

By HELEN SOUTHWICK

A STENOGRAPHER to see you, gentlemen!

You recognize the type. It is she of the georgette waist and the high heels and the accessible powder-puff. Her complexion and hair are equally overdone. Her eyebrows follow the prevailing mode. Her blouse is too low and her skirt is too high, and her "favorite" perfume is overpowering in a small office. Her glittering finger-nails are much too long for typewriting, and her silk hose are of better quality than she can afford. In short, she is a typical stenographer—exactly the sort one reads about in the magazines.

But hold!

Something wrong here! What has she done with her gum?

And why is she surrendering her note book and pencils? Heavens! Is the girl going to quit?

Ah! I think I have it, gentlemen. I honestly believe the poor girl wants to *talk*! Hence, perhaps, the absence of the gum. And she wishes to give you a little dictation this morning, if you please. So take down your feet and pass around the pencils. Don't be nervous, gentlemen. I have no doubt she will go slowly, since you must take it in longhand.

I am sure you are going to be very good-natured about this. You are a good-natured, open-minded crowd, on the whole, and you will remember that, for many years, the stenographer has been the humble recipient of long columns of advice on efficiency, and self-improvement, and coöperation, and proper conduct, and appropriate dress. Remembering this, I know you all will agree that she is entitled to a little free speech on her own behalf. Who knows but that it may work out to your mutual benefit? Her suggestions may or may not fit your case, but the chances are that one or two of them will. At any rate—

Are you ready, gentlemen? Very well. Take the following notes. You might call them:

1.—Don't send for your stenographer until you are ready for her. Read and sort your letters beforehand. Decide what you want to say, and, if necessary, jot down a few reminders on each letter. Arrange them in a neat pile, placing the most important ones on top. By dictating the most important letters first you make it easier for your stenographer to rush them out. This is obviously an advantage in case your dictation is interrupted, as the stenographer can be working on these letters while the less urgent ones wait. Get your inclosures ready also, unless they are such that the stenographer can attend to them herself. Then you won't find it necessary to jump up a half-dozen times to hunt for enclosures—a practice which interrupts your train of thought and wastes your time and the time of your stenographer. These enclosures can be clipped to the proper letters when they are returned to you for your signature, and there will be little likelihood of any being lost or omitted.

2.—Having sent for your stenographer, make use of her. It is a waste of her time and yours if she is obliged to wait in idleness while you prow through your mail, reading and sorting the letters and making decisions and doing various things which you should have done before she came into the room. If you like to tell stories and crack jokes and entertain visitors in the dictation hour, well and good. But don't expect your stenographer to make up for the lost time. Be alert. While you sit gazing out the window and drumming a tune on the table, your stenographer is probably wishing that she could be finishing that piece of work which is waiting on her desk. Don't try to dictate when you are sleepy. You

THE ONLY
DIFFERENCE
BETWEEN A
RUT AND A
GRAVE IS THE
WIDTH AND
DEPTH

can't yawn and dictate successfully at the same time. We have all heard of the stenographer who is listless and inattentive after a dance. I wonder if you have any idea how irritating it is to try to take dictation from a man who is too drowsy to concentrate?

3.—Don't dictate the address unless it is necessary. It is more likely to be accurate if your stenographer copies it from the original letter, and you need not take the time to read it to her.

4.—It is a great convenience to a stenographer to be able to refer to the original letter while transcribing her notes, as it frequently assists her in spelling proper names, getting correct dates, numbers and addresses, and clearing up the meaning of confused sentences. Therefore, having dictated your reply to a letter, whenever possible, lay the latter *face downward* on the table, together with the enclosure, and hand the whole pile to the stenographer when you shall have finished dictating. Thus the letters will appear in their proper order as she types your answers to them and it will be an easy matter for her to refer to a letter if necessary and to attach to it the carbon copy of your reply without having to shuffle the whole pile.

5.—Avoid flowery language. Cut close to the line. Write as you talk. Be yourself. Some business men who have no trouble whatever in making themselves understood over the telephone, obscure their ideas by meaningless words and high-sounding phrases when they dictate a letter. Buy some up-to-date books on letter writing and consult them freely. They may clear up a few points about which you are uncertain, and will, perhaps, relieve you of many cumbersome ceremonies which you thought were indispensable parts of a letter. Don't depend on your stenographer's judgment. Get authoritative information on accepted forms.

6.—Don't worry about your grammar. Do something about it. Buy a good elementary textbook on the subject and use it occasionally. There is no mystery about grammar and you won't find it so hard as you thought it when you were in school. We hear much complaining about the inability of the average stenographer to transcribe a lucid letter. Are you perfectly certain that you *dictated* a lucid letter? If your dictation is as clear as it should be, the average stenographer

will type it exactly as you said it to her. Talk a little slower if necessary, and *listen to your own sentences*. Some men abandon dependent clauses and participles and prepositions in mid-air; omit the verb, mix tenses and numbers, and tangle things up generally. They are "word slingers" in very truth. I sometimes wonder what such a dictator would think if his stenographer should type exactly what *she* heard him say. In all probability, he would fail to recognize his own composition and would blame the result on the stenographer. Realizing this, the stenographer usually does her best to untangle her notes and "make sense" out of them; in which case he seldom knows the difference. It sounds all right when he reads it over, and he supposes he dictated it that way in the first place.

Then you believe that if you furnish the big ideas it is your stenographer's business to "fix up the grammar." By indulging in this lazy habit you rob yourself of a fine opportunity for practice in clear thinking and plain speaking. Furthermore, you are unfair to those with whom you correspond. A letter should be characteristic of the writer—not the writer's stenographer!

Speak simple, direct, straightforward English and your grammar will usually take care of itself. Dictate freely, without restraint or affectation. Try always to see the end of your sentence from the beginning. If you are doubtful of your ability to finish a long sentence properly, use short, compact sentences. Your style will improve as you gain experience in dictating. And again—*be yourself*. Let your letter be an honest expression of yourself—not a hodgepodge of cant phrases you've picked up here and there. Imagine the other fellow is on the telephone. Then just *talk* to him. And, in some cases, it might be well to imagine that you'll be charged extra for overtime.

7.—Don't be timid or self-conscious. Concentrate on the idea you want to get across and don't try to impress the stenographer. You cannot bluff her; but if you are fearlessly natural and sincere you will compel her respect and admiration.

8.—Don't get nervous and constantly revise your sentences. Learn to speak with assurance. What if the sentence is not polished to the highest degree? Next time you will do it better, probably; but, this time, let well enough alone.

I know a college president whose dictation is a tangled web of revisions and afterthoughts

and incoherent modifiers—to be smoothed out by his expert secretary whose salary is not at all commensurate with the ability required to handle such slovenly dictation. Such a man does not need a stenographer. He needs a pencil and a good eraser.

I know another man—not a college president, by the way—who seldom fails to finish a sentence as he began it. Sometimes he brings the sentence to a point where it seems that nothing will save it from the junk heap—but he finishes it *somehow* and finishes it correctly. By so doing, he has acquired a clarity of style and a sureness of touch which is really remarkable. Of course, this man's stenographers think he is a jewel, as his letters are very easy to transcribe.

Few stenographers are so unreasonable as to object to making changes in their notes occasionally, but a little more forethought and a little less haste on your part will eliminate many unnecessary corrections. And, by the way, having gone back to make a correction, allow the stenographer sufficient time to make the required changes in her notes. Intelligent perseverance in dictation will make you a quick thinker and a ready speaker. Why not avail yourself of the opportunity to sharpen your wits and organize your thinking?

9.—Speak loud enough to be heard, and speak distinctly. It is annoying to have to "strain your ears" to hear the dictation. Don't speak in a monotone. Talk naturally, as you do ordinarily. Drop your voice when you finish a sentence, but try to avoid dropping it in the wrong places. It is misleading, and sometimes makes it necessary for the typist to erase a period or change it into a comma. Periods, you know, are very hard to erase.

10.—As far as possible, dictate at an even rate of speed. A short, definite pause at the end of every sentence will please your stenographer, and will also clarify your sentence structure.

11.—Don't stand over the stenographer if you want a piece of work done in a hurry. If she is nervous, you will only cause her to make unnecessary mistakes.

12.—Don't clean or bite or snap your finger nails while dictating. It is irritating to the stenographer.

13.—If Saturday afternoon is a holiday, don't let your letters pile up until Saturday morning and then expect her to rush them out.

14.—Don't get nervous if you notice that occasionally your stenographer has nothing to do. Typing is hard, monotonous, nerve-racking work; and if she kept at it every minute of the day, she would fall off in accuracy and speed and wreck her nervous system in the bargain. Some days are rush days; other days are not. It makes a fair average. Human

beings do better work when they are allowed to work in spurts. It is only machines that grind steadily along day after day at an unvarying rate of speed. If, in a burst of joyous energy, your stenographer dashes at a difficult piece of work and finishes it in record time, only to find another pile of similar work waiting for her,

it is highly probable that, in the course of many such days, that fine flare of enthusiasm will flicker out. If, when it seems necessary, your stenographer is willing to do two days' work in one, then, certainly, she should be left to uninterrupted enjoyment of a "slack day" in the office, and nobody should feel it his duty to invent "busy work" for her.

The right to the enjoyment of honestly accumulated leisure is one thing that distinguishes work from drudgery. It is one incentive which relieves the deadly grind and furnishes a dash of adventure to treadmill tasks. It is an incentive which works in your case, too, though you need it much less than your stenographer whose job is not so interesting as yours. So leave the cage door open. And if your stenographer doesn't play fair under these conditions, discharge her.

15.—Suppose your stenographer has a half hour to spare. How do you want her to spend it? Doing nothing? Pretending to be busy? Or, are you sensible enough to prefer that she read a book, write a letter, or finish the

(Continued on page 118)

THERE never has been devised and there never will be devised, any law which will enable a man to succeed save by the exercise of those qualities which have always been the prerequisites of success, the qualities of hard work, of keen intelligence, of unflinching will.

—THEODORE ROOSEVELT.



The MacFlimsey Emporium Holds a Bargain Day

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN

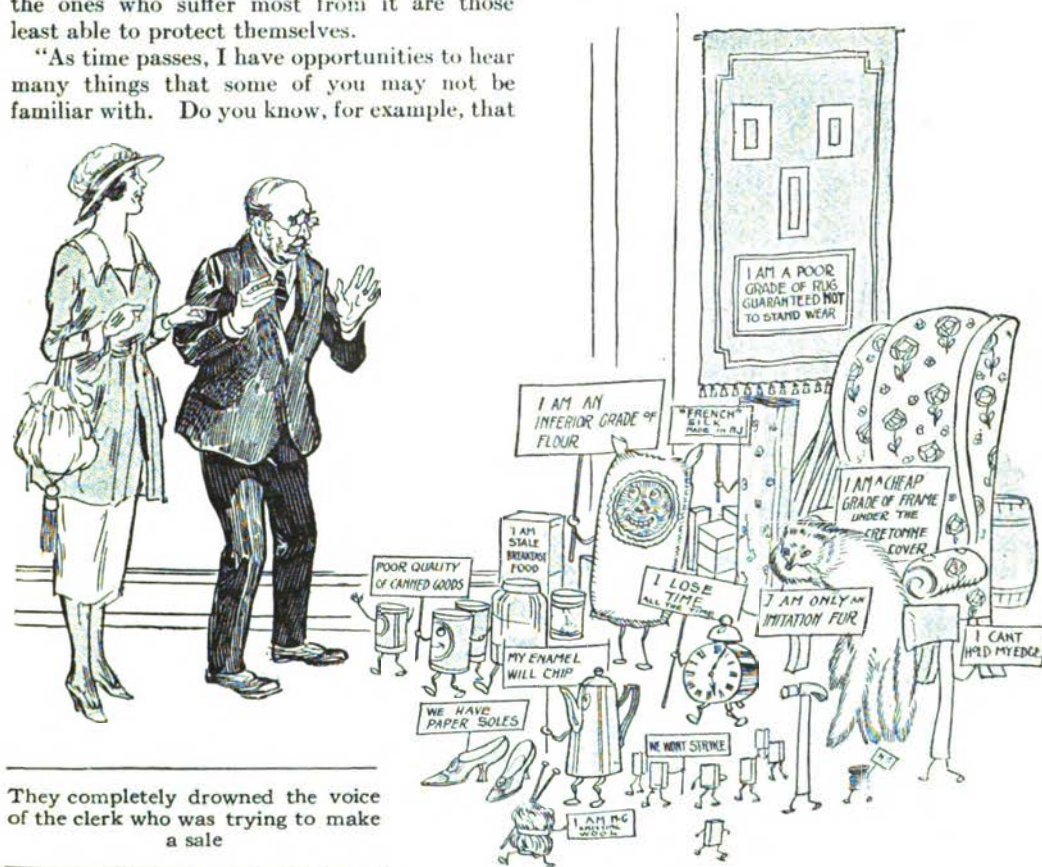
CARTOON BY GORDON ROSS

ONCE upon a time, the merchandise in a showy second-rate department store met in convention to protest against being lied about all the time, and to decide on a plan to protect the public from being robbed by dishonest merchants. After calling the meeting to order, the chairman, a large, serious-faced Clock, which kept marking time, opened the proceedings with a few general remarks:

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began, "we have all been parties too long to the shameless frauds foisted on the public. This cheating and lying by our owner, and those like him, has been going on long before you and I were born, and the ones who suffer most from it are those least able to protect themselves.

"As time passes, I have opportunities to hear many things that some of you may not be familiar with. Do you know, for example, that

during the Civil War so-called respectable northern manufacturers, who posed as patriots, were guilty of the death of many of the poor soldiers as surely as if they had put bullets through their bodies? They were nothing better than Judases who, to fill their coffers with dollars, sent to the army at the front, quantities of shoes that were nothing but sham. Many a northern soldier sleeps in a southern grave, to-day, who received no bullet wound in battle, but was shot down by those dishonest manufacturers in the North. Thousands of soldiers died from pneumonia, the result of colds contracted while marching in the



They completely drowned the voice of the clerk who was trying to make a sale

rain and slush and snow in those shoddy shoes, with paper inner soles under the disguise of leather, which allowed the water to run right through. It was the same in the Spanish-American war. There were actually more deaths from disease, caused in many instances by "embalmed" beef and other adulterated foods, than from actual conflict.

"While some efforts have been made to curb the human sharks who prey on their fellowmen, there are merchants, to-day, just as dishonest as those of the past. They know very well that most of their advertisements are gross deceptions; that they are not really offering 'unprecedented bargains'; 'that they are not selling 'bankrupt merchandise' at a 'tremendous sacrifice'; that they are not 'half-priced sales.' Cut the deceptions, the downright lies, out of many of these advertisements and there will be very little left.

"**Y**OU know as well as I do, that there are concerns in New York and other cities which make a business of printing labels to deceive customers, and that one dealer recently ordered fifty thousand of these lying labels to put on bottles and packages of all sorts of merchandise.

"There are a great many stores like ours, and if the different sorts of merchandise could only speak and tell the truth about themselves to customers, they would say, 'Don't buy me because I am not honest; this label on me is a wicked lie.'

"Now, my friends, this is just what we in this store, propose to do to-morrow, which, as you know, is bargain day. We will tell every customer who comes in to-morrow the absolute truth about ourselves. Of course, we know the consequences. We know what we shall get from the heads of departments and from the proprietor; but we have decided to take our medicine and protect the people from further exploitation. If they buy any of us to-morrow they will do so with their eyes open."

There was great applause when the chairman sat down, and before the meeting dispersed all renewed their pledge to coöperate on the morrow.

The next day, the show windows of the MacFlimsey Emporium were decked out in their most alluring dress. The department managers were bowing and smiling anticipating a great sale, for the people came pouring in the moment the doors were thrown open.

But by and by, frowns and consternation took the place of bows and smiles, for the most extraordinary scenes were being enacted all

over the store. The confusion at the Tower of Babel was a mild affair compared with what took place at MacFlimsey's that day. Some of the customers were laughing loudly, others were indignantly giving a "bit of their minds" to the managers, while every bit of merchandise in every department was on its feet, talking to the customers who came to look at them. They completely drowned the voices of the clerks who were expatiating on their merits.

In the furniture department a solid mahogany dining-room suite was saying to a young man and his wife, "Don't judge me by my appearance. There are lots of defects under my shining coat of varnish and polish; lines of rotten, spongy, coarse-grained, knotty wood. The label on me is a lie. I'm not mahogany—only a base imitation. I'm a fraud through and through. Don't buy me."

A sofa nearby was saying to another couple, "Unless you have money to burn, don't buy me; for I am as false inside as a doll stuffed with sawdust. The springs in me are the cheapest kind obtainable. My outside cover is the only attractive thing about me. My frame is made of poor, cheap, defective wood. My castors are not half put in, and my legs will break off even before the rest of me is half worn out."

In the clothing department, a poor woman looking around for a suit of clothes for her boy— attracted by the very low "marked-down" price tag on one—was about to purchase it, when it piped up, "Don't buy me, madam, I should be a very expensive purchase for you. I am not what I seem, at all. I have been fixed up to sell. I am really nothing but shoddy with a little bit of decent material worked into me by cunning factory devices and dressed by machinery so that I look all right. But when I get wet, the shoddy will come to the surface. I shall lose my shape and begin to look shabby. The very first time I am worn, my buttons will fly off, my seams will rip, and after a few weeks' wear I will not look like anything but a sloppy old sack.

AT the same time a fashionable wrap was telling its history to a would-be purchaser. "I was made in a sweat shop in New York at starvation wages. I was knocked around on the floor in a room where half a dozen wretched families were crowded together like sardines. Some of them had tuberculosis, and the articles they made were never disinfected or cleansed before being put on sale. Besides, I am not Australian wool as advertised, but largely shoddy, made from the rags picked up in New York."

In the shoe department a pair of shoes was saying to another customer, "My price only is real. I am a sham through and through. My inner soles are made of pasteboard and my heels of wood. The leather in the upper part of me, which has been polished and made to look like fine-grained calfskin, is nothing but inferior coarse-grained split leather that will not hold its shape a week. Neither will it shed water. Even a mild shower of rain will thoroughly soak me."

All through the store similar scenes were to be witnessed. Here a bolt of silk spoke up and said, "You will notice these words woven into my border, 'Made in Lyons, France.' I was actually made in Patterson, New Jersey." Piles of linen marked "Irish" were saying, "We never saw Ireland; we were manufactured in American mills." Velvets, cloths, cashmeres, ribbons, laces, and so on, were all around telling the truth about themselves; that they were not "imported goods" but were made in America.

Pandemonium reigned in the basement,

where there was a great collection of miscellaneous goods. Here a bottle marked "Pure Olive Oil" was saying, "I am not olive oil. I am cotton-seed oil. I never was in Italy or France. I grew in the cotton fields of the South." Flour, tinware, cheap clocks, carpenter's tools, cheap-grade rugs, imitation furs, all sorts of things were talking at once, telling customers not to buy them, that their labels were lies and they were not at all what they were represented to be. In fact, all of the adulterations, the substitutes, all of the lies were uncovered, and the absolute truth laid bare from roof to basement in the entire establishment that day.

The result was, the bargain day sale at the MacFlimsey Emporium was the nine-day sensation of the town. Everybody was talking about it. Of course, the Emporium sold nothing that day, nor ever again. Even before the talk about the sale had died down, there were displayed in its show windows cards bearing the legend: "These Premises for Rent or Sale!"

FORWARD, MARCH

By Richard B. Bennett

I

WHAT cowards we who, cringing
in the valley,
Begrudge the mountain tops their
gleaming height;
What recreants, afraid our souls to rally
To breast the ringing lists where
heroes fight!

II

WE cramp our hearts to skimped
and craven living,
And whine that Fate yields but a
beggar's fee,
While o'er the big green world the gods
are giving
Life heaped in armfuls to the bold
and free.

III

THERE'S not a summit but will
yield its vision
To him who dares its panting steep
to climb;
There's not a battle but its red decision
Writes some name deathless on the
scrolls of time.

IV

STRIKE hard! Look high! The
world is his who earns it;
Nor steep nor depth the dauntless
spirit bars.
Defeat's grim ogre quails from him
who spurns it;
The stars are his who mounts to
meet the stars.

IF Spring came but once in a century, instead of once a year, or burst forth with the sound of an earthquake and not in silence, what wonder and expectation there would be in all hearts to behold the miraculous change. But now the silent succession suggests nothing but necessity. To most men only the cessation of the miracle would be miraculous, and the perpetual exercise of God's power seems less wonderful than its withdrawal would be.—Longfellow.

I AM—?

THE hope of the world.

The universal friend of mankind.

The foundation of national prosperity.

The progress of civilization depends upon me.

The common people love me; but kings, emperors, autocratic rulers and classes have ever been my enemies.

I am the great conservator of health, of childhood, of manhood, of womanhood, of all that is best in human life.

I have been driven about and buffeted through all time, but never have I despaired of accomplishing my object.

Long before Christianity, poets, prophets, philanthropists and reformers looked forward to the establishment of my rule over all the earth.

Without me the brotherhood of man, friendship between nations, the banishment of poverty and misery from the earth will be but idle dreams.

I work for the good of all, yet there are men so blinded by greed and ambition, by what they consider their personal interests, that they are constantly working for my destruction.

I am stronger than my most powerful enemies, and, like Liberty, cannot be killed. Though often driven to the wall, and apparently destroyed, I have struggled up all through the ages, up through blood and tears, through indescribable agony and the destruction of all that is dear to the hearts of men.

I was mortally wounded recently; but, like a phoenix, I have risen out of the trenches, up from the blood-stained battlefields of Europe, up from the graves of the dead who fought for me. Above the clash of international ambitions, jealousies, and hatreds, the hideous aftermath of war, my voice is heard calling to all the peoples of the world to put an end to war now and forever.

I am healing the frightful wounds, soothing the anguish, repairing the destruction wrought by my cruel adversary. I am also filling the hearts of forward-looking men and women everywhere with the determination never to cease their efforts until the whole world is enrolled under my banner.

I am sanguine of success as never before. In spite of the heavy clouds on the horizon, the universal unrest, the quarreling, the bickering and fighting of individuals, classes and nations, never before did my future look so bright. I can literally see swords being turned into plowshares. I can see armies being disbanded, armaments destroyed and great warships turned into vessels of commerce. I call on you to help realize my vision, for I am your best friend.

I AM PEACE.

—O. S. M.

THE SECOND INSTALLMENT OF

HENRY IRVING DODGE'S

Powerful Novel Attacking the Bolshevist Curse

Sam Hodge, American

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES F. JAEGER

THE manufacturing town of Rosedale had been run for years by one man, Sam Hodge, politician, but American to the core. He had recently been elected mayor, much to the disgust of Walter Hichens, a wealthy young idealist who, three years before, had shown his disapproval of the boss-ridden town by moving his plant ten miles away where he established a model city and called it Harmony. On every available occasion he gave vent to his hatred of Hodge by exploiting, through the medium of his newspaper, his contempt of the way in which Rosedale was managed, which seemingly had no effect on Hodge, who went about his affairs serenely indifferent. His only comment was this: If Hichens were a fool, he had the courage of his con-

ventions. Having reason to believe that the seed of bolshevism was being sown in Rosedale, Hodge begins his campaign against its growth in the community. His one hope is to kill it through organization, and, with this idea in mind, he sets about to obtain the co-operation of the various churches and newspapers. Meanwhile, in Chicago, Casparillo J. Tode, chief instigator of bolshevism, is planning with one of his subordinates, Sandowski, to send him to Rosedale to take charge of a newspaper there. Establishing himself in rooms over Kerrigan's saloon, Sandowski, with able assistants, lays his underground system in the name of bolshevism. However, Sam Hodge has not been idle. His first attack comes as a great surprise.

CHAPTER V

WHEN Casparillo J. Tode, in his comfortable quarters over Sandy Kerrigan's saloon down in Hell's Half Acre, read the call for cartoons in the *Herald*, he was perplexed. When the *Mail* came out in the afternoon bearing the identical notice that had appeared in the *Herald*, Tode was apprehensive. "Blatsky," he said, "this is Hodge—this is organization."

"I've come to suspect that it means the same thing," said Blatsky.

Tode simulated a stiff upper lip, though he felt it not. He pursed his lips contemptuously. "Only Yankee eccentricity."

"Hang it," exclaimed Blatsky, "Hodge would even organize eccentricity. He's a nut, that's what he is—a nut."

Blatsky, too, was simulating contempt, but all the same, he was depressed. Something told him that he had run up against a new and strange proposition—a proposition which his little book of directions for the procedure of bolshevistic agitators had not foreseen or provided for.

The same evening, Tom Flannigan, machinist, said to his roommate, Johnny Ward, bricklayer, as they pored over the *Herald* booklet: "By gosh, but this reads rich."

"I didn't think it was that way," said Johnny, "accordin' to what Blatsky was tellin' us." Ward was one of Blatsky's near-converts.

"This for mine," said Tom, planting the point of his forefinger in the middle of page 3. "Great chance for cartoon."

"These fellers talk about settlin' our American labor troubles for us," said Joe Bailey to Hank White, two McCumber men, each married and with a little home and family. "Gosh, the nerve of 'em." He handed White the book. "See there. Begin on page 7. That's how they handle labor troubles in Russia and other parts of Europe."

"Hell of a way," commented White, after a moment's reading. "Far as I can see, after they get through pluckin' the rich, they start in pluckin' us. They expect the American to fight for years and years to educate his children an' get a decent home, an' then turn the whole thing over to a bunch of bums."

"Great chance for cartoon," said Bailey.

In other homes in Rosedale the same enlightening process was going on at the same time. Each person, searching for some idea on which to hang a funny cartoon, was gulping down whole the seed of truth that he would have rejected scornfully, had anybody asked him to consider it seriously. And in each

American consciousness said seed of truth was germinating.

The first cartoon was published by the *Herald*, after a conference between Johnston, Hodge, and Griffiths. This creation was signed by Tom Flannigan, and represented a huge woman across whose mighty breast was printed: "Women Now Have the Vote in Twenty-six States." Three bushy-headed, bespectacled and bewhiskered midgets were tugging at her skirts, while at the door stood another crying: "Bring her along, boys. We'll nationalize her." In one hand the woman held a struggling bolshevist and with the other was soundly spanking him.

The appearance of the first cartoon filled the air of Rosedale with mirth. Its effect was to quicken the activities of other would-be satirists, who'd held back through diffidence. "If Tom Flannigan can do it, why can't I?" they said. As the nationalization of women, in a country where women had just come into their full rights, was the most incongruous, this feature got the most attention at the start.

There was a grand scramble for the offices of the *Herald* and the *Mail* for booklets. The young men, singly and in pairs, the young women, married men and their wives, all imbued with the spirit of rivalry and fun, spent their nights reading and their days scheming out funny things to say about bolshevism, all seeking to find a weak spot in it on which they could hang a cartoon, all with an eye to that hundred-dollar prize, and all—as Sam Hodge had designed—getting a keen insight to the true inwardness of bolshevism while thinking they were playing some kind of a game. Never did a subject so lend itself to cartooning, because of its marvelous assortment of inconsistencies. Instead of finding bolshevism a sort of cure-all, a panacea for the ills of humanity in general, and for labor in particular—as its disciples so fervently claimed and proclaimed—the people of Rosedale found it to be nothing but a disgusting scheme of a mere handful of mercenaries and power-gluttons, using the forces of lawlessness to promote their own ends. Under Hodge's process of enlightenment, the subtle hypnosis that Blatsky & Co. had effected was rapidly wearing off; and the Rosedale people began to wonder why they'd ever considered the possibility of adopting such a doctrine.

Two days later, the *Mail* printed a cartoon signed by one Mary Joyce. It showed a tent in the foreground, in front of the door of which was a group of conventional bushy-headed, bespectacled and bewhiskered bolshevistic

pygmies. From the tent back to the horizon stretched a line of magnificent specimens of American women dressed as Columbias. The first Columbia was making a burlesque obeisance to the chief pygmy and saying: "Here we are, milords and masters, at your service." The title of the cartoon was: "Is This What 12,500,000 Women in the United States Got the Vote for?"

"Hang this Yankee ingenuity," cried Tode, holding up the Joyce cartoon for the inspection of Blatsky. "The women here seem to have it as well as the men."

"That's the trouble," admitted Blatsky, gloomily.

The succeeding cartoon, published by the *Herald*, created no less mirth than the capable Mary Joyce's effort. It was named, "Bowl the Bols," and pictured Uncle Sam—taken, apparently, from a photograph of Sam Hodge, but without that gentleman's knowledge—in a bowling alley knocking down pins, each of which had a head like a chrysanthemum. One pin marked, "Nationalization of Women," was flat on its back, having been bowled over by a ball marked, "Woman Suffrage." On the face of the next pin, marked "Fiat Money," was a look of great consternation as Uncle Sam, with grim determination, launched a ball marked "American Solvency, American Integrity, American Horse Sense."

Joe Bailey's cartoon, the result of his study of the bolshevistic attitude toward the American home, represented a splendid type of American workman, with his hand on the shoulder of his wife and surrounded by his family of manly boys and beautiful girls, thus addressing the little bushy-headed fellow on the threshold: "I have worked for years to bring about all this happiness, and now I gladly hand it over to you." Through the window is shown a mob of vociferous pygmies.

"By jingo," said Sandy Hicks to Joe, next morning, "that cartoon of yours in the *Mail* kinder puts it up to a feller—makes him think."

"Say," said Joe, "I shouldn't wonder if that artist cuss was using your daughters for models—they look so much like 'em," thus unintentionally guessing Griffiths's premeditated scheme for bringing the lesson home in a startling manner to the good people of Rosedale.

Tode's contention that the American mechanic was incapable of real thought was startlingly justified by the next cartoon, the creation of Billy Wilkes, a plumber. It was entitled, "Worth 100 Per Cent of Its Face—and Why." It was simply an American half



dollar with a great forefinger pointing to the motto inscribed thereon: "In God We Trust." Underneath was the line: "We put God on our money. Are we going to let bolshevism drive God out of our homes? Would we rather protect our dollars than our daughters?"

This cartoon was immediately seized upon and republished by the papers throughout the country, a fact which did not escape the notice of Mr. Casparillo J. Tode. But Tode temporarily pulled his thinking cap close about his ears and lay low.

A clerk in the McCumber financial department, Harold Sikes, having drunk deep of the profound doctrines of the great Russian leader, contributed the following cartoon to the *Mail*:

At one side of Sikes's creation was shown a huge pile of pumpkins with a farmer seated on the apex thereof. On the front of said pile was a placard: "Holding For Higher Prices," while at its base was a crowd of hungry people with uplifted, appealing hands. At the other side of the picture was a piglike individual in a plug hat standing at the mouth of a coal pit, with a huge key in his hand, and before him a clamoring crowd of shivering persons with coal scuttles. In the center of the cartoon was a restaurant with two doors. A man, bearing an animal, marked "Skunk," was on the threshold of one door. He was in the act of saying: "I'll trade this animal for a piece of lemon meringue pie," while from the other door of the restaurant emerged a line of horror-stricken customers. Underneath the cartoon was the descriptive paragraph: "Lenine abolishes money in order to destroy man's greedy ambition to hoard it and so reverts to the good, old-fashioned method of exchange."

"Freedom at Last!" in the *Herald* showed Uncle Sam, blinded and shackled, led by a tiny, chrysanthemum-headed bolshevist armed with a whip marked "Hypnotic Promises." The explanatory line was: "Ultimate triumph of three wars—Revolution, Civil, and World."

A cartoon signed by Alexander Robinson, a machinist in the McCumber works, and published in the *Mail*, showed capital and labor, two magnificent specimens of manhood, looking frankly into each other's eyes. Connecting them was a link of steel marked "Interest and Confidence." A little, bloodthirsty bolshevist was in the act of dealing blows upon this link with a sword marked "Love of Liberty," while a figure marked "General Public" grins at the dwarf's futile efforts and says, "Don't you see you can't kill one without killing the other?"

"I'm trying to kill 'em both at one stroke," says the bolshevist.

Walter Lang, bricklayer, next morning had a cartoon in the *Herald* entitled: "The Song of the Siren," and showing a husky American workman with a full dinner-pail, standing, open-mouthed and fatuous, listening to a soap-box orator, while a lot of little rats, with bushy whiskers and bespectacled, encircle his dinner-pail, pawing over the edge.

The first tangible effect of Sam Hodge's campaign of ridicule in Rosedale was the news that Biddy O'Toole and Mike Donovan had split on bolshevism. It came about in this way. Biddy refused to be nationalized.

The engagement of Biddy and Mike was of long standing. Having social aspirations, Biddy, a graduate of the Rosedale high school, had formed a little coterie of imitation thinkers, who called themselves the advanced set of Madison Street. The adoption or promulgation of anything new, however, absurd or daring, by these conventional fad-chasers who didn't have an original idea to divide among the lot, gave Biddy the lead over Nora Hayes, leader of the Sixth Street set.

In Mike's boarding house was one Sam Lipsky. Lipsky had poured his doctrines into Mike's eager ears, eager, once Lipsky had adroitly informed him that bolshevism meant disaster to England. "These Russian fellers are wonderful thinkers, Biddy," he said, "real liberty lovers. They're going to set the world free. Their doctrine is called bolshevism. I'll tell you all about it." And he did, quoting from Lipsky's bible.

"It's great," cried Biddy, "and you and I will be known as the ones to push it along."

And so, much to the envy of Nora Hayes, Biddy was accorded the credit of "pushing along" the new and wonderful doctrine in Rosedale.

At the height of Biddy's triumph, was sprung the campaign of ridicule. The call for cartoons gave Biddy cause for apprehension as it had Tode. For she'd come to regard bolshevism as a child of her own. The idea of being ridiculous is, above all things, abhorrent to a social leader. Anything but that. Abuse, scandal, anything. Its touch is death. No social leader was ever known to survive it. Nora Hayes, too, noted the call for cartoons and, smiling grimly, waited. In fact, everybody noted the appeal for cartoons, and everybody waited. Then, like a bolt, came Tom Flannigan's creation. Biddy was stunned, but she kept a stiff upper lip and waited for the inevitable telephone call which she knew would come.

As soon as she could reasonably expect Biddy to be out of bed, Nora Hayes called her up. The talk over the wire was brief and to the point. There was a note of triumph in Nora's voice as she indulgently advised Biddy first to find out about a cult before she tried to spread it. Biddy forgot to thank Nora for the suggestion, but, instead, reminded her that persons grow most in the esteem of their neighbors who confine their attention strictly to their own

whose seductive talk he had fallen. The irate young mechanic accompanied each blow on the nose of the dumbfounded bolshevist with: "That's what you get for breakin' up an honest mechanic's prospects an' drivin' him to drink."

At Donovan's fate, the young swains of Rosedale took warning. Not one of them dared peep bolshevism in the presence of his best girl.

In vain did the disciples of Lenine and Trotsky endeavor to stem the rising tide of



affairs. Nora's parting shot was: "If you don't look out what you're about, no decent person'll be seen speaking to you."

After a brief fit of crying, Biddy went straight to Father O'Hara for an explanation of bolshevism. Then the break came with Mike and the complete disruption of the Madison Street social set.

"You're a fine man, Mike Donovan, you and your bolshevism making a laughingstock of me. And I'll have nothing more to do with you."

Mike pleaded in vain, then in his wrath he made a quick search for Sam Lipsky before

enlightenment on Rosedale. The hundred-dollar prize offer had turned the trick.

CHAPTER VI

WHILE the excitement of the cartoon contest was at its height, Sam Hodge, whose sensitive forefinger was always on the public pulse, sent for Danny Meade. "Danny," said he, this laughing gas of ours has driven a lot of these rats to cover, but it hasn't killed 'em off. They die hard, like the roots of a dandelion. If you don't apply the prussic acid of ridicule in each individual case, they'll

lie low till things quiet down and then come to the surface and scatter their seed, and we'll have a whole field yellow with the pests again."

"That's all right, Sam, but how you goin' to spot 'em while they keep in their holes?"

"They're whisperin' bolshevism all the time, Danny, but in a way that ain't apparent to the uninitiated. They do it by innuendo, at first. The rats even talk with their hands and their eyebrows." Hodge tapped the table with his great forefinger. "Danny, when you hear a man tryin' to discredit Uncle Sam, that's bolshevism; when you hear a man castin' discredit on the sincerity of Washington and Lincoln, that's bolshevism—'cause those two are the corner stone of our patriotic faith; when you hear a man distortin', misquotin', misconstruin' our Constitution, that's bolshevism—'cause that instrument is the soundest thing, it's the greatest safeguard of human liberty ever evolved from the experience of, or directed by, the wisdom of man; when you hear a man say that Washington's patriotism was only a cloak under which he accomplished great mercenary purposes, that he was for the colonies because he was a large property owner

Tode, belying his name, was no amphibian. He had to come to the surface for air. And when he did so, the rising strains of "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow" greeted his ears and a shower of mud balls smote the water all about him



and his interests were that way—and all that silly bunk that any nasty, lowbrowed cuss will believe just because he's crazy to believe anything against great men—that's bolshevism; when you hear a man say that the words in the Declaration of Independence, "all men are born equal," were put there by the great corporations—as they do say—so that they can go on enslaving the laboring man and his children, that's bolshevism; when you hear a man tell an Irishman that Ireland would be free before this if America hadn't fallen into the arms of England, appealing to his prejudices to set him against this government, that's bolshevism; when you hear a man declare that all capital is dishonest, tricky, or that all wealth is created by manual labor—not taking brains into account at all—that's bolshevism; when you hear a man argue that all our judges are corrupt, that they make it their business always to decide in favor of corporations against the workingman, that bolshevism; when a man tells you that the newspaper reports of conditions in Russia are wholly false, that things



over there are much better than they are over here, owing to the rule of those adventurers, Lenine and Trotsky, that's bolshevism.

"Those fellers always pick flaws in Uncle Sam, flaws which you can't gainsay, 'cause you know they exist. And they tell you how much better it would be if it were done such-and-such a way—meanin' the bolshevistic way, but not puttin' a label on it. You can't make any mistake, Danny. Any man that spouts that sort of thing must be booted out of town." Hodge paused a minute, then: "Think you'd recognize 'em, Danny?"

Danny grunted at the absurdity of the question.

"Good," said Hodge. "Now, Danny, I want you to organize a committee to go after these individuals. Call it the Laughing Committee of Rosedale. Our newspaper campaign is all right, but we can't keep it up forever. We must have something permanent, organized, so our efforts won't be spread out thin and foolishlike—"

"I get you, Sam," Danny broke in hastily.

"I want you, Danny," Hodge continued, "to select a dozen choice and discreet souls from among the young machinists and bricklayers. Let Johnny Billings of the Hezekiah Blackford Works organize your committee. He must have the credit for the whole scheme so nobody'll suspect it comes from me."

Billings began his work at once. The first act of the laughing committee was to placard all the roads approaching Rosedale with huge posters bearing the cryptic words:

"Hark, hark, the dogs do bark,
The beggars are coming to town;
Some in rags and some in bags
And some in velvet gowns."

Also, through the laughing committee's efforts, everybody in Rosedale was quickly inoculated with an anti-bolshevistic serum that tickled rather than pained. And presently it got so that the mere mention of bolshevism suggested an hilarious good time. Any dark-visaged foreigner who came to Rosedale was immediately taken to Sandy Kerrigan's saloon down in Hell's Half Acre and "tried out." If he proved to be an honest workingman, he was given a card by Danny Meade to a certain foreman—one of many certain foremen—and immediately found lucrative employment. But if he showed bolshevistic tendencies, which the boys were now as quick as lightning to discern, the word was passed through Hell's Half Acre and elsewhere that there was to be a joyous occasion in the back room of Sandy Kerrigan's

saloon, and there was sure to be a good attendance.

"They're raising the devil with our plans," said Blatsky to Tode. "Our converts and near-converts are deserting us in flocks. Some of 'em claim they've seen the light, that there's nothing in bolshevism. Others, who still believe, haven't the courage of their convictions. They're afraid of ridicule."

"You've got cold feet, that's all, Blatsky," Tode grunted. "Things are not so bad as you make out. Thanks to the machinations of this fellow Hodge, they seem to be going against us just now. You wait, Blatsky. The game is worth the candle. Meanwhile, I'll see what I can do."

By a singular coincidence, the same day Sandy Kerrigan called up Danny Meade. "Danny," said he, "I've been watching things round here for some time and I think we've got a regular one." He received the obvious question over the wire; then, lowering his voice: "It's this feller Tode—Casparillo J. Tode that has a room over the bar." A long pause. "Yes, I get you, Danny. Oh, I don't mean any rough house, just playful-like." Another pause. "Of course I'll make sure, Danny. I know enough for that."

Shortly after, meeting Tode on the stairs quite accidentally, as it seemed, although Kerrigan had been watching through a crack in the door for that gentleman's appearance, the barkeeper ventured in a casual way: "Mr. Tode, you're a man who has traveled a great deal. Now, the boys are interested in this labor question. There's been a good deal of talk about bolshevism and the like. They're quite unsettled in their minds. Is there anything you could say that would throw any light on the subject?"

"I don't know that I could," said Tode, "but I'd like to meet the boys." It was an opportunity he had longed for and had puzzled his wits how to bring about in a natural way. "They can ask me any questions they choose."

"The boys gather here at twelve o'clock for their noonday beer. Be around, will you?"

Tode nodded.

Evidently the choice souls that Sandy collected in the back room that day appealed to Tode. He didn't stop to count them, but there were exactly twelve, including Johnny Billings. Sandy started the ball of conversation rolling by alluding to the campaign of ridicule.

"Well," spoke up Charley Hicks, bricklayer, "question is, do they really know what they're makin' fun of?"

(Continued on page 105)



"The Men Put Me Up to Run for Congress"

"I didn't know whether they were fools or were making a fool of me"

Says ALICE M. ROBERTSON, Member of Congress

By MATILDA WEIDEMEYER GANTT

MISS Alice M. Robertson, or "Miss Alice,"

as she is always referred to in her home town, Muskogee, Oklahoma, is the second woman ever elected to the United States Congress. The new member from Oklahoma is a woman with only one fad. Though she lives in the political atmosphere of the National Capitol, strange to say, that fad is not politics. Neither is it suffrage, though she has made a successful race for office; not patriotism, yet love of country is, to her, a cardinal virtue; not religion, though deeply religious; not prohibition, yet she is intensely for temperance; not books, though fond of reading, nor is it antiques or relics, though of these

she possesses a priceless collection; not dogs, yet she loves animals; not clothes or style, for these she cares little, but she has the greatest of all fads—that of collecting boys and girls, mothering them, educating them, helping them to find themselves and get a start in life.

Having brought to your attention a few of the characteristics of "Miss Alice," allow me to introduce you to her personally. She was seated at her desk conversing with two ladies who wore D. A. R. badges. Her polite secretary ushered me in, offered me a seat and,



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First stenographer, first domestic-science teacher, first postmistress in the State of Oklahoma, now a member of Uncle Sam's Congress

while waiting my turn, I had time to observe many things about the lady member from Oklahoma. She is above the height of the average woman, has silver-white hair combed straight back from an intelligent forehead. Her complexion is soft and white, and her eyes—well, you would not notice their color, because their brightness and depths impresses you more than any other quality.

When I interviewed her for THE NEW SUCCESS she wore a black dress cut with little regard for style; it escaped the floor just enough to show a pair of low-heeled shoes—the fashionable high heels do not bother "Miss Alice," she never wears them. Her white lace collar was caught,

at the throat, with a simple gold brooch.

She extended her hand and said, "So you are a magazine writer! Well, I've been interviewed until I've been turned inside out. The newspapers and magazines have certainly had enough of me."

"But," I said, "you must remember you are a very important lady just now, the only one in Congress."

"No, I'm not important," she replied, emphatically, "it just happened that I was elected, and, to-day, I'm a *very tired Congressman*."

It would be interesting to weave around "Miss Alice" a pretty romantic story, if her extremely practical life would permit it. I asked what prompted her to run for Congress. She looked me straight in the eye and said, "The men put me up to it. At first, I didn't know whether they were fools or were trying to make a fool of me. Since I've always been willing to risk anything once, I consented, and the campaign was on. I never made a speech and never asked for a vote, I just kept the best cafeteria in Muskogee; and when I ran my advertisement in the daily newspaper, as was my custom, I rung in the issues of the campaign and proved that there was no good reason why a woman, who had the executive ability to conduct a successful business and was informed on politics, should not be sent to Congress. The result of the election proved that my judgment was good, so I'm here. I promise you I'm going to be honest and fair and try to get on the right side of every question and vote my convictions regardless of whether I'll ever have another term in Congress or not. If I do that, I presume I never will."

ALICE M. ROBERTSON was born in 1854, at Tullahasse Mission, Wagner County, Oklahoma. She carries her sixty-seven years lightly and looks younger. Her father was a missionary to the Cherokee Indians. Frequently he took his little daughter behind him, on an Indian pony, and traveled from one mission to another. His little companion was always interested in the Indians; but often, weary from a long ride, she would fall asleep while her father preached. This same little girl, when she grew to womanhood, established and built the Nuyaka Mission for the Cherokees, in memory of her father.

With an A. M., degree from Elmira College, New York, an unusual amount of common sense, energy, and executive ability, "Miss Alice" has accomplished many things. In her State she was the first stenographer, the first domestic-science teacher, the first postmistress. Receiving the last named appointment from Theodore Roosevelt, she served for eight years.

She was elected vice-president of the National Educational Association; is a Daughter of the American Revolution, and, if she had the time and inclination to hunt up all her fighting ancestors, could have five bars attached to her insignia. Beside all this, "Miss Alice" is a woman of business affairs, being the successful manager and sole proprietor of the Sawokla Cafeteria in Muskogee. She owns and runs a fifty-four acre farm near Muskogee, on which she has a beautiful home. She has an adopted daughter whom she has raised with scrupulous care.

BEFORE her election, "Miss Alice" gave a barbecue to which all citizens of Oklahoma were invited. During the World War, "Miss Alice" gave orders to all employees in her cafeteria, to permit no man in uniform to pay. More than 5000 soldiers were her guests. Day or night, the weather was never too stormy to prevent her meeting the boys as they passed through the city. She not only gave them food but cheering words.

"Miss Alice" believes in the doctrine of keeping the Sabbath day holy and resting one day in seven, so the Sawokla Cafeteria is always closed on Sunday. She is a Presbyterian of the old stock, a firm believer in predestination and lives up to the Ten Commandments. Her special aim as a member of Congress is to safeguard the interests of Indians, service men, women, and children.

SUCCESS NUGGETS

He makes no friend who never made a foe.

◆ ◆ ◆

My life is for itself, and not for a spectacle.

—Emerson.

◆ ◆ ◆

One in love with Truth need never ask about his reputation.

◆ ◆ ◆

I cannot hear what you say for listening to what you are. —Emerson.

◆ ◆ ◆

The barriers are not erected which say to aspiring youth: "Thus far and no farther."

◆ ◆ ◆

If you do not find happiness in your business, you will never know what happiness is.

Are you a wheelbarrow going around as you are pushed, or are you a self-propeller, a self-starter?

◆ ◆ ◆

You may be whatever you resolve to be. Resolution is omnipotent.

◆ ◆ ◆

Turn Failure into Victory,
Don't let your courage fade;
And if you get a Lemon
Just make the Lemon Aid.

◆ ◆ ◆

There are people who think themselves big because others point them out as "somebodies." They measure their importance by the amount of attention they attract and the flattery they receive.

From Plowboy to Banker

There Was No Opening in the Woodbury, Tennessee, Institution, But Thomas R. Preston Insisted on Beginning as Janitor without Pay

By A. F. HARLOW

SOME folks believe, or profess to believe, that the Age of Great Opportunity is past; that the man who starts out as a boy following the plow by daylight and studying by the light of a log fire in the evening, and finally becomes a great statesman, or scientist, or writer, or commander in the business world, belongs in the pages of romance rather than in present-day biography. Thomas R. Preston is a living refutation of these pessimistic beliefs.

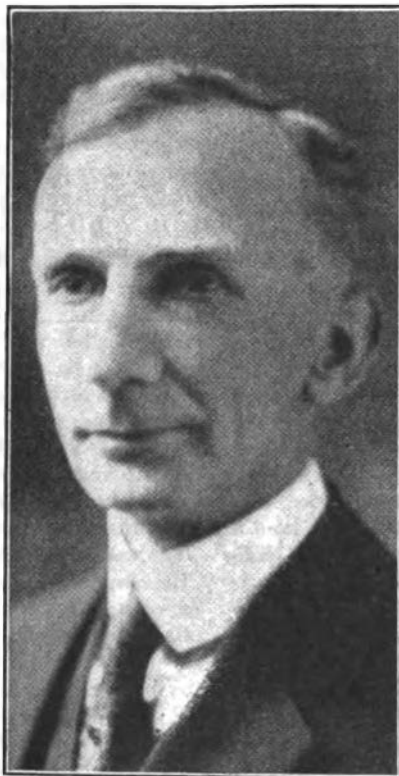
Preston did not, like many business men whose careers are written of, borrow a hundred or five hundred dollars in his youth, and, thereupon, build mighty enterprises whose functionings are in terms of millions. He started as a wage earner, and he has been working on a salary throughout his career. He is still an employee, but an employee who molds and remodels banks and industries and cities.

Cannon County, Tennessee, is a very quaint, out-of-the-world bit of society, a most unusual stretch of topography and some picturesque scenery. The county lies between fifty and a hundred miles east of Nashville, is still untouched by a railroad, and is broken by what may be considered far-flung foothills of the great Appalachian chains which sweep southwestwardly across the eastern end of the State.

The big hills of Cannon County fall away steeply into narrow, troughlike valleys. There is very little level ground, but most of it is cultivated. On many a hillside, which is simply scenery standing on edge, you will find a cornfield maintaining a precarious toe hold.

When the young corn, a foot or more in height, is being cultivated, a boy with a long, narrow piece of plank is a necessary adjunct of the operation. The boy goes ahead of the horse, and, with the plank, bends back simultaneously a number of the corn plants in the row above the cultivator, in order that they—fairly overhanging, as they do, the horse's path because of the steepness of the slope—may not be thrashed to ribbons by the animal's legs. If there are two or three boys handy, the cultivating can be done all the more quickly.

Nearly forty years ago, little Tommy Preston was doing this sort of work in his father's Cannon County cornfields. His winters were spent partly in the tiny schoolhouse among the hills. He grew into his teens, and held the handles of a plow himself, while a younger brother bent back the corn plants. From the country school, he passed to the little academy at Woodbury, the county seat, where he exhibited his ability and diligence by being graduated when he was barely seventeen. Even before his



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THOMAS R. PRESTON

"Probably I was not born with any particular genius for the banking business. When I first started into it in my youth, I think I could have made no higher claim than did Shakespeare's modest young man, who said, 'That which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified in; and the best of me is diligence'."

graduation he had begun teaching in the county-free schools, which were sometimes financially able to continue in operation for as much as six months in the year. His ambition was to save enough money to take a course in law school, but as his most Spartan frugality was able to save for him only about fifty dollars each winter, and he had to spend the most of that during the following summer, it presently occurred to him that his law course was a pretty remote possibility; so he decided to study in the office of a firm of attorneys at Woodbury. Here he spent his vacations.

BUT one of the lawyers, an old friend of the Preston family, was also president of the bank at Woodbury. THE bank, mind you; for it must be admitted that, even to-day, Woodbury has only two or three hundred inhabitants. Through acquaintance with him, the young pedagogue became fascinated by the banking business—and his life's decision was made. There was no opening for him in the bank, but Preston insisted on working anyhow, though he received not a cent of salary.

He had not yet passed his nineteenth birthday when he went to work in the Bank of Woodbury as a sort of clerk-of-all-work, performing at times every known duty about the place, from the president's functions to those of janitor. For six months, he thus traded his daily toil for experience, going to and from his work every day on foot, a distance from his home of about three miles, and carrying his noon lunch with him. Then he heard of a bank job at Tullahoma, a railroad town nearly fifty miles away, which paid real money to its incumbent—\$6 a week! He hurried after it, and landed it.

But even in 1889, a young man away from home would find difficulty in paying for food, clothing and lodging out of \$6 a week. He saw that there must be some addition to his income, so after casting about a bit, he secured some night work in the office of the Nashville, Chattanooga, and St. Louis Railroad which earned him \$10 additional a month. He had to work until ten o'clock, or after, six evenings in the week; but he gave his time cheerfully, and, on the augmented salary of about \$35 a month, the young banker "got along" as he says, "very

nicely." Mr. Preston is now one of the board of directors of that same N. C., and St. L. Railroad.

A YEAR passed—and young Preston had made good. His energy, his watchfulness, and his loyalty to his employers were tireless. Just about the time he reached his twenty-first birthday, he went to Chattanooga where he had secured a position with the South Chattanooga Savings Bank, a small institution located some distance from the heart of the city, in a district that was mostly factories. It had a capital of \$10,000 when Preston went to work for it, and it could pay him only \$8 a week for his clerical duties. Later, the capital was increased to \$50,000.

T. R., must have assisted materially in its increasing prosperity; for, when the cashier died, less than two years later, he was elected to the vacant position. He was then not yet twenty-three.

For eleven years, he held the position of cashier; and during that time, although with a small institution, he established a reputa-

tion as one of the best bankers in the city. Perhaps it was because, as he says, "I was a student all the time. I never ceased trying to learn something new about the business." When the bank was reorganized, in 1902, its capital was increased to \$100,000, its name was changed to the Hamilton Trust and Savings Bank, and Thomas R. Preston became its president. At the same time, his younger brother, Charles, who had followed him from the farm to the bank, was made cashier.

PRESTON had built up his bank to the point where it commanded the respect of the city, and he might have been content to guide its destinies alone, but he was not. He believed that there was an opening for another big bank in the city, and he yearned to handle money right up in the heart of things, "where merchants most do congregate." He began to plan an uptown bank, a sister to the Hamilton Trust, and the stockholders in that bank had so much confidence in him that they very quickly enlisted among the first backers of the new institution. In 1905, the Hamilton National Bank was chartered, and was very cleverly located at one of the two busiest corners in the

WHEN you meet a man for the first time, and carry away with you a vivid impression of a remark, the tone of his voice, and expression of his countenance, and perhaps a memory of a look into his soul, his Personality has played its part and won.

city. Since then Preston's story has been the story of his bank and of his city.

The new bank very quickly became one of the leading institutions of Chattanooga. In 1907-8 it erected a fifteen-story office building, with its handsome banking-rooms occupying the entire ground floor. It has since been necessary to extend the bank's quarters through to a back street, doubling the floor space. The capital of the bank is now \$1,500,000 and it is regarded as one of the most influential banks in the South. Mr. Preston still remains at the helm of the Hamilton Trust and Savings Bank, which, in reality, is a sister institution with a capital of \$250,000.

In 1915, Preston startled Chattanooga by quietly putting across a deal for the absorption of the Citizens National Bank, one of the oldest concerns in the city. Later, through his skillful work, the Hamilton National also took over the business of the Avenue Bank and Trust Company and the Bank of Commerce, two smaller institutions.

SERVICE is his hobby. "Give the customer what he wants," he is constantly repeating to the bank's employees. "If he wants a big check cashed all in two-dollar bills, try and dig them up for him. Grant any reasonable request he may make, and do it with a smile. There has been too much hauteur and arrogance and lack of accommodation towards the public on the part of some bankers. Banks should strive to please, just as other businesses must do. And a banker, or any other business man, owes the customer, the inquirer, or even the man who asks for an accommodation, as punctilious courtesy and as honest an effort to accommodate as he would like to have tendered him when he goes elsewhere."

Perhaps this may be one of the prime reasons for the prosperity and rapid growth of the banking businesses with which T. R. Preston is connected.

Banking by mail is a function of the Hamilton National which, under Mr. Preston's direction, has developed to a remarkable degree. Through clever advertising the bank has secured a long list of small-town and country depositors scattered thickly over Eastern and even into Middle Tennessee, over wide sections of Northern Georgia and Alabama, and in a large group of counties in Eastern Kentucky. To these customers, the bank extends a large service aside from the handling of their money. It furnishes them not only credit information but market reports, information as to freight, express and passenger rates, and almost any-

thing else that they want to know. If the customer contemplates a trip to Chattanooga, the bank will engage hotel rooms for him, even buy his theater tickets, and see that he gets his preferences as nearly as possible. "Even if they want us to match a ribbon or to buy a pair of socks," says the president to his employees, "go out and do the errand for them, and do it right!"

The president of the Hamilton National is easily accessible to the public, and greets every man, no matter what his station, with a quiet affability that is very charming. The average customer would rather talk to him than to any other official of the bank. He can say "No!" so gracefully and courteously that the sting of the repulse is entirely lacking. And be sure that his affability does not extend to the taking on of doubtful risks. Mr. Preston is a slender, delicate-looking man, gentle—almost meek—of countenance. You would hardly believe that he would be proof against a good, strong bluff or a clever hard-luck story. Yet those mild eyes can see as far into a grindstone as the next man's, and his "No!" is as final as any other man's. This quiet gentleman is a public-spirited citizen and a fighter of surprising mettle, too, as certain antagonistic interests have learned to their cost.

BESIDES being a bank president, Preston is a stockholder and director in about twenty industrial concerns in and around his home city; he was for a long time president of the Tennessee Bankers' Association, is now president of the Southern Commercial Congress, a member of the Executive Council of the National Bank Section of the American Bankers' Association and various other things too numerous to recite. His devotion to public service is unselfish. He is a remarkable example of the astute, masterful, many-sided man which America sometimes recasts from the simple, unpromising farmer-lad. Perhaps it would be wiser and more correct to say that America gives the lad a chance to recast himself.

"I know of no recipe for success," he once said, "save honesty, hard work, and concentration. The last named is more important than many people realize; for many millions of horse-power of good, honest, hard work is wasted because it is not properly concentrated on a definite goal. The man who does not concentrate is like the shotgun which scatters its load too widely. His missiles fly all around the object of his pursuit, and not enough of them strike it to bring it down."



Photograph by White

GEORGE M. COHAN

"My father said to me: 'When you go on the stage you must *think* you are the greatest actor alive. If you don't think it, you can't make your audience think it.' He was right. One must cultivate confidence in himself"

"I wrote a song a day for thirty years"

—GEORGE M. COHAN

Famous playwright-actor-manager says it was "an invaluable experience"

To be successful, Mr. Cohan adds, one must "keep in the environment of his own work," and he tells how

In an exclusive interview with ADA PATTERSON

A DARK-HAIRED, dark-eyed man looked from beneath heavy eyebrows at a smooth-faced youth with wide, frank eyes. "I'll take the song," he said. "I'm buying it—not because I think it is very good but because I think you will sometime write good songs."

He wrote a check. The youth put forth his hand to receive it, said, "Thanks. So long," and hurried back to a theatrical boarding-house on the Lower West Side. "Here's something that'll make cash," he said.

He told me the story and stamped it with his own individuality by his brief comment on the reception of the check. "There was a noise," he remarked. That was all he would have said about it had I not pressed hard for the reason for the "noise." "The premiums on the life insurance were due for all of us." The lapsing of a life-insurance policy is a tragic matter in home economics. The baby of the family, Little Georgie, had saved the family insurance with a song.

"I was sore when the song was published." So he says in this tale of his pin-feather age. "The publisher had had new words written. Only the music was mine. I thought the new words were no better than mine. Now I know I was mistaken. That publisher still lives and thrives. We often speak of the song. I don't remember the title. What staid with me was that he believed that I could do something good sometime."

The publisher's faith was justified. The boy was to write. He did write some of the most popular songs ever composed by an American. "Venus, My Shining Star," written by him when he was fifteen, is still selling, though twenty-eight years have passed since he wrote it. "Give My Regards to Broadway," is the

life song of Amusement Highway. It throbs with the appeal of the Bias Street. Through it pulses the longing of the New Yorker for home. "Mary Is a Grand Old Name," has survived the play that contained it, by fifteen years. Passing hurdy-gurdies pause and play it beneath the windows of the retired star, Miss Fay Templeton, for whom it was written. American soldiers sang one song as many times as they sang "The Star Spangled Banner" on the fields of France. "Over There" was to the American soldier what the *Marseillaise* was to the French. It was one of the most popular songs of the World War.

GEORGE M. COHAN is the most popular theatrical manager in America. He is, also, a successful playwright. There is no actor more applauded than is he. He is one-hundred-per-cent American. He has stimulated patriotism by his songs, his plays, his acting in which he uses the flag of the United States as an aid in his climaxes. No man in America can give truer account of the stewardship of his talents.

He is unschooled in what we term a public-school education. He had but just entered a small private school in Orange, New Jersey, when he was taken out. His sister, a year older than himself, had developed St. Vitus's dance. It was deemed better that she leave school; but leaving her small brother behind was not to be considered for an instant. The little ones went with their parents, strolling actors, on barnstorming tours. It was the end of limited schooling of one sort and the beginning of a valuable though different one.

At once, the seven-year-old little chap matriculated in the College of Experience from which, long before he was forty, he was to

receive honorary degrees. He smiles with unalloyed pleasure at the remembrance of his barnstorming. "When I was seven, I played the violin for the show. Often I was the only one in the orchestra. Then I would go on the stage, as a cowboy, and ride a horse. I would march at the head of the company of eleven, through the towns, to advertise our show, 'Daniel Boone, or On The Trail.' I still have my pictures as a drum major."

Being a boy, and boys have a habit of being lads, he enjoyed this cowboy era better than that which followed when, made up as an aged man, he played the doting, decrepit father to his own mother, Helen Costigan Cohan, of The Four Cohans, in the melodrama, "Out in the Cold." His boyishness found expression again when he played the title rôle in "Peck's Bad Boy."

"My father had his own company at this time, but there were times when we were part of another company. The Four Cohans—my father, my mother, my sister, Josephine, and I—were a 'specialty' introduced into the show. I remember a spell of hard times when it was unusual if we weren't stranded. In two years, we were stranded eight or more times. Every company we were in stranded in those two years. Once it happened in Tiffin, Ohio. The star and her husband skipped town and left us. The manager left us, too. My mother was always saving. It was fortunate for us, and a few others in the company, that she was. Her savings took us all back to New York. I remember, one evening, just as mother was saying 'Georgie, don't you think you'd better go to bed, like a good boy?' and I was playing 'Peck's Bad Boy' to the life, that the manager came to see us. He looked shamefaced. But he meant well. He had brought his wife's earrings. There were sparklers in them. He wanted us to take them for the railroad fare. We, or, rather, father and mother, wouldn't take the earrings. He was a good-enough fellow. He paid when he could."

"THOSE were hard times. Harder than we children realized, for father and mother managed to give us what we needed. We did not understand until we were grown up what those long stretches of shows that failed meant to them. Hardships unnoticed by our childish eyes. Privations unsuspected until we had grown out of them. But it was the best kind of a school to learn the business. In Detroit, a manager assembled us on the stage and told us what the play was to be. He gave us no script of the play, because there was none. He divided the play into four acts and assigned

to us our parts. 'You are a bell boy,' he said to me. 'Fix up some "business" of trying to get tips.' And so with all of us. His method threw us on our own. It trained us in versatility. We learned to be minute men and women."

"When I was twelve, I began writing songs. Sometimes I sold one. More frequently, I did not. But for thirty years, I hardly missed writing a song a day. It was practice, an invaluable experience."

THE elder Cohan led The Four Cohans into vaudeville. Little Georgie, the Boy Violinist, had reached a new stage in his rapid development. He was no longer a drum major. His cowboy and father-of-his-mother stages were things of the past. He kept on writing a song a day. But he began to weave the songs into a story. And the story into a vaudeville act which was a play in miniature. At sixteen, he was writing sketches for The Four Cohans, Russell Brothers, Hayes and Lytton, and for those fine players recently separated by death, Fred Hallen and Mollie Fuller. For Hayes and Lytton he wrote that laugh-provoking sketch, which standardized the vaudeville-comedy playlet, "A Wise Guy." It was the acted tale of the adventures of an inebriated piano-tuner. "A Wise Guy" is still being presented by the survivor of the team, Edmund Hayes. As a bit of a vacation stunt, the young author expanded it into a three-act comedy. Mr. Hayes plays it in either form, according to locale and other conditions.

For his father and mother and sister and himself, George M. Cohan wrote "The Professor's Wife," "Money to Burn," "Running for Office," and "The Governor's Son." The last named grew into a three-act play, and The Four Cohans rode on this vehicle out of the land of variety into a Broadway playhouse. This entrance on Broadway, as more important figures in the legitimate, marked a new stage in the evolution of Little Georgie, the Boy Violinist. He had become a playwright. Moreover, he was a playwright wooing and destined to win the approval of the most uncertain theatrical section in the world. He wrote more vaudeville sketches to keep the family pot boiling during the next three years. But he concentrated, for most of his hours, on a new play.

He wrote this play for himself. He starred in it. "Little Johnny Jones" and its star became popular. There were Johnny Jones V-shaped waistcoats, Johnny Jones hats tipped well up to the side, Johnny Jones coats with

pockets that were deep and narrow, multi-colored Johnny Jones ties. That was success. Impersonators gave imitations of George M. Cohan's drawling speech, of his dance steps that covered almost a third of the stage at a stride, of his down-drawn smile, of his unique manner of singing a song. That was popularity. Later he wrote "Forty-five Minutes from Broadway," "The Little Millionaire," and "A Prince There Was."

He was beginning to say that he would retire as an actor and appear only as a playwright and producer. But he had to pay the penalty of his own skill. A veteran actor starring in Mr. Cohan's, "A Prince There Was," complained of the falling off of receipts. "Spice it up a bit, my boy. Put more pep into it," advised Mr. Cohan. The veteran resented the advice. He berated the unappreciative public.

"I'll bet I can fill the house," said the playwright-manager.

"How?"

"I will play the prince myself."

The change was effected. The play ran all season.

Another stage of the rapid development of George M. Cohan: For a time, he ceased writing original plays and tried to show other authors how to improve theirs. By this process, he produced "Get Rich Quick Wallingford," "The Miracle Man," "The Meanest Man in the World," and "The Tavern." He became a prince of play tinkers. "The Royal Vagabond," an old-fashioned comic opera, he "Cohanized" into a modern and long-lived attraction.

The natural griefs of human life came to mellow and humanize the young man, to temper a shade his near mania for work. Josephine Cohan, his sister, passed, smiling, into the impenetrable mists. He grieved at her funeral as openly and hopelessly as if she had left him

on that not very faraway day, at the little school at Orange, New Jersey. His father followed into the last sleep. The man with wide eyes and the high, straight, broad, full forehead mourned him as he would have in the old, barnstorming, stranded days. He felt indeed stranded as he looked on the gently featured, quiet face—the face that he still had kissed in every greeting and in every good-by, even as in that boyhood.

"My father was a great man," said George M. Cohan, the Boy Violinist, evolved into George M. Cohan, playwright and producer, director of three of his own plays on Broadway, and with his name perpetuated by the George M. Cohan Theater, situated at the junction of the two busiest thoroughfares in the world, Forty-second Street and Broadway. The barnstormer became millionaire, placed bay on the memory of Jerry Cohan, clog dancer and minstrel, member of McAvoy's Hibernica, crude records of the adventures of Americans in Ireland.

"He taught me the business of the theater. He trained me in thoroughness. He created nerve in me. He said, 'When you go on the stage you must think you are the greatest actor alive. If you don't think it, you can't make your audience think it.' He was right. One must cultivate confidence in himself.

"My father taught me everything I know. I never went to school. My mother tempered the world to the shorn lamb, one might say. She not only sympathized when things went wrong, but, also, when they only sagged."

"Things did go wrong?"

"Often and often. Plays did until I wrote 'em over and put them into form. This had to be done with nearly every play I ever wrote or produced. I'm going to Syracuse to-day for a rehearsal. Rehearsals! They call me a



George M. Cohan, when seven years old, in the rôle of a drum major

fiend for them. You can't have too many."

"Ever had any real troubles?"

"Yes, I've had 'em. I have 'em now. The critics have never helped me. They never help. Not in New York, anyway. A play that received the best notices ever given any play in New York, ran five weeks. The critics said it was a perfect play. It played to a hundred dollars a night. They have just excoriated a play written by a great dramatist. Their abuse might have killed him, at his age. I am glad to say that it is playing to large and appreciative houses. I mean 'Nemesis.'"

"To get ahead in any profession requires three things: Love of one's chosen calling. Work, almost without ceasing—and keeping in the environment of it. David Belasco loves his work. He wasn't a genius when he began his work. Nobody is. But he has always loved it. He would rather be in his studio, working out a play, than anywhere else in the world. Through love of his profession and working constantly at it, he has grown into a genius."

I BELIEVE that I have succeeded because I kept, or was kept, in the environment of the stage from the time I was seven. Naturally, I learned every detail of it. If you have been in a certain business all your life, you sub-

consciously know what the public wants. I keep in the environment of the theater still. I sit in the box office and hear what people say about my plays. I learn from the men and women who buy tickets. Some of it hurts, but I learn."

"Do you think that if you had been in the environment of any other profession you would have been as successful? Would you have been as successful as a lawyer or a doctor?"

"I think so."

"Then you do not think that a man's job is born with him?"

"No. A man's character is born with him. That is the reason it is desirable to choose good parents. But—granted ability and energy, you may harness them to any profession and succeed. Live in the profession as early and as long as you can. But don't forget that you must learn to love it. An ordinary person may develop into a genius through loving his work."

"I make no claim to genius. I love the theater and I live in it and work most of the time. I live a hermit's life. I go to the theater to study, not for amusement. I stay at home and at the theater. I haven't spared time from my work to make friends. I have only three friends in the world. I have had them since I was fourteen."

Your Best Friend

By SIR THOMAS LIPTON

A YOUNG man may have many friends; but he will find none so steadfast, so constant, so ready to respond to his wants, so capable of pushing him ahead as a little leather-covered book with the name of a bank on its cover.

♦ ♦ ♦

In Love with the Day

IF there is anything that delights one it is to meet a human being who is so in love with the day that he fairly exults in mere existence, delights to be alive.

If we are in love with the day we will get infinitely more out of it than if we drag ourselves through it, and regard our living-getting as a disagreeable necessity.

Many people seem to find no joy in anything. They spend their time fretting, whining, complaining, and are seen with an expression of disappointment always on their faces, looking as if life had not produced what they most desired. Such people carry gloom with them and cloud the day for all who come into their presence.

Give us the man who is in love with the day, who sees in it a new chance to make good, an opportunity

for delightful experiences, for glorious service! Think of the possibilities of a day for doing good, for scattering sunshine, for helping others, for giving the weaker a lift.

There is no greater joy or satisfaction than that which comes from helping others day by day, as we go through life, giving a lift to those who are down, a bit of encouragement to those who are disheartened, cheering on those who are lagging behind! The possibilities of love and service in a single day are beyond all computation!

♦ ♦ ♦

Do You Want To Kill Your Store?

CLOSE it for an hour at noon.

Wait on customers in your shirt-sleeves.

Always have a cigarette or a cigar in your mouth.

Don't take any nonsense from customers. Let them know it's your shop, even if you haven't paid for the goods yet.

Don't be friendly with other traders, for fear they'll give you some good advice.

Use your windows for storage.

Don't try to be popular. Be independent.

Give credit to anybody, or people may think that you need the money.

Don't advertise. You can't wait on more than one customer at a time.

How Acorns of Ideas Became Oaks of Prosperity

I.—A Million-Dollar Scrap of Paper

II.—Tinkering with a Broken Blade

III.—A Swede Settler with an Eye for Art

IV.—What an Ancient Clock Suggested

Four Seeming Trifles That Were
Advertised into Millions in Profits

By FRANK WINSLOW

A CLERK in a small fancy-goods shop in Troy, New York, dropped an envelope to the floor while waiting on a woman customer.

"Be careful, James," admonished the proprietor of the shop, who was standing near; "that envelope contains a bit of tissue paper representing a million dollars."

Both the clerk and the customer smiled at what they considered a little joke on the proprietor. The former retorted:—

"A million dollars, Mr. Franklin? Shucks! it's only a 'New Idea' pattern."

"Nevertheless," replied his employer, "it is just as I said. I read in the morning paper that the sole right to manufacture and sell that bit of tissue paper hereafter has been bought from the inventors and original owners for one million dollars."

What the man did not tell his clerk, because he did not know it, was the remarkable and extremely interesting story of how a man with an idea and the pluck to carry out his convictions rose within five years from poverty to a position in the ranks of the millionaires of the country. The man was A. J. Pearsall, of Ridgewood, New Jersey. His idea was the making and marketing of popular dress patterns for ten cents, and the speedy culmination of his efforts was the purchase of his rights by a rival company at a price estimated at not less than a million dollars.

"Whatever success I have achieved," Mr. Pearsall often said, "was due to three things: first, the idea; second, as much adver-

tising as I could do; and, third, what might be called the ripe condition of the country. The idea came as ideas come to most men, and I was fortunate enough to find a market eager for what I had to sell; but, without the advertising, which I did to the best of my ability, the idea and the ripe market would have been worth comparatively nothing."

It was in 1896, that this man, who to-day speaks with less shame of his former poverty than he does of his present wealth, found himself at a very low ebb in his tide of fortune. He had been a trusted employee of the Domestic Sewing Machine Company, for a term of years, but when that concern changed hands he lost his position, with no prospect for the future. He talks freely of those heartbreaking days when it was a hard struggle to keep the wolf from the door, and he tells with dramatic force—the dramatic force of a simple tale of real life,—of the time when, one night, he returned home with the idea burning in his thoughts.

He sat in a darkened corner of the room and told his wife of the plan he had evolved. It was not an idle dream or the visionary scheme of an impractical man, but rather a carefully weighed proposition based on personal experience.

"I'm going to make a fortune," he said, confidently. "I know as well as it is possible to know anything that wealth awaits the man who takes a certain decisive step at

once on the lines I have in mind."

"And what is the step?"

"To make paper patterns to sell at ten cents."

*LAUGHTER is like sunshine—
It freshens all the day;
It tips the peaks of life with life
And drives the clouds away.*



"But there are no paper patterns at such a low price," insisted his wife. "They cost twenty-five or thirty or forty cents apiece."

"That is just why a pattern at ten cents will sell," he replied. "It can be made and sold at that figure at a fair profit, and hundreds of thousands more can be sold than would be possible at a higher price. You know that my experience in charge of the pattern department of the Domestic Company stands for something. It stands for my idea now,—my 'New Idea,' for that is what I will call the pattern. The only thing is, I must have money,—enough to incorporate a company and to advertise."

He glanced about him and the grim smile came back to his lips. Money to form a company, and money to advertise? It was easy to say,—those words,—but no man knew better than he the infinite struggle to secure enough even for the daily needs. The idea would not leave him, however, and it spurred him on until, one day, he got the ear of a friend who listened, and, after listening, acted. With the assistance of this friend a company was formed and a small office secured on West Broadway, New York. The New Idea Pattern Company was launched.

From the very beginning all the spare dollars, and they were pitifully few, were paid out for advertising. Little by little the retail trade learned of the new pattern at ten cents, and little by little the demand increased. The first year showed a profit, and the second year showed a very encouraging success. There were no dividends declared. Each man took just what was needed for living expenses, and every available dollar went where it would do the most good,—toward the further upbuilding of the foundation of prosperity by advertising. The fourth year found a long-established and prosperous rival showing signs of interest in this new concern that had dared to venture into the field at the ridiculous price of ten cents.

The time finally arrived when the giant Goliath discovered a promise of danger in the little David. Then war was threatened. The president of the Goliath company opened communication with David. "The situation is growing intolerable," he said, in effect. "You

are hurting the market, and we will not stand for it any longer. We will do one of two things,—either fight you to the bitter end, which we would deplore, or buy you out. Which shall it be?"

Mr. Pearsall talked it over with his associates.

"We have nothing to fear from war," he said, decisively. "Our books show that we are in the best possible condition. We have inaugurated new ideas. We were the first to make our illustrations look like photographs showing the finished costume as worn by a woman instead of the old idea of the simple garment without the head, and I rather guess we would give them a run for their money, but I don't care for war. I would rather sell and live the rest of my days in peace,—that is, if we get our price."

His associates agreed with him and word was returned to Goliath. History does not show what occurred in the president's office when the reply arrived from David, but the bitter pill was swallowed, and several weeks later, the New Idea Pattern Company became a subsidiary company of the Butterick concern, and A. J. Pearsall retired with a fortune of seven

figures made in five years. This was the recipe:—

An idea,..... one part;
Advertising,..... three parts;
A ripe market,..... two parts,
Mix, and make one fortune.

A man does not have to be a keen student of human nature to find an interest in stories of fortunes made by his fellow men. There is something strangely fascinating in the details of success.

The tales of the elder Bonner and his hardy adventures on the uncharted seas of advertising, of the time when he called on James Gordon Bennett for half of the few pages of *The New York Herald* of that day, of how he paid five hundred dollars for a story, and five thousand dollars to tell the public that he had the story, and of how he saw his five thousand, five hundred dollars come flowing back to him threefold on the tide of an interested public,—ah, those stories are like meat and drink to us who appreciate our facts with the flavor of fiction. You could not stand on the tower of any lofty building in New York City and shoot a gun

WE tend to become like our aspirations. If we constantly aspire and strive for something better and higher and nobler, we can not help improving. The ambition that is dominant in the mind tends to work itself out in the life.

without having the bullet fall upon the roof of a house sheltering an interesting story of a fortune secured by advertising, and you would hit mighty few houses sheltering legitimate fortunes that were made without advertising.

II

DID you ever shave yourself with a safety razor? It comes in a little box and has a jointed metal handle and a short blade protected by a metal guard. It really does not matter if you did or not; you have heard of the Star Razor, because the firm manufacturing it is a wonderful advertiser, and it has a story to tell of its origin that knocks the trivialities of fiction into a cocked hat. Some twenty-odd years ago three brothers named Kampfe came across the broad Atlantic seeking their fortunes in the New World. The Kampfes were expert machinists, and it was not long before they found an opportunity to establish themselves in a little shop in New York, where they made hand lathes and other small bits of machinery. They prospered in a quiet way, but there was no great hope in the future of their business until, one day, the younger brother met with a trifling accident.

He was shaving with the aid of an ordinary razor when, suddenly, those in the room with him heard a muttered exclamation followed by a slight thud and the tinkle of breaking metal. When they looked up they saw a cut on his face from which the blood welled freely, and upon the floor lay the offending razor with the blade snapped in twain.

"That's the very last time I'll shave with a razor like that," declared he, in a rage; "I cut myself almost every time."

"You will go, then, to a barber, or raise a beard to your knees," laughed one of his companions. But, as it happened, he did neither. Gathering up the fragments of the razor, he put them away, and by and by his brothers observed that he was tinkering with the broken blade. He said nothing, but one day, to their mild surprise and amusement, he produced a curious arrangement somewhat like the present "Star Safety." He shaved with it too, without cutting himself. Curiosity compelled his brothers to try the newfangled thing, and then it was tried by their friends. At first it was a joke.

"Have you shaved with the Kampfe garden rake?" one friend would ask another.

But in time its merits were appreciated and an attempt was made to manufacture the razors for commerce. No advertising was done, and the business languished. A few orders for small quantities, never more than a dozen, came dribbling in, and finally the brothers began to lose faith in the value of the invention. Then, one day, an order came in the mail from a New York cutlery house for one gross. The elder Kampfe laughed when he read it.

"Humph! it's a fake," he said, and promptly tossed the order into the wastebasket.

The paper was thrown away, but within a week a letter came from the cutlery house asking why the order had not been acknowledged. The Kampfe brothers awoke then. The gross was manufactured and another after

that. A little advertising was done, and finally the great triumph came. I presume most of you have seen, in one form or another, the famous letter of Oliver Wendell Holmes, the kindly philosopher of the "Breakfast Table." It is good enough to reprint, anyway, and it will stand

for all time as one of the greatest weapons for successful advertising ever placed in the hands of a firm by a beneficent providence.

It was something like twenty years ago that the good doctor set sail for a little journey to Europe, which he afterwards described in his book entitled "Our One Hundred Days in Europe." It was an extremely tempestuous trip, but Dr. Holmes would not dispense with shaving. In that book, which has been widely read, he said:

The *Cephalonia* was to sail at half past six in the morning, and at that hour a company of well-wishers was gathered on the wharf at East Boston to bid us good-by. We took with us many tokens of their thoughtful kindness. With the other gifts came a small tin box, about as big as a common round wooden match box. I supposed it to hold some pretty gimcrack, sent as a pleasant parting token of remembrance. It proved to be a most valued daily companion, useful at all times, never more so than when the winds were blowing hard and the ship was struggling with the waves. There must have been some magic secret in it, for I am sure I looked five years younger after closing that box than when I opened it. Time will explain its mysterious power. The next morning at sea revealed the mystery of the

DON'T estimate your future by the little troubles that confront you now. The black clouds which shut out your sun, to-day, will be gone to-morrow. Learn to look at life at long range and put the right value on things.

little tin box. It contained a reaping machine, which gathered the capillary harvest of the past twenty-four hours with a thoroughness, a rapidity, a security and a facility which were a surprise, almost a revelation. . . . The mowing operation required no glass, could be performed with almost reckless boldness, as one can not cut himself, and, in fact, had become a pleasant amusement instead of an irksome task. I have never used any other means of shaving from that day to this. . . . I determined to let other persons know what a convenience I had found in the "Star Razor" of Messrs. Kampfe, of New York, without fear of reproach for so doing. It is pure good will to my race which leads me to commend the "Star Razer" to all who travel by land or sea, as well as to all who stay at home.

This testimonial, which was entirely unsolicited, could not have been bought for all the money in Boston. In itself it was worth a great deal, but its falling into the hands of clever advertisers enhanced its value one million per cent. The three brothers saw the opportunity, and they have never ceased to profit by it from that day to this. Their former business of making small machines was absorbed by the making of razors, a number of years ago. To-day their fortunes can be figured at little short of a million. Here, again, we have the never-failing recipe,—an idea, one part; an opportunity, two parts; advertising, *quantum sufficit*.

In summing up the most profitable assets of advertising, it seems that the exploitation of an attractive and characteristic trade-mark offers greater opportunities for successful results than anything else. People who purchase articles seldom write to the advertisers, who are practically unknown to them. They ask for a certain brand of this or a certain make of that. They ask for Unecda Biscuits, or Quaker Oats, or Royal Baking Powder, or Ivory Soap. If the housewife needs a bag of flour, she instinctively mentions Pillsbury's Best, and, if her daily need calls for a carpet sweeper, she promptly orders "Bissell's." If she is asked why, it is probable that she will say that it is the best, whether she has used it or not. The trade-mark, "Bissell's," is in her mind and upon the end of her tongue because she has seen it in magazines, in newspapers, and upon the bill-boards of the country. This is one of the peculiar developments of the mind which accounts for the immense amounts of money

that are spent each year in the United States in all kinds of advertising.

III

THERE is no greater proof of the value of an attractive trade-mark—when thoroughly advertised,—than the case of the Prudential Life Insurance Company. There are other companies just as good, and others just as well known, but the happy inspiration that secured for the Prudential the stupendous value in advertising of the word "Gibraltar" undoubtedly did more for the marvelous success of the company than any other thing. The word is a synonym for strength, permanence, security and usefulness, and, used as the Prudential Company uses it, invariably with a picture of the famous Rock of Gibraltar, it creates its significance. A recent experience of one of its twelve thousand agents will illustrate the

value of the word to the company, and the value of any characteristic trade-mark to any company that advertises properly and well.

One day last July the agent in question happened to be driving along a dusty prairie road in the central part

of Minnesota. He was out looking for "business," but had not much hope of writing many policies in that particular region. The day was oppressively hot. In the north a heavy bank of clouds had formed, and the fitful breathing of a vagrant wind indicated the coming of a storm. The house he had passed last was fully three miles away, and he whipped up his horse in a sudden effort to escape the coming rain.

Presently there came a rise of ground, and beyond that a little farm of probably thirty acres, in the center of which stood a rude mud "shack." It was not very promising, but it offered some sort of shelter, and the agent drove from the road to the door. A large, fair-haired man, brawny and mild-eyed, came out in response to his call. Behind the farmer appeared a woman and several children.

"Can I wait here until the storm passes?" queried the agent.

The man nodded.

"A Swede settler with little money, and less knowledge of the English language," muttered the agent, as he led his rig under the lean-to barn. He found the interior of the house neat

(Continued on page 119)

EVERYTHING we get in life comes through the gateway of our thought and resembles its quality. If that is pinched, stingy, mean, what flows to us will be like it.

LOOK TO YOUR WALK!

IF you are anxious to win out in a large way, you must get the success manner. Cultivate the bearing of success, the appearance of successful men. Walk, talk, and act like a successful man; otherwise you are constantly defeating your own purpose. If you are a bad advertisement of what you are trying to do, in your speech, your manners, your coarse, disagreeable way, and are constantly called upon to defend yourself, to apologize, to set yourself right, you can see what a tremendous handicap you are under.

Your bearing, your conversation, your conduct, should all square with your ambition. All of these things are aids to your success and you cannot afford to ignore any one of them.

WE all are covered with tags and earmarks by which people weigh, estimate, and judge us, and there is nothing else which indicates our quality more than our walk, our movements, our bearing. Our walk, especially, indicates our energy; our ambition is reflected in it; our courage, our determination, our firmness, or the opposite of these qualities.

A shrewd character can measure us up pretty accurately by these earmarks. If you are a person of weak decision, if you can't bear to decide things, if you want to leave everything open so that you can reconsider it, he can detect it in your walk, in the firmness or the weakness, the decision or the hesitancy of your step. These things will tell whether you are a victor, a conqueror, or a loser, a failure.

IT is a great thing to form a habit of going through the world giving the impression to everybody that you are bound to win, bound to be somebody—to stand for something worth while in the world. It is a great help to have everybody think of us as bound to win out. Let this idea stand out in everything you do, in your conversation, your appearance. Let everything about you make the world say, "He is a winner; keep your eyes on him. He will get there."

If you are a victim of weak decision; if vacillation runs in your blood—if procrastination is your curse, just try the effect of improving your walk. Instead of going about with slouched shoulders, a shuffling gait, a weak, undecisive step—throw your shoulders out, draw your chin in, and walk with determination, with vigor in your mind. You will find that your mind will be reflected in your step; your mental attitude will be very quickly detected in your walk.

The Blessing of the Bells

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN

CARTOONS BY GORDON ROSS

IN a prominent position on one of the famous old churches of Europe is a statue of a nobleman with a string of bells about his waist. The church was erected centuries before America was discovered; and among the many legends woven into its history, one of the most interesting is that connected with the nobleman's statue.

An orphaned brother and sister, the only surviving members of a noble and very wealthy family, so the legend runs, owned an immense section of the country and absolutely controlled the lives of the peasants in the territory over which they ruled.

The sister was a beautiful character, amiable, charming and loved by everybody who knew her. The brother, on the contrary, was a very hot-headed fellow, autocratic, domineering and egotistical. Whenever anybody crossed him, or anything stood in his way, he would fly into a violent rage, and if any unfortunate serf dared to disobey or interfere with him he would strike him down.

The sister, who loved her brother beyond everything else, was anxious to cure him of his fatal weakness, and, without letting him know her real purpose, suggested that together they build a great church which would make all who knew the builders respect and admire them. Each was to erect one half of the church, independent of the other.

After the building had been in course of construction for some time, it was found that the sister's half was progressing very much faster than the brother's. This was because the brother was always having trouble with his

workmen. If they made the slightest mistake or if he found them loitering for a moment when he came on his daily round of inspection, he would rage about like a madman, scolding and striking at them, and, every other day, discharging some of them, so that the men grew discouraged and unhappy and never could do their best work for him.

The sister, wise as she was amiable, had foreseen this condition when she proposed the joint building enterprise, and on it based her plan

for winning her brother to a sweeter temper. She now asked him to let her tie around his waist a string of bells, telling him that she believed this would help to hasten the building, because, as he approached, the workmen would be notified by the jingling of the bells and would get to work, thus saving a lot of time. She also believed, though she did not tell him this, that it would have a great influence on his temper to find the men always at work when he entered the place.

The plan worked perfectly. The brother didn't lose his temper, as before, because he was not irritated by the sight of loafing laborers. The sweet music of the bells also helped to put him in a better humor, and the result was, he began to grow very popular with the men. Instead of always denouncing, swearing at, and striking them, as formerly, he praised and encouraged them, and because they were treated better they, naturally, felt a greater interest in the new edifice.

Spurred by a newborn spirit of pride in their work, they began to vie with their fellow-workers on the sister's side of the church. In fact, they determined to finish their half first.



Whenever anybody crossed him, or anything stood in his way, he would fly into a violent rage

This they finally did, to the joy of both the brother and the sister. The latter was so delighted with the success of her plan, that she then revealed to her brother the innocent deception she had practiced upon him in order to cure him of his bad temper.

The nobleman was so impressed by the lesson he had learned through his sister's device of the bells, that he had a statue of himself made, with the bells around his waist, to be forever kept on the church as an example of the

possibilities of encouragement, praise and good will as against scolding, denouncing, bulldozing, browbeating methods.

Although all this happened six hundred years after Christ, there is a lesson for all of us, today, in this legend of the statue of the man with the bells about his waist. It shows now as clearly as it did then that, aside from the curing of bad temper, we can gain infinitely more by the practice of good will, encouragement and praise in our dealings with others than we can by scolding, nagging and forcing, by the methods which the brother used at the start in his church building.

WE all know that praise will do infinitely more with children than will coercing, punishing or fault-finding—and men and women are but grown-up children. We all do our best work voluntarily; it can never be forced out of us. The old fable of the sun and wind vying with each other to see which would first make the traveler remove his cloak, resulting of course in the triumph of the sun, applies everywhere. Bluster and fury have no chance against gentle and persuasive methods.

One of the sweetest things that ever comes to a human being is the expression of praise for work well done. A generous recognition and appreciation of one's efforts, enthuses him with the determination to succeed in whatever he is trying to do as nothing else can. Actors and actresses, even those who have long been famous, tell us that the applause and good will of their audiences mean everything to them. It fills them with a sense of power and exhilaration that keeps them

forever striving to reach new heights. It sustains their courage; their morale, and holds them to their task even when they are physically ill, or suffering under some great family affliction or loss, when, otherwise, they would feel like running away. They think more of the applause, even though they may be unconscious of this, than they do of the money their profession brings them. In fact, the fascination of the theatrical profession is due largely to the applause that comes over



The music of the bells put him in better humor and he became more popular with his men

the footlights. Any one who appears before the public, whether as actor, singer, orator, or in any other capacity, knows how depressing, how discouraging, it is to have an audience that does not respond to what he says or does. He feels as if a wet blanket were thrown over him and is robbed of much of his power. Now, an unappreciative employer has exactly the same deadening effect on his employees. Many an employer has crippled his business and strangled the growth of his employees, never gotten the best out of them—that spontaneous glad service which comes from a happy and contented worker—just because of his failure to

show a thorough appreciation of their services.

Don't think, Mr. Employer, that you can rule your employees by fear, or that you can indulge your bad temper and pour out a volley of abusive language upon them every time you feel like it, without serious injury to yourself. Every mean thrust you aim at them will come home to you; it will react disastrously on yourself and on your business. On the other hand, if you show a generous appreciation of their efforts, encourage them with a smiling face and cheering words, you will be surprised to see how much it will do for you, personally and financially.

Why Is This?

OUR Indian schools sometimes publish, side by side, photographs of the Indian youths as they come from the reservation and as they look when they are graduated—well dressed, intelligent, with the fire of ambition in their eyes. We predict great things for them; but the majority of those who go back to their tribes, after struggling awhile to keep up their new standards, gradually drop back to their old manner of living. There are, of course, many notable exceptions, but these are strong characters, able to resist the downward-dragging tendencies about them.

Work Is My Joy

"MY life is very uninteresting," said United States Senator Reed Smoot, of Utah. "All I do is work."

"How much do you work?" he was asked.

"Sixteen hours a day, sometimes eighteen."

"How long have you done it?"

"Forty years and more."

"How do you like it?"

"To me it is more fun than anything else. I would rather wrestle with statistics on the tariff than go to the theater. I never go to baseball games or play golf. Seven hours' sleep a day is enough recreation for anybody. I have never taken a vacation. Neither have I ever been sick. There is not a healthier man in Congress."

"I believe that there is more pleasure in work than in anything else for the average man. If he did more work he would be happier. It is a great mistake to devote one's time to anything else."

Could Stand on His Head at 60

FERDINAND PRAEGER relates an incident of a visit to Wagner at his Swiss home. The two men sat one morning on an ottoman in the drawing room, talking over the events of the years. Suddenly, Wagner, who was sixty years old, rose and stood on his head upon the ottoman. At that moment Wagner's

wife entered. Her surprise and alarm caused her to run to her husband, exclaiming, "Ah, Richard! Richard!" Quickly recovering himself, he assured her that he was sane, and wished to show that he could stand on his head at sixty, which was more than Ferdinand could do. Perhaps Wagner wrote some of his music while standing on his head. It certainly reverses many old-time ideas of composition.—*From Anecdotes of Great Musicians.*

Senator Knox Got \$2 Wage at Start

PHILANDER C. KNOX, United States Senator from Pennsylvania, started to work at the age of 17 as general handy man in the office of the Brownsville, Pennsylvania, *Clipper*. He set type, washed rollers, swept out the office and in his spare time wrote news of the goings on about the village. He worked in the office all day and gathered news from among his acquaintances in the evening. For this he received \$2 a week.

When Is a Man Less than a Man?

WHEN he makes a vow he fails to keep;

When without sowing he would reap;

When he would rather beg, borrow, or steal

Than work to earn an honest meal;

When he delights to stir up strife

Or values honor less than life;

When he insults a fallen foe,

Or at a woman aims a blow.

As Lincoln Saw It

CHASE criticised Lincoln savagely, but when Lincoln was urged to crush him out by refusing to appoint him Chief Justice he replied: "I am not in favor of crushing anybody out," and Chase got the appointment. A similar saying proceeded from him just after his reelection. "So long as I have been here I have not willingly planted a thorn in any man's bosom."

Woman's Place in Medicine

Though Just Coming into Her Own, the Female Practitioner Has Been Known Since the Days of Moses

By CHARLOTTE C. WEST, M.D.

THE struggle of women for a place in the medical profession seems to have begun but yesterday and to simulate, somewhat, but to a far lesser degree, her more spectacular fight for suffrage.

The story of Moses proves indisputably that the female practitioner was not unknown in Egypt during his time.

The goddesses of Egypt and Greece studied medicine, and, in the eleventh century B. C., there existed a college of physicians in Egypt which admitted both male and female students.

Pythagoras, the Sage of Crotona, established a medical school which was carried on after his death by his wife who was equally as learned.

Cleopatra, also, was an authoritative writer on midwifery, and as skilled in the art of the healing profession as she was accomplished in the wiles of her sex. We have this on the testimony of no less a master than Claudius Galenus, born in 130, an ancient physician whose writings, for many centuries, formed the chief text-book of the medical profession.

Aspasia wrote learnedly on diseases of women. Her remarkable works would have been lost to the ages but for excerpts found in manuscripts of the sixth century A. D.

St. Hildegard of Bingen's writings rank as the foremost of her times. Her work, "Physica," is still referred to.

WOMEN studied in the school of Hippocrates, 420 B. C. Later the Greeks decided to elevate the profession to a more imposing plane by excluding slaves and women. In the year 300 B. C., a woman disguised herself, studied, and later practised as a male. Her sex was discovered and she was prosecuted, but the women of Athens rose up in her defense. This noble woman who achieved no fame in other directions—whose name, Agnodice of Athens, means nothing in these times—succeeded in legalizing the study of medicine to all free born women of her time.

Hygeia, superb specimen of womanhood—goddess of health and daughter of Aesculapius, god of medicine—later deified in Greece, presided over the immortal temple of the sick at Epidaurus.

Four kinswomen of St. Paul the Apostle devoted their lives to medicine; and, it is said, he was always attended by one of them.

Be it said to the credit of Italy that her schools were never closed to women. In her University of Salerne many women achieved eternal fame. Here it was that Alessandra Giliane colored and preserved the first anatomical specimens, and died a martyr's death from blood poisoning.

THE opposition to women in the profession of medicine seems to have burned with an unholy zeal in this country during the early Colonial days. The first medical work published in America (1638), "A Female Practitioner Restrained," states that one Jane Hawkins, wife of Richard Hawkins, had liberty until the third month called May, when the magistrates threatened to dispose of her if she did not depart before. In the meantime she was "not to meddle in surgery or physic, drinks, plaster or oils, nor to question matters of religion except with the Elders for satisfaction."

"Probably after the manner of her sex, she had asked questions no man could answer!" says one woman historian. In those days body and soul were treated jointly, the physician being also a minister of the gospel.

The Revolution brought the medical profession out of its obscurity. Feeling his oats, a Boston M. D. triumphantly acclaimed to posterity: "It was one of the first and happiest fruits of improved medical education that females were excluded from practice, and this has only been effected by the united and persevering efforts of some of the most distinguished individuals in the profession."

This spirit continued—obstacle upon obstacle excluding women from all the seats of learning and preventing them from even remote association with males in their effort to acquire a knowledge of the healing arts.

The beginning of a new era was inaugurated by the Blackwell sisters in the middle of the last century when, through the untiring efforts of Elizabeth Blackwell, some barriers were hammered down, and some preju-

dices were removed. Her advent into the domain, so long jealously guarded as the sole prerogative of the male, marked the dawn of a great epoch in the modern history of women.

History repeats itself. It was suggested that Elizabeth Blackwell disguise herself as a male and invade the sacred precincts of her brethren. She realized, however, that there should be no necessity for such camouflage in the nineteenth century, but—like her Athenian sister, Agnodice—she legalized the practice of medicine for her sex, two thousand years later.

Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell was not permitted to study medicine in her own land. After attaining her degree in Geneva, and returning to this country to practice, she met with long and bitter opposition. The Philadelphia County Medical Society, in 1859, passed a resolution that any applicant or member consulting with women should forfeit his membership. The Pennsylvania Montgomery County Medical Society refused to endorse the resolution, and the contest continued until 1870 when Dr. Anna Lukens was elected to membership in the latter society.

Massachusetts kept up the opposition until 1879, when the *Medical and Surgical Journal* of Boston, stated editorially: "We regret to be obliged to announce that at a meeting of counselors on October 1st, it was voted to admit women to the Massachusetts Medical Society."

DR. BLACKWELL after establishing herself in New York City, applied to the dispensary for opportunities to expand her knowledge and usefulness. "Get your own dispensary," she was curtly told. This she did—in 1853. Later, she asked permission to visit and to send patients to the hospitals. "Get your own hospital!" was the answer. And this she did—in 1857.

Besides opening the way to women, the Blackwells elevated the medical profession to a plane little dreamed of at that time.

The first chair of hygiene was established in this country at the Woman's Medical College of the New York Infirmary; therefore, the Blackwells made the study of hygiene—the very foundation of health and of the healing art—an obligatory one.

It is almost impossible to give adequate expression to the place the Blackwells made not only for themselves but for all woman—the heights to which they aspired and which they reached; the *inspiration* they became and will forever remain.

In 1871, the "female-physician question" was brought before the American Medical

Association and it was voted: "Let women have their own association. This body will stultify itself by the admission of women."

Dr. Mary Putnam Jacobi, brilliant physician and writer, in 1878, called attention to the fact that the study of medicine by Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell had long been preceded by the practice of medicine by women, but it was not until *educated* women *asked* to study medicine that opposition arose.

IN 1912, the Philadelphia Academy of Music was filled to capacity at the yearly graduating exercises of the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania. Dr. James J. Walsh of New York was the principal speaker. He said: "The old medieval belief that woman is not possessed of a soul is still rife in some parts of the Orient. Later, it became modified into the general belief that she is without intelligence—intellect. Plato thought it foolish to educate the two sexes on different lines. The classical authors talk of those who think deeply as *thinking in their hearts*, and when we review the history of humanitarian efforts and realize that—wherever woman has been excluded from or has not had her full share of coördinate responsibility and not merely subordinate exertion in the care of humanity—care has failed in its purpose, we realize better, what the meaning of this expression is."

How prophetic these remarks were destined to be, was fully proved by the superb work on the battlefields and in base hospitals, by the medical women who literally forced their services on their "stultified" brethren during the World War.

These noble women were obliged to *create* an opportunity for service. The British government absolutely declined to recognize the Woman's Hospital Corps, and it was not until the heroism and splendid ability of its members became known that Britain asked them to come home and look after their own.

The surgeon in charge of the Endel Street Hospital, London, was Major Louisa Garnett Anderson, daughter of the second woman physician of modern times. From the battlefields across the channel, wounded men were brought to her and her women aids, to patch up and make over. It was said that women surgeons took more pains and were less hasty in cutting off legs and arms.

Dr. Elsie Inglis brought the Scottish Woman's Hospitals into worldwide fame. It is her monument, for she sacrificed her life. It was the purpose of this heroic woman to place a hospital wherever a hospital was

needed. Twelve were operating at one time. They were even captured by the enemy. One, on its way to Serbia, was requisitioned by the British Army at Malta for the wounded at Gallipoli. On their final departure, the military authorities wrote home for sixty more medical women. When the home office read the report, sixty were permitted to go to Malta and eighty to other military hospitals.

The Scottish Woman's Hospitals faced seemingly insurmountable difficulties. They braved untold horrors. They carried the wounded themselves. Their endurance passed belief.

The chief of the Serbian command said of them: "Their capacity for work and suffering seems incredible. While they equal the Serbian soldier for endurance, in morale no one can equal them."

Dr. Inglis herself led the army to safety, through the frozen passes in Serbia and Russia, a short time before she gave her life in the service of humanity.

When America entered the World War, one of our women physicians offered her services to the government—Dr. Caroline Finley. On learning that women and children in the war zones were absolutely dependent on military hospitals for medical aid, Dr. Finley established a unit and offered it to her country. She recognized it as a call to render service. Who was better fitted or more specially equipped for this work than the woman physician?

Neither the Surgeon-General of the United States Army nor the War Office desired to innovate so radical a departure as to permit women doctors in military hospitals. It was quite without precedent, so they declined.

The French government, however, was not so squeamish. It was France who first admitted Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell to her clinics, and it was the French government, through the French High Commissioner at Washington, who eagerly embraced the offer. Under French auspices, Dr. Finley, with her unit, saved for France the lives of countless women and children.

THE remarks made by the distinguished Dr. Richard Clarke Cabot, of Boston, so late as September, 1915, still hold good. He believed the prejudice against women in medicine still exists and is a frightful handicap. He believes that so long as the preference is shown for a man doctor to the most capable woman doctor, women will have neither the chance to get the broadest experience nor to give their best service. Women are not competitive by nature. They are peace loving.

They fight only when the fight is forced on them. He admits—what many others concede—that the average practicing woman physician is a better doctor than the average practicing male physician. But the prejudice still exists. Dr. Cabot believes that woman's real place lies in social medicine; he believes it to be the medicine of the near future: Prevention—hygiene and sanitation—education and public service.

Hygiene—after Hygieia (in modern spelling the second "i" is omitted) immortal Greek and exemplar of all that is purest, cleanest, and best—not only in womanhood, but in the human race—as practiced by moderns, is still in its infancy.

IT includes the housing problem, general dietetics; questions of climate, soil and race; wealth and poverty; the colossal enterprise of educating the masses in right living; the proper care of the sick poor. None of these matters can be very well undertaken and properly consummated without the unrestricted efforts of unselfish, large-hearted women.

The silent, uncredited achievement of women in the gigantic field of hygiene is scarcely known outside statistical mortality records. It is now a well-established fact that the death rate is being markedly decreased owing to the superior methods of sanitation as pursued and taught by women since their more general entrance into medical work.

If woman does and will rule supreme in this special field, she shines with equal luster in others. Who can measure the debt of humanity to Madame Curie? Silently and modestly toiling in her laboratory, she has thrown out a shaft of light to suffering mankind that will glow forever.

Who can divine the endless ramifications of the now world-renowned work of Doctor Montessori? Appropriated by the educational world of three continents, her name is a household word.

Beside these stars of the first magnitude, there are thousands of silent workers in every branch and department of medical science. As research workers, women occupy a field in which they are overlooked. But they are working for humanity—not fame or fortune.

Woman's work for the humanities has always been altruistic. *The woman gives.* Her heart yearns for service. Hers is the larger vision, and not until her brethren realize that it is not a question of competition, but one of heart-whole service, will the modern healing art be ennobled and woman's place freely and frankly conceded her in the larger domain of medicine.

THE PLAY OF THE MONTH

Gold By Eugene G. O'Neill

Proves that you cannot fool yourself, no matter how hard you try

Reviewed by **EDWIN MARKHAM**

Author of "The Man with the Hoe," and other poems



Brown Bros., N. Y.

Eugene G. O'Neill, son of the late James O'Neill, actor, has taken a first place among the younger American playwrights by the force, originality, and strong human elements in his plays, "Beyond the Horizon," "Emperor Jones," and "Gold." He is, perhaps, one of the greatest dramatic psychologists of the age.

A NEW drama of adventure on the high seas, embodying a thirst for gold, pangs of conscience and mental aberration, and dealing with a collision between crime and moral principle, is "Gold," the work of Eugene G. O'Neill, who has taken a front place among our newer playwrights—men and women who are getting away from the hackneyed forms of the drama—forms that, up to a few years ago, seemed destined to stick with us forever.

"Gold" opens impressively—on a barren coral-island on the fringe of the Malay archipelago. Desolate rocks and hills are everywhere; a hot sun is scorching the sands; the cabin boy from the shipwrecked *Triton* is curled up on the hot sands at the foot of a dead palm tree near the shore; the rest of the crew are wandering on unseen regions of the island, hunting madly for water.

Suddenly the ship's cook, a grim determined man, enters with a glad greeting to the boy. "Sand and sun! Nothing but sand and sun!" cries the cook. Now the cook reminds him that the captain had kicked and cuffed them both—reminds him, also, that he, the cabin boy, was the only one on board who had never abused the cook, and for this the cook will be his friend. So the cook draws from his pocket a flask of precious water saved secretly from

the water barrel in the shipwrecked *Triton*. And he offers one swallow of it. The boy seizes the flask in an agony of his thirst.

There is a struggle over the bottle. He is given one swallow, no more.

Now the captain, a crushing and crashing personality, appears followed by three survivors of the ship, who are carrying what they believe to be a chest of gold and jewels. The cook had already told them all it was only a box of brass and glass—ell junk. The furious captain now forces the boy to open the chest and to pronounce the contents gold. The cook, cringing and trembling, is forced to utter the same declaration; but, a moment afterward, he flings off all pretense, upstarts in his indignation and shouts the fact that the chest is filled with junk. Hereupon the two friends flee to the high rocks in the near vicinity; whereupon Jimmy, a Kanaka in the crew, climbs the dead palm-tree and scans the horizon for a coming ship—the ship to take them home. Soon, to the joy of all, he sees a vessel coming down the wind. All is rapture and excitement. The chest must be buried at the base of the tree. A rough map of the region is sketched out by the captain. Suddenly the cook and his boy friend are discovered watching from the rock. This is a danger: they will be saved with the rest, but could return to rob the chest of its treasures. Therefore, they must be removed, eliminated! How? Jimmy gladly offers to knife them. "I do it, captain!"

Jimmy stands, waiting, knife in hand. "How about it, captain?" The captain makes no answer: he only turns his head slightly. He is sitting on a rock, gazing steadily toward the shore, his eyes fixed and moveless.

Intense moments pass. The Kanaka is waiting for a word. No word is uttered. Fate hangs in the balance. Hearing no word of protest, the Kanaka darts suddenly out of sight in the direction of the two friends. The captain makes no movement: his gaze is still fixed on the faraway. At length, the silence is

broken by the dying groans of the cook, followed swiftly by the dying groans of the boy. When the Kanaka returns to the palm tree, the captain starts up from his seeming abstraction, and, with a wave of his hand, cries out: "Remember, I spoke no word! I spoke no word!"

Now the chest is hurriedly buried, whereupon the men run down to the shore and take ship to their home on the far coast of California. There, six months later, the captain and Silas Horne, his bos'n, are discovered in a boathouse on the wharf of the captain's home. They are drinking grog and whispering of their island adventure. The captain relates that, on his return, and for a long time, he was in a delirium and that his lips babbled the story of the two murdered men. He had told it all, so that his wife—a woman of fine moral sensibility—had been shocked by the horror and had uttered her protest. On his recovery from the delirium, he had moved his bed down to the boathouse, so as to avoid the accusation of her eyes and be less likely—in his sleep—to give her further information.

THE captain is restless. "Do you ever see ghosts, Horne? I see them!" At this, the captain starts up, forcibly pulls himself together, declaring that he is not afraid of ghosts, that he is not afraid of anything! He won't trouble about ghosts, about thin air. He braces himself and stalks across the room. "Who's afraid of ghosts? Not I; not I!" And yet he is deeply terrified. His face shows it; his bravado shows it. His face is haggard. He is like *King Richard* when he cries out:

Shadows to-night
Have struck more
terror to the heart
of Richard
Than twenty-thous-
and horses.

The captain had promised his three accomplices heaps of gold from the chest of treas-

ures, enough wealth to buy all they should ever want: "Sport and wine and women—and for me rest." Now he is getting a foretaste of his rest in nightmares and ghostly visitors. He tried to push them away. Grog does not help him in his fight. Then he tries to ease his conscience by crying out that he had not given the word for the murder: "I gave no word—no word—no word!"

His wife appears on the scene when he is alone, appears as his Nemesis, his accusing judge. "Yes, you said no word, yet you could have saved them with a word. You will never get peace, Isaiah, till you confess to God and man."

But the captain hardens his mind: he refuses to look at himself. This is, perhaps, the supreme weakness of humanity in the realm of the individual life. We refuse to look at ourselves with the clear eyes of truth. The ego throws out a fog to obscure the clear light of the mind. Only great souls have the power to see their own imperfections. But the captain is

not a great soul. He finds it easy to excuse himself. He insists that the cook and the cabin boy were thieves, that they knew the contents of the chest to be precious gold, that they were bent on stealing the treasure. They deserved to die. No repentance for him—never! More than this he had taken no hand in the murder: "I gave no word! I gave no word!"

IN the midst of all this, the captain equips a new schooner for a voyage to the Malay island to recover the chest of gold. All is ready, except that the vessel must be given his wife's maiden name, "Sarah Allen," and, also, be christened by her in a formal way in order that she may have good luck at sea. Knowing the infamy that beclouds the chest of gold, the wife refuses to christen the vessel. Captain Bartlett

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WILLARD MACK

Captain Isaiah Bartlett in the drama of conscience, "Gold"



plunges into a rage and threatens to take their son on this long voyage. This is a terrific threat to her, knowing that the boy longs to follow the sea, and knowing—in her deep intuition—that the ship is a doomed ship; knowing that the schooner is fated to be caught in the grip of the tempest and go to the bottom. The thought of her boy wrings her mother's heart: she wavers, she yields. The ship is christened and made ready for sea.

Coming home from the christening, the wife swoons and is carried to her bed—hovering on the brink of death. The captain's daughter, Sue, and her manly fiance now swing into the tide of the story. The captain is persuaded to go in to the bedchamber to say farewell to the dying wife, although he is shouting the fact that the tide is turning seaward and that the *Sarah Allen* go out with it.

But he is at the bedside of the dying, and during his brief absence from the shore, the daughter convinces Danny Drew, her sweetheart, that her father is wild in his head, is driven by delusions, and that her beloved must himself leap aboard, announce himself the captain and direct the ship on her long voyage.

Yes, he would do it for her sake: he had the license for such an adventure. So bidding Sue a hurried farewell, Dan leaps aboard. The ship is soon swinging seaward on the outgoing tide. At this moment, the father rushes from the bedchamber to see his ship departing and to behold the collapse of his life's dream. For a time he rages and thunders, sways, totters, his arms flapping like the wings of a windmill—falls finally in a heap of misery upon the cliff above the harbor.

A YEAR passes, and death has led the broken-hearted wife to her last rest. The captain is alone with his two children. His delusions grow upon him. He is now waiting for the return of his ship: he is sure she will return. He spends his days on the roof of his home, in a ceaseless watch for the *Sarah Allen*, and in a ceaseless walk—to and fro, to and fro, to and fro. Hours on hours, day after day, the crazed captain paces the open roof—watching, waiting—watching, waiting.

Once he descends from his vigil, and the daughter tells of a letter that has come from her departed lover, telling that the ship went down at sea, that he alone escaped to tell the tale.

Now his sea-mad son rushes into the room and insists upon a full confession of the father's secret, otherwise he will leave home forever. The captain yields—tells the story, making the usual excuse that the cook and cabin boy were

planning to rob him and the others. The son quiets the wild question of the father as to the right of the thing, by saying that the deed was entirely justifiable, that he himself would have done the same thing. The father shouts his joy at having a confederate in his son; while the young man seems to take on the fantasies of his father. Both flame into excitement and rush together to a lookout window to watch for the returning ship. Suddenly the father shouts that he sees the *Sarah Allen* entering the harbor with signal lights that had been agreed upon. His dream has come true at last. The son confirms the father's report: he, too, sees the ship, sees the signal lights. There is rapture in the room. They wait in ecstasy for the sound of the feet of the sailors on the stairs. They are coming—coming—carrying the chest of treasure. That sound outside the door—what is it? It is the sound of the returning feet. Rapture!

A moment more, and the daughter dashes into the room. It was her footsteps they had heard. The disillusionment begins. The father slowly takes from a secret pocket the one gold piece he had taken from the chest of treasure. The son tests it with his teeth. whereupon he cries out: "God, it is brass—nothing but brass, brass, brass!" At this revelation, the father's dream of a lifetime collapses into dust: he reels, totters, sinks upon a chair—and expires.

THIS is the story. What does it teach us—us who are traveling the road? First: that there is no use trying to fool ourselves—no use telling our own heart that we are honest when we are not honest. There is something deep in the soul that refuses to be browbeaten by false logic. Secondly: a man can become too absorbed in the passion for riches—so absorbed that he loses all sense of values, plunges on into falsehoods, even into madness. Money is important, but there are other things that are still more important—integrity, peace of mind, character. Thirdly: it is a dangerous thing to go hunting for buried treasures, looking for sudden wealth, forgetting the well-known and conservative paths to worldly fortune. Here is a case where the old paths are the safer paths. Something for nothing is the instinct of the simpleton. We must give for our wealth an equivalent in honest service.

♦ ♦ ♦
We learn wisdom from failure much more than from success. We often discover what will do by finding out what will not do; and probably he who never made a mistake never made a discovery.

—Samuel Smiles.

What Did I Fear? Darned if I Know!

But I want to tell you why there's nothing
in the world worth worrying about

By *RAYMOND OSWELL*

THERE will be no literary fireworks in my story. It is simply a faithful record of how I roped and hog-tied the grimacing monster Fear and sent him sulking back to his dark dank cave.

What did I fear? Darned if I know. I never knew. I just knew I was afraid. I had a haunting dread of sickness and death and a vague fear of the future—a feeling that everything was going to smash next week. My boyhood was a weird nightmare of apprehensive fear that I was not making a favorable impression on my brothers and sisters, my teacher, even my parents. I was acutely sensitive to criticism, and, in the absence of expressed disapproval, I read in the very silence strange forebodings of evil designs and adverse opinions. I was painfully conscious of my own inferiority, and positive of the superior qualities of others. Hesitating, halting, and faltering, unable to form a definite opinion on any vital subject, I dissipated energy and vitality trying to make decisions on such matters as demanded definite action. Worry and Fear stalked me through early manhood and up into the mature years of middle-life before I got a strangle hold on them.

I remember one festive Christmas eve. I attempted to give a recitation at a gathering of neighbors in the little red school-house back home. When my name was called, I started up the aisle toward the elevation in front. And "up" is the right word, for my swimming head told me I was treading air. It seemed a mile from my seat in the audience to that fatal place on the platform. When I got there—I shall mercifully draw the veil on the painful details.

MINE was a long lingering case of chronic worry and super-sensitiveness which I cured by the application of sheer logic. I reasoned myself out of it by turning on the searchlight of common sense and reason. I studied the weird psychology of fear at close range and fought the grim battle triumphantly, unaided and alone. I can now make a decision with vim, vigor, and velocity. I can walk past a porch party without wondering or caring what those in the party think about me. I can walk down the aisle of a crowded church and not experience mental con:a or elevation of temperature. In the face of embarrassing situations, my heart beats register 72. I don't care a whoop how I impress people, or whether I impress them at all. From a retiring, diffident social recluse, I have transformed myself into a "regular

fellow" finding keen pleasure in communion with the big and little men of my town.

I can stand before any audience any time and, without hesitation or preparation, make a speech. People have been good enough to refer to me as a "twelve-cylindere orator with a silver-plated delivery." And I don't even care. My income has nearly doubled since King Fear went back to his cave and I began to live the radiant life. I am dominant, dynamic, and constructive.

HOW did I do it? Well, first of all I had a definite understanding with the rampant rogue—Fear. I looked him squarely in the eye. I tried to define his character and found that, like love, he will not stand analysis. "They ain't no such animal!" He simply isn't. Any real thing can be resolved into its component parts or defined. Fear and worry—the kind that possessed me—couldn't. Other men were afraid of me. I discovered that and glicated secretly over it. So, I deduced thusly: There is no sane reason why another man and myself should be afraid of each other. The other fellow can fear my personality if he wants to, but in so doing he concedes my superiority and gives me a certain definite advantage over him; but never again would I fear the presence of any normal, unarmed, law-abiding man.

I realized that I am superior to most men, and, at first, I approached a big personality with this mental slant aimed straight at him. The thought gave me courage. Being an insurance salesman, I had to meet and influence supermen as well as men; and I have cashed in with golden dollars on this seemingly silly idea. I had to get a mental anchorage in the thought of equality. My estimation of myself had to be raised. So, I mulled over in my mind my accomplishments in life. Then I saw the light.

The figures showed that I could safely stack my accomplishments against others of equal age and native ability. I had arrived and didn't know it. Lofty thoughts! But they served as a ballast. I began to appreciate myself. The ego was evolving. I gathered poise, force, courage, and motive-power.

I CAN float into conversation with men of any status as gracefully as the swan swims the pool. It's easy when you know how. Find a point of contact; for this is the royal road to the other fellow's
(Continued on page 118)

"When you place a girl's name on a police blotter, something that never can be restored goes out of her heart," says

Mrs. George W. Loft

Deputy Police Commissioner of New York City

In an exclusive interview for THE NEW SUCCESS

By STANTON A. COBLENTZ

EDITORS' NOTE

MRS. GEORGE W. LOFT, Special Deputy Police Commissioner of New York City, is the wife of former Congressman Loft, now a millionaire candy manufacturer. Mrs. Loft works without salary, but is paid one dollar a year to make her position legal. She is to devote her attention to "women criminals," to describe her field in police terms. In this interview with THE NEW SUCCESS, Mrs. Loft gives expression to some interesting views in regard to her particular duties and the principles which will guide her.

Concerning the girls and women who will come under her observation, she says: "It is not so

often criminal instinct that makes a bad woman as it is the *first little mistake plus a police record*. Most women who travel the forbidden way are eager to get out, but it is the urge of the friendly hand that they will follow when they will not move before the club of the law."

This rational view of the new Deputy Commissioner is sound psychologically. Every intelligent observer has felt that one chief factor in solidifying and perpetuating the criminal class is that they have been approached as enemies of society. They have been dealt with in anger and vengeance instead of reason.

MRS. JULIA M. LOFT, Commissioner of the New York Police Department, holds an unusual position. As the head of a force of twenty-eight policewomen and forty policemen, she occupies a place of authority unusual for a woman. Her work is for the benefit of her own sex—for those that have erred and those that might err if a "step in time" were not taken. Commissioner Loft is the type of woman one would never associate with a police department. She has the quiet courtesy, repose, and polished address of a lady of society. She combines winning tact with quiet strength and dignity.

But these are precisely the qualities necessary for success in Commissioner Loft's field. At least, so I realized after learning some of the details of her work.

"Among what classes are your activities chiefly conducted?" was my first question.

"We work in general among the women of the city," she replied, "but, in particular, we devote ourselves to the young girls; to those who may be in temporary trouble, but who will come forth unscathed provided some one steps in to lend

a helping hand. I believe in the adage, 'An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure'; and, accordingly, we place special emphasis on the prevention, and trust that the cure will not be necessary. We believe in taking our girls before they have reached the incurable stage; before, in fact, they have done anything more serious than to make a slight mistake of judgment. By applying first-aid remedies in such cases, we may create useful happy lives out of what might have been derelicts, just as surely as life-savers may recuscitate into normal human beings those that might have become but inert clay."

"Then your activities are something in the nature of life-saving?"

"Well, perhaps in the broader sense. In the sense that we save what is best in lives that might have been ruined."

"Can you give me an example? What is one of the most common types of cases?"

"Well, let me see," Commissioner Loft said meditatively. "Imagine this situation: One of our policewomen is strolling through the Pennsylvania Station, with an eye for girls in need of her aid.

Napoleon said:

**"MY ENEMIES
DID NOT
KNOW
THE VALUE
OF FIVE
MINUTES"**

At length she comes upon a little girl—perhaps fifteen or sixteen years old—who sits huddled up at the end of a bench, crying. From the style of the girl's clothing, the policewoman decides that she is from the country; she also concludes that, for some reason or other, the girl has run away from home. Situations such as this are common. The policewoman knows at once what to do. "Little girl," she says, "What is the matter? Maybe I can help you?" At first, perhaps, the girl is suspicious, or bashful, and refuses to reply; but the policewoman has engaging ways and, at length, wins the other's confidence. And so the girl dries her tears, and is soon talking with the policewoman as if she were an old friend. She gives her name and address. Perhaps she ran away because it was too dull at home and she wanted to see the sights of the big city; but now that she has arrived, she is frightened by the crowds and noise of New York, and wants to go back to her mother. However, she is afraid or hasn't the money for a return railroad ticket—or both. Then she needs a genuine friend."

COMMISSIONER LOFT paused just long enough for a smile of satisfaction. "And so, you see, such a case is rapidly adjusted. The girl is brought to our headquarters, the parents are notified, and all ends well. At worst, the girl has received a good lesson. And, quite possibly, she has been saved from becoming an innocent victim of evil influences."



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MRS. GEORGE W. LOFT
Deputy Police Commissioner of New York City

"Do parents ever communicate with you and ask you to find girls that have run away?"

"Yes, indeed. For example, we received a message from a rich woman who had been driven almost to distraction by the disappearance of her sixteen-year-old daughter. The case was at once given to our policewoman to investigate. Before night, the daughter had been found and returned, safe and sound, to the mother. Such immediate success, of course, cannot always be expected, but it serves to show what our department is capable of doing."

"Do I correctly infer from what you say, that most of the girls you deal with are misguided rather than vicious? Is it true that you concern

yourself mainly with the ignorant and the thoughtless rather than with the wilfully perverse?"

"You have the idea, exactly," she acknowledged. "Most of our girls are not bad, although many of them might become so if we did not interfere. A girl is not really grown-up, I maintain, until she is twenty-one; before that, she has not really learned to think; she acts on impulse, on emotion; she lets her heart carry her away, and is likely, like the moth, to get her wings singed before she learns the meaning of the fire. And most of the girls we deal with are very young—fifteen or sixteen is about the average age. They are passing through a stormy period of their lives, and caprice may dominate intelligence unless steps are taken from without to prevent it. Much more work might be done in that direction than is actually undertaken; there is an appalling amount to be accomplished in New York City; the old system is good so far as it goes, but it is inadequate; and we are doing all we can to supplement it, and to achieve results which it could not attain."

"In what respects do you accomplish what other branches of the police department could not?"

"In a variety of ways. For one thing, we do not believe that the girl of fifteen or sixteen whose only fault, let us say, has been to run away from home, should have a police record. Such a record may stand against her as a blot for which there is really no reason; and it is one of our objects to prevent such injustice. A police record is what we shall try to avoid for girls. I believe the moment a girl realizes that her name is down on a police blotter something that never can be restored goes out of her heart. She feels that her future is ruined, and that she may as well go ahead and be reckless. We shall keep only our own private accounts of first offenders. Then we are going to give them a friendly handclasp by finding them jobs and setting them in the right way as nearly as we can. Our system, you see, has the effect of softening the necessary severity of the older police methods."

"And in what other regards is that severity softened?"

NEVER allow yourself to think meanly, narrowly, poorly of yourself. Never regard yourself as weak, inefficient, diseased, but as complete, whole. Never even think of the possibility of going through life a failure or a partial failure.

"You know that, in our prisons, the complaint has often been made that the novice at crime is thrown in contact with the hardened criminal, and so finds the gate to reform closed upon him. In the same way, the comparatively unoffending girl has frequently been locked up with the really vicious one, by whom she has been led

so definitely into the paths of evil that her recovery has become impossible. This is especially true since girls in their teens are at a particularly impressionable stage of life, and react with vivid intensity to bad as well as good influences. Realizing this to be the case, we strive to remove from our girls all unwholesome surroundings, and to segregate the hopeless cases from those of which there is no need for despair. Those of the abandoned type may be dealt with by the more general police-departments; our special province is to take charge of the girls who may be helped by a little care and consideration."

"What special provision have you for the treatment of girls?"

"For one thing, a free clinic, at which every girl brought here is examined, and at which she may be treated for any infection. We also have dormitories where girls may sleep and have the use of shower baths. And, by the way," the commissioner added, with a smile, "shower baths are not the least needed part of our equipment, especially for girls who come here after roaming the streets for a long while or after spending several nights in the subway."

"And are your activities confined to caring for girls picked up by your staff?"

"By no means. A considerable part of our work is connected with appeals we get from outside—complaints which we send our policemen and policewomen to investigate, and questionable situations which we discover and endeavor to remedy. The men and women of our force are constantly scouring the city on the outlook for perversions of law and morality; and the amount of good they do, unnoticed, is, perhaps, much greater than most people are inclined to imagine. Of course, we must

(Continued on page 127)

AN EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW WITH Postmaster-general Hays

Who refused to be what people said he was:
"A professional politician of small ability"

By KENNETH HARRIS

"WE owe it to the country to give the utmost service in our power," says Will H. Hays, postmaster-general in President Harding's cabinet, "and the only way to give true service is to perform hard, intelligent work. You can make an athlete of yourself by walking or bag punching, if you keep at it long enough; but you can accomplish the same result by chopping wood. If you take the latter course, you have not only had the benefit of the exercise, but you will have the wood nicely cut and corded."

Hays applies this pet theory to everything he undertakes. His associates have dubbed him "Perpetual-Motion Hays" because he is never idle, never wastes time, and is always seeking some new way to make every working minute count. In rehabilitating the postal system, Hays has a gigantic job on his hands but he is going at it heart and soul. He took off his coat and went to work immediately after the inaugural ceremonies were over and he was sworn in as official head of the United States Post-Office.

From that moment he made it clear that he intended to restore that branch to a pre-

war basis, to make it a successful business, and give the public full value for the money it has invested in this gigantic institution. And the undertaking is no light one. Within two days after he became postmaster-general, Hays was working at top speed and getting things done. A week had not passed before he had conferred with all department chiefs and had established

working relations with 300,000 men and women under his supervision.

He paid a flying visit to the principal post-offices of the system, and let it be known that while he intended to do everything in his power for the welfare of postal employees, he expected full and conscientious service from every member of the department.

Hays had always had a reputation for doing things, among those who knew him best. Although he was once looked upon by the general public as a professional politician of small ability, he seemed too quiet and gentle to do big things; but he attracted the favorable attention of Theodore Roosevelt, who, prior to his death, recognized that the gentle Hays had two qualities: dynamic energy for work and loyalty. It is said that when the former



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WILL H. HAYS

Postmaster-general of the United States

"If the people are to expect efficient service, they must be prepared to reward it materially"

President breathed his last, there was discovered on his desk calendar a notation to send Will Hays to Washington some days later.

HAYS is almost boyish in appearance, and in stature he measures but five feet two inches. He is, however, a bundle of activity, energy, and determination. If he ever plays, no one ever caught him at it. He is an elder in the Presbyterian church. He does not smoke and the Volstead edict works no hardship on him. He has taken up the reins of the post-office with the same skill and relentless energy that he displayed in managing Mr. Harding's campaign. His manner is quick and restless, his eyes black and piercing.

He is at his desk generally before nine o'clock every morning. At first, this shocked official Washington, where appointments before ten o'clock were out of style. And long after most government offices are closed, Hays is hard at his job. Shortly after his induction into office, he was attacked by a severe cold which confined him to his apartments in the Shoreham Hotel; but it did not prevent him from working. He kept a corps of secretaries and stenographers busy—and he kept the wires of three telephones in a buzz. His remedy for a cold is work. But, sick or well, Will Hays is a human whirlwind, and whether he is riding in an automobile or a Pullman car, eating his meals, or sitting in the privacy of his home, his brain is ever alert—so he declares. He does not care for the theater or out-of-door sports.

AT his desk he is going at a mental top-speed every moment. He has a breezy, genial manner, that puts a visitor at his ease; but while one is discussing one's call, Hays is busy shouting orders, dictating memos, and making notes. He seems to be able to think of a hundred things at once, and to think of them clearly and concisely.

"The United States Post-Office, like any other business, must depend on uniformly good service if it is to retain the public's good will," Hays declares. He means to give uniformly good service. His plans are neither visionary nor roundabout—they are direct, practical, immediate. If energy and close study will make the task possible, Hays will accomplish it in short order.

Hays has the post-office employees with him. They recognize in him an industrious coworker—one who intends to see that every person responsible to him shall have a square deal. All he asks in return is honest service in exchange for pay checks. He is open to sug-

gestions from the humblest employee up. His mind is keenly analytical. Approaching a subject, he makes it his business to find about every solitary angle of it before reaching a conclusion.

Hays is not through with his political work by any means. Politics will not go out of Hay's life entirely, for it is to the Post-Office Department that the "faithful" always look for their material political reward. Hays may, and probably will, hand out some of these plums, but the jobs will not be sinecures by any means. If each and every one is not maintained according to Hays's standard of making good, the holder will quickly learn that "paying in politics" is not a Hays creed.

LIKE all men of prominence, Hays is not without critics and enemies; but even the most rabid of his opponents agree that Hays is entitled to his place in the present cabinet. The work of the Indianian, in the last campaign, deserved recognition. It is said that, during the hours of the deadlock at Chicago, Hays himself was frequently mentioned as a possibility.

"Service" is the favorite word of the postmaster-general, and he lives up to it. "If we are to make the Post-Office Department a real service to the public," he says, "the postal workers must serve one another. I want to know them all, and I want them all to know me. By team work, we will know one another's problems, help each other solve them, and in doing so give genuine service to the country."

Hays believes the Post-Office Department is far behind private concerns in creating and fostering *esprit de corps* among its workers. He means to remedy this condition. "The success or failure of any great business depends upon the spirit with which those in the organization go about their tasks. It is the heart as well as the hands of the worker, that wins the fight."

"I believe in getting the individual point of view of every person assigned to a given task. This pays in private life as well as in business, and in government operation. I have tried it in the Post-Office Department, and I am already experiencing results. My staff is ready to take off its coat and go to work. What's more, I have mine off and I'm going to work shoulder to shoulder with them."

"That is the plain common-sense way to run any business. I have every confidence in the postal employees. Some belong to unions and some do not, but all are ready and willing and capable to do good work. We are going to work together on a partnership basis and we

are going to run the post-office just like any other sane, orderly, well-conducted business.

"I propose to encourage individual merit by seeing that the proper individual gets the credit for his or her accomplishments. I am urging everyone in the department to do a little better each day, the thing he or she is appointed to do. I would rather see a man or woman use initiative and try to do a thing, even at the risk of mistakes, instead of doing nothing at all. Some of our present efficiency rating systems in the department are antiquated and unfair, and these must be righted. The present trouble is this: while the department has the hands and the intelligence to work, the heart, somehow, is not there. I want to rekindle the spirit of service and cooperation in the heart of every employee and official."

HAYS is working out a welfare department for the post-office. He intends to humanize the service and to encourage young men to take up postal work as a career. To do this, he realizes that he must make them feel that, if they render faithful service, their jobs will be permanent and their compensation commensurate with their efforts and the industry.

"The Post-Office Department is not an organization for profit or politics," declares Hays. "It is an institution for service and it is the President's aim and my aim to create that service."

"If the people are to expect efficient service, they must be prepared to reward it materially. I propose to make such rectifications as will secure a square deal; I mean to strengthen the Civil Service and merit systems, and I propose to put the post-office on so sound a business basis that no political party will dare attempt to disrupt it. We are simply applying common-sense methods to the conduct of a mammoth and vitally important organization. Cooperation outside and inside will be our slogan, and we mean to earn and continue to deserve the respect and appreciation of the public."

Hays believes that the air mail-service deserves the most careful consideration with a view to expansion. "I want to encourage its development and see what we can make out of it," he said. "I want to go at it in a practical

way and make the service efficient and safe—develop it along the lines of the government's best interests. We never want to employ a man for this service unless he is thoroughly trained. We don't want stunt performances just because they attract attention. We want to get all we can out of this branch of the service."

BEFORE he had been in office ten days, Mr. Hays instigated an investigation of the flying mail-service. To-day he has its details at his finger tips and he is extremely enthusiastic over its potentialities. "The air mail-service is of great value to the public and to the department, purely as a mail-carrying method," he said, "but it has a greater importance in training a reserve for national defense in the event of possible conflict. To-day, fifty-five pilots fly, daily, about seven thousand miles. Sixty-five planes are in service, and thirty-five more are being repaired. The service employs over four hundred mechanics and has twenty-one flying fields."

The Postmaster-general is going about the building of this branch of the service in his practical, scientific manner. He has persuaded the War Department to assign an officer to make a study of the system and arrange for the elimination of risks and the greater efficiency of the corps. He hopes, through the development of the air service, to stimulate and encourage commercial aviation in the United States. This is in line with Mr. Hays's belief that the department itself should not indefinitely maintain and operate its own air service but should let its mail-carrying contracts to private firms who would maintain the necessary fleet of planes. In this way, he believes, the government can promote mail-handling economy as well as efficiency. This has been accomplished successfully in Holland. There is no reason why it cannot be repeated here.

In the short time that Will Hays has been in office, the Indiana elder has accomplished notable reforms. And he has "just begun to fight." He is an indefatigable worker, a human whirlwind, a top-speed traveler, yet he operates with remarkable accuracy. He is an outstanding example of the present-day accomplishment of the young man in the field of politics and executive authority.

OF one thing be very sure. Every man must do his own growing, no matter who his grandfather was. Pull often makes men swell, but it doesn't help them to grow.

AN EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW WITH

Don Carlos Seitz

Business Manager of *The World*, New York City



"DON" SEITZ

Besides being known from one end of the country to the other as the business manager of the *New York World*, Mr. Seitz is an author, a poet, and a philosopher

THE upper and lower sides of the face of Don Carlos Seitz belie each other. The upper half is belligerent. He wears his hair pompadour—a straight, upright front of hair that shouts, "No compromise!" His forehead has the slight slant of the visage of the man of action. His eyes, dark and deeply set, can take on the beady look of a frankly fierce fighter. Even his nose is divided into two character halves. It has the high bridge—the power of cleavage of the man of battle—yet

In which he sends a message of optimism from Park Row

By ADA PATTERSON

widens into an amiable flare. His lips are composed of amiable curves. They part readily in a smile that is more engaging than that of ninety-five of any hundred men one may meet. His chin is strong yet softened by an extra layer of adipose tissue. Nature built him for battle but, as a happy afterthought, overlaid him with a double coat of kindliness.

"Have you a message of optimism from Park Row—the greatest newspaper center in the world?" I asked.

He groaned. He pressed the palms of his strong dark hands against the side of his close-cropped pepper-and-salt colored head.

"An optimistic message? While the photo-engravers are on strike?" Another groan that held the rumble of war in it. Yet when I left his office, forty-five minutes later, I heard one of the strikers say, "The one man we can see and talk this over with is Don Seitz." From which one may conclude that the business manager of *The World*, the great daily newspaper of New York City, is not so terrifying as he looks, or "as he wishes to look," I had begun to write; or "as he sounds." That would not have been true. His voice, more than aught else, denies his fearsomeness. It is deep and enriched with humanity.

HE leaned far back in his chair, looked levelly at me. I noted that his flat-topped desk was dustless and orderly, that his gray alpaca office-coat was immaculate.

"You have been a newspaper man for forty years," I charged.

"Longer," he said, "if you count the years that I worked a hand press and issued the notices of my father's services in a Universalist Church in Harlem. I composed the notices, worked the press and got the papers to print

'em. That's newspaper work. I was about ten years old, then. My father then moved to Norway, Maine."

"Moved! You have been called a *Maine Man*, and have been said to hold the *New England* view."

"I was born in Portage, Ohio, and went to Maine by way of Harlem."

"You give the lie to the adage that ministers' sons always go wrong."

"They go right! At one time there were thirteen sons of clergymen on this newspaper. None of them ever got into trouble."

"My father bought a small religious newspaper and published it in Norway, Maine. He finally changed it to a secular paper, and I ran it. That, was somewhere along in my middle teens."

TO Brooklyn Don Seitz started. He was seeking whatever fortune held for him. Finally he secured work as a typesetter in the job office of the *Brooklyn Eagle*. He left the printer's case for the reporter's table. Interest in politics led to his going to Albany for that newspaper. He became its city editor. The next step was assistant business-manager of the *New York Recorder*. Next he became managing editor of the *Brooklyn World*. Then he returned to Manhattan to take up the duties of advertising manager of the *New York World*. The next year he was elevated to the business management of that great newspaper, a post which he has held with honor for twenty-three years.

"Is newspaper work a good career for a young man?"

"A good career?" he repeated. "Yes. One of usefulness to the community and of pleasure and reward to himself? Yes. It fulfils all the requirements."

"How would you know whether a young man who applied for work would be a good newspaperman?"

"I wouldn't. Newspapermen are of many kinds, not only good, bad, and indifferent, but of various temperaments and modes of attack of a newspaper story. I couldn't tell. I would put him to work and see. It is a profession in which fitness or unfitness

are quickly discoverable. A managing editor whom I persuaded to give me my first chance at newspaper work said, 'Four days will reveal whether you are fit for the work.' That is rather short shrift; but it is comparatively true."

"What is the best newspaper story you ever read?"

THE telephone receiver was lifted to an attentive ear. The olive brow puckered in a frown of concentration. News was received about the strike. A confidential order was issued.

"The best newspaper story I know was written about the suicide of a brother and sister. It was written thirty years ago by William Spear. Pardon me." More telephonic wisdom about the photo-engravers' strike.

"What made it the best story?"

"Its minuteness and vividness."

"What do you regard as a good newspaper?"

"One that tells the truth and conveys intelligence and information to the public."

"I have heard that you are a newspaperman without regrets. That is, you are not one of the vast number who wish they had devoted their energies to something that held greater rewards."

"Such as?"

"A man I knew who had risen from office boy to managing editor and was going down again by way of the query column. He told me he had served his newspaper for thirty years, that if he had given that energy to anything else he would have been a rich man."

The business manager of the *New York World* made a face. Euphemism would not soften that expression from a grimace of disgust.

"That isn't true!" he answered in the ringing tones of conviction. "It is an oft-repeated

ONE GREAT, STRONG, UN-
SELFISH SOUL IN EVERY
COMMUNITY WOULD ACTU-
ALLY REDEEM THE WORLD.

—ELBERT HUBBARD

falsehood. Newspapermen earn more than school teachers do. They earn more than preachers do, more than many doctors and lawyers.

"The other night I went to a dinner of the Quarter Century Club on *The World*. There were two hundred and eighty-six men at the dinner, who had been with the paper for twenty-five years or longer. A good many of them were men employed in the mechanical department. I never saw a better-dressed, more contented, more prosperous looking group of the same number of men. *The World* has a force of nearly three thousand men. Not one of them earns less than thirteen hundred a year. Most of them earn from twenty-five hundred to five thousand. Some earn twenty-five thousand. Ask Arthur Brisbane how much he earns.

"Another reason for adopting newspaper work as a profession is that the newspaperman knows more than most men do. I could mention a dozen newspaper executives who are men of wide reading and an enormous fund of information. The more I see of other men the more I realize how much the man of the newspaper knows. For instance, the banker. His interests and information are so limited that it would be easy to print a newspaper for him. It wouldn't cover a handkerchief. The newspaperman's range of knowledge is so wide that he is likely to print a newspaper about themes that interest him and that are not included in public demand. I am of the impression that newspapers publish seven tenths too much for general consumption."

I reminded him of one of the cruel jibes at the fraternity. "They say that newspaperfolk know a little about everything and not much about anything, that their knowledge is superficial."

ANOTHER of the relics of the great man's school days, his "face making." The grimace of disgust included all of the newspaperman's critics.

"That isn't so," he affirmed. "People think we don't know much because we haven't dug. You can learn a great deal about things without digging. You can absorb."

"What of the common criticism of newspaper-folk? For instance, James Montgomery Flagg told me they are 'cold propositions.' Does newspaper work make a man inhuman? Or has the inhuman man gone into newspaper work?"

"Neither. It is the fault of the system he works under if he becomes inhuman. This newspaper is a democracy. Everyone can be

heard. Joseph Pulitzer established that spirit. You couldn't sit on his lap but you could always state your case to him."

"Do you think newspaper work is a good preparation for literature?"

MORE telephonic exchange of ideas. Mr. Seitz returned without cutting the thread of our theme.

"I don't believe it is. We deal with facts. A newspaperman should be entirely surrounded and imbued with facts. They do not stimulate the imaginative faculty. I think Richard Harding Davis was right."

"But he wrote a number of novels."

"Yes. Fourteen of them. But they were not literature."

"The critics said your description of a Mediterranean sunset is literature."

"The critics have always praised my books but the books have not sold."

NEVERTHELESS, Don Seitz's "Artemus Ward" and the *Congressional Record*, it is said, are the only books on President Harding's desk. He is the author of thirteen books of prose and three books of verse.

"I hear that you have a large library on pirates and piracy, that you have read all that has been written on the black flag."

The dark, strong hands went again to the grizzled sides of his close cropped head. "A man must have rest," he said.

Yet there was still a little time. Enough for two stories. His wit, philosophy, and stories have made him prominent as an after-dinner speaker.

"I was at Lakewood with Mr. Pulitzer. He learned that I was taking a train back to New York. It was late. I would have to take a milk train.

"Why take that train that stops at every village to milk the cows?" Mr. Pulitzer asked. "Why not stay here where you can have a good sleep among the pines and go to town on a good train in the morning?"

"I answered, 'Because I would rather be at the corner of Park Row and Ann Street at midnight than at any other place in the world at that hour.' Mr. Pulitzer threw up his hands."

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You may succeed when others do not believe in you, but never when you do not believe in yourself.

On the Road to Mastership

WHATEVER your vocation, it is essential that you keep your goal vividly in mind. It is a great thing to think every day that you are on the road to mastership, that personal power is your goal and that everything you do and everything you think, all your expectations, your every act and word are working toward this one end,—your mastership. If you keep this constantly in mind you will keep growing. Your life will grow larger, fuller, more complete.

On the road to mastership! What a fine motto for every youth who stands tiptoe on the threshold of his career. On the road to mastership, grinding everything into paint for life's great masterpiece, making everything count toward this one end; growth, expansion, personal power, the development of ability greatly to serve the world.

ALL sorts of temptations will try to keep you from your goal. Pleasure and comfort will vie for your attention. Love of ease, and natural laziness, will try to lure you from your goal. Persuaders on every hand will try to beckon you from your course. But burn this one word, "Mastership," into your conscience, hang it up in your bedroom, and don't let anything decoy you or lure you from your goal.

Many a morning you will rise and "Don't-Feel-Like-It" will call you a fool for straining and striving for such an uncertain goal, a goal which you may never reach, and will bid you take it easy. Pleasure will tell you to take your good time as you go along. But do not heed these dangerous whispers.

YOUNG people are apt to think that one little departure from virtue, one little wrong act, could not seriously mar the character which it has taken a lifetime to build, that such a little thing would scarcely be noticed; but remember that an artist may, with one stroke of the brush, ruin a masterpiece on which he may have spent many years of effort.

No matter what tempts you, lures you, fascinates you, keep steadily and persistently in mind, that you are on the road to mastership.

This is your goal. Turn not to the right nor to the left. Let not even a Paradise tempt you from your course. This is the only way in which mastership may be attained.

At 16, Erika Morini Is Master of the Violin

By LUTHER EMANUEL WIDEN



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ERIKA MORINI

ERIKA MORINI, the violinist, who came to the United States almost unheralded, last January, from the tragedy of Vienna, is sixteen years old. For five years she had been touring Europe, where the critics declared her to be a "fiddler"—as all masters of the violin call themselves—of the highest rank. Abroad she received unusual praise; in America she is the sensation of the musical year.

In Vienna, May 26, 1904, Erika Morini was born. Her father, Oskar Morini, an Italian Jew, born in Trieste, is a music teacher; her mother, Amelia Morini, is a Jewess, born in Vienna. In fact the father, now sixty-two years old, arrived in Vienna at the age of three. The mother is fourteen years younger than the father and has remained in Europe with four of her children: Stella, twenty-one, who "sings a little for home folks;" Albert, nineteen, an unmusical University graduate; Haydee, thirteen; and Hellmuth, ten. The eldest daughter, Alice, who is twenty-two, studied piano under Leschetizky, and is with Erika and their father in America.

At the age of five, Erika Morini began studying with her father. After three years, she entered the Meister

Schule and became the star pupil of Otokar Sevcik, the Bohemian master violin-teacher, who prepared a number of noted violinists for the concert stage. After finishing at the Meister Schule, at the age of ten, Erika Morini continued studying with Sevcik; and, during the last two years, in the summer time, she spent three weeks with him each year at his home in Pizek, Bohemia, now Czecho-Slovakia.

THIS is Morini's fifth season of concerts. When she was only eleven years old, she was accepted to play with Nikisch, the greatest conductor in Europe; and she was the first child to play in the Leipzig Gewandhaus. After that she appeared with him every season. Following her American debut, with a full symphony orchestra, an introduction that cost her managers \$3,000, she appeared in three recitals at Aeolian Hall and a final appearance at Carnegie Hall. No female violinist has ever been so enthusiastically received in America. Engagements have come to her managers from all over the country. Sixteen-year-old Erika realizes that this means more than popularity—wealth. "When I am eighteen," she said to me in staccato English, "I will play only for the poor; because then I will have enough."

It is good to hear Erika Morini play. Her rare Guarnerius responds to her temperamental touch and tempestuous technique with tidy tones, penetrating tones, and at times with a veritable tirade of tones. Her mechanical voice sings and sobs and scolds and smiles and soars into the hearts of her whole audience. Without taking lessons, she has also learned to play the piano, and she also expresses herself in composition. She is never nervous nor self-conscious, and loves to play for large audiences. She memorizes her music easily, has a whole library of music committed to memory, and possesses that unusual ability—absolute pitch.

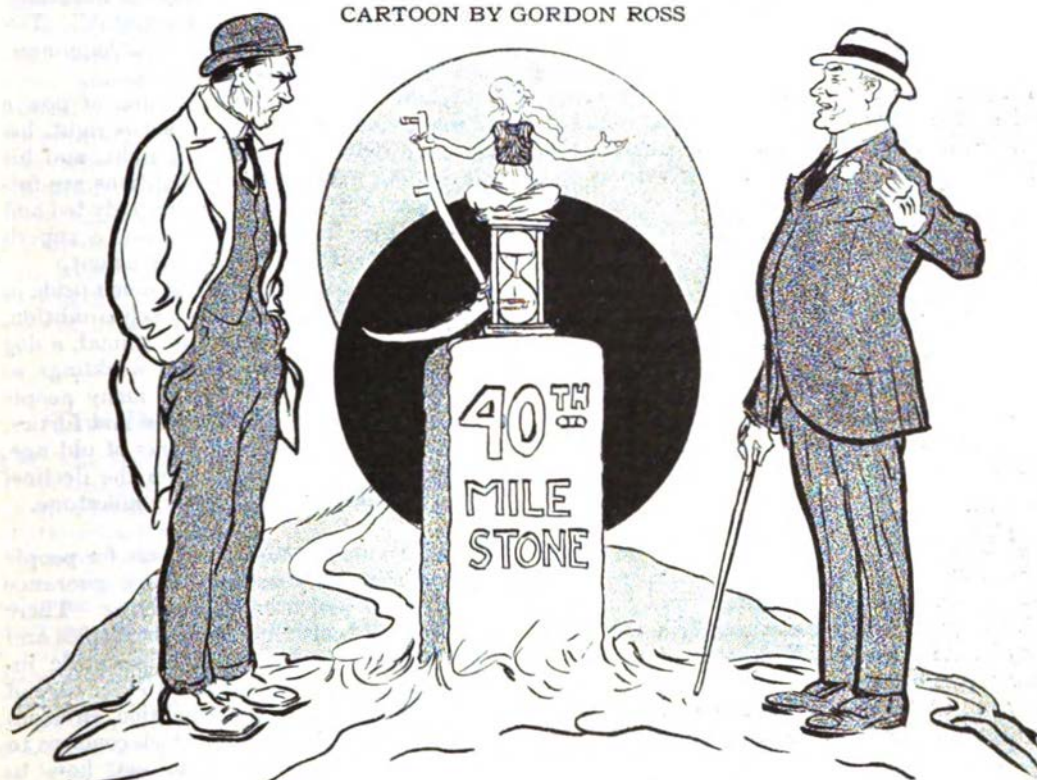
TO-DAY, Erika Morini is still a little girl just five feet, four inches in height. She is not a spoiled child, is well-bred and rigorously reared. The little English she ventures to speak comes with a delicate Viennese accent. Her personality is pleasing, less placid than primitive, and she creates, interprets, and recreates with ease and eagerness. Her winsome ways, her smirkless smiles, her unaffected genuineness and her sincere simplicity—these charming characteristics of mind and manner make her more than interesting as a musician and attractive as a human being.

◆ ◆ ◆
Books are never asleep. If investigating you interrogate them, they conceal nothing; if you mistake them they never grumble; if you are ignorant they cannot laugh at you.—*Lincoln*.

Physically Done Up at Forty

By *ORISON SWETT MARDEN*

CARTOON BY GORDON ROSS



How do you appear to Father Time
at this stage of the journey?

PROFESSOR Fisher, of Yale, says there is a loss of at least fifteen years in the average human life, and that these fifteen precious years could be saved by scientific methods of living, sanitary conditions, and right habits.

We not only shorten our lives by neglecting the laws of health, but many of us grow old and lose vitality and energy long before we reach old age. There are many men who are nearly done up before fifty; many are physically bankrupt at forty. It is a wonder that some of these men live at all, for they violate every law of their being. They are like a man who, having an elegant watch delicately adjusted to heat and cold, should leave it on the sidewalk on a dusty or rainy day, with case open and yet expect it to keep good time; who should leave the doors and windows of his house wide open, night and day, to wind, dust, and rain—to all kinds of intruders.

These men are prematurely old and de-vitalized because of the fearful drain on their life forces, leaks of power through vicious living habits—overeating, eating the wrong things, irregular eating, breathing poisoned air, lack of exercise, too little healthful, rejuvenating recreation and play in their lives.

It doesn't matter how strong you are naturally, if you draw out of your physical bank more vitality than you generate daily, physical bankruptcy will soon stare you in the face. You cannot habitually ignore the demands of your body, dissipating at night, gorging rich foods, robbing yourself of sleep, going to your work in the morning with your nerves unstrung, with mind muddled and befogged and keep reserves in your physical bank. And it is reserve energy that will not only stand by you in an emergency, physical or mental, but will give you, even if you are eighty, that alert

youthfulness, that vigor and vitality, which distinguish men who have lived sanely and done big things for the world.

When Daniel Webster was called on unexpectedly to make an argument in the United States Supreme Court, he spent the entire night in preparation; took a breakfast of tea and crackers in the morning, and made one of the most powerful arguments ever heard before the Supreme Court. What would a man with a weak physique have done in the circumstances? Though he might have the mental ability, he would not have had the physical strength necessary for the occasion.

If you would be equal to every test, ready for every opportunity, that comes to you, for every emergency you are called on to meet, look to your reserves, for it is the reserves that win. By all the rules of warfare, Napoleon had won the battle of Waterloo at noon. He had never made better plans for any battle, but he lost because his reserves did not come up in time.

WHILE athletes, in their most strenuous contests, never use all their latent power, stored-in reserve strength, speed, and endurance, it is all sometimes brought into play in great emergencies in which the issue may be life or death. Multitudes of men have no reserves to meet such emergencies. That is why the efforts of great surgeons to save lives are often ineffective. The resisting power of the body has been ruined by some form of vicious living, or by overeating, undereating, lack of sleep or other transgressions of the laws of health. Numbers of people die from minor surgical operations after accidents because of lack of physical reserves to assist Nature in carrying them over the crisis.

Many of us spend our lives oscillating between two extremes—abusing our bodies and doctoring them. We seem to think that it is a comparatively easy matter to bribe Nature, doing two or three days' work in one, eating as much at a single dinner as Nature would require for two or three days—that we can abuse our systems in all sorts of ways, and then make amends by drugging ourselves and patronizing springs and other health resorts. The

result is dyspepsia, exhausted vitality, nervous diseases of all kinds, insomnia, mental depression, insanity.

Looking around us, it would seem to be true, as someone says, "that two-thirds of humanity are sick, unhappy and unsuccessful." The root cause of most of this sickness, unhappiness, and non-success is physical unfitness.

No man can attain his maximum of power and creative force unless his food is right, his habits are right, his thought is right, and his work is right. When these conditions are fulfilled, when body and mind are properly fed and exercised, then we get a real man, a superb being, capable of marvelous achievement.

When men and women take as much pride in keeping themselves fit, in top-notch condition, as they do to keep some favorite animal, a dog or a horse, we won't have so many weaklings, so many failures. We won't see so many people virtually played out in the thirties and forties, so many who bear advance marks of old age, and are practically worn out, on the decline, before they reach the half-century milestone.

THERE is no excuse in this age for people neglecting their bodies through ignorance of the laws of health and right living. There are all sorts of health literature, magazines and pamphlets, and places in which scientific information is given as to just how to take care of the body, according to age, condition, environment and work. The habits which conduce to long living, how and what to eat, how to exercise, how to develop one's physical and mental strength and store up large physical reserves, the laws of right living, can be mastered by any one who cares to do so.

Yet in spite of all this, the average man takes better care of his favorite horse, his machinery, even his watch, than he does of himself. If an important race were pending, he would not think of driving a valuable racehorse hard all day and half the night without proper feeding and care; he would not think of gorging him with food one day and starving him the next; he would not exhaust him with strenuous exercises one day and for several days thereafter give him none at all. No, he would take no chance of losing the race by such stupid treatment.

***T**HERE is no greater self-protection from all that is low, ordinary, and inferior than the cultivation of a lofty, grand estimate of oneself and one's possibilities. All the forces within you will then work together to help you realize your ideals, for the life always follows the aim; we always take the direction of the life purpose.*

He would give his horse every possible care and attention. He would see that he got a great deal of grooming; that he was fed and exercised scientifically that every muscle, nerve and sinew was trained to a nicety for the contest. Yet this man who takes such intelligent care of his horse, takes the greatest chances with himself; hazards his own success, his very life, by wasting his vitality and precious energy in all sorts of irregular habits and vicious living.

GOD'S children were not made to grovel but to aspire; to look up, not down. They were not made to pinch along in poverty, but for larger, grander things. Nothing is too good for the children of the Prince of Peace; nothing too beautiful for human beings; nothing too grand, too sublime, too magnificent for us to enjoy.

Now the man who will not be as good to himself as he is to his horse or his dog, his automobile or his office machinery, is headed for disaster. The great problem of life is the generation of the force which makes for abounding health and vitality, for mastery, and no man can solve this problem who is not good to himself;

who does not watch with an eagle's eye his life habits, his food habits, his exercise habits, his recreation habits.

The Pursuit of Happiness

ALL who run after the gilded chariot of joy get covered with dust, and are left limping along the road quite bereft of that degree of comfort with which they started on the mad race.

Yet sometimes, when the quest for one's own happiness is quite out of mind, when one is absorbed in making some one else happy, down like a bird from the highest heavens comes joy, and settles as if at home, in the heart that has forgotten itself.

Happiness is never touched by the hand that reaches out for it too eagerly. It flies into some hand open to give, not stretched out to receive. The angels always appear unexpectedly, as did the angel who sat by the tomb when Mary visited it at dawn. Going out to mourn, she was met by unimaginable joy.

How often does the long-anticipated feast turn out to be a famine, gaiety having fled from the house overborne by much ponderous preparation.

He who seeks happiness for its own sake shall lose it, and he who loses happiness for another's sake shall find it, even in the hour when he thinks it is gone from him forever, and is content to have it so.

—Woman's Home Companion.

It Doesn't Matter

IT doesn't really matter—nothing does," is the motto I saw recently in a house, and it set me to thinking. Why should we make much ado about things that we cannot prevent or help? Why not receive the blows and knocks passively instead of being so wrought up all the time that we get the double effect of these unfortunate happenings, both physically and mentally?

Why are we so chagrined and mortified when we think we haven't done ourselves justice on some occasion—presiding at a meeting, or filling a place in an entertainment program, for instance—and public attention has been attracted to us in any way? Why

do we make ourselves so miserable over conviction that we have not appeared at our best? It doesn't really matter, does it? It is not of vital importance, and should we allow the little things of life, the little pin-pricks and annoyances, the little perplexities which disturb little minds, to throw us off our balance, to spoil our happiness and peace of mind? No, a thousand times no! Whatever happens, it isn't of half so much importance as we probably think. The main thing is to keep our poise under the little trials. If we are cheerful and optimistic, they will soon be forgotten by us and others.

Cheerfulness

LEARN to laugh; a good laugh is better than medicine.

Learn how to tell a story; a good story, well told, is as welcome as a sunbeam in a sick-room.

Learn to keep your own troubles to yourself; the world is too busy to care for your ills and sorrows.

Learn to stop croaking; if you cannot see any good in the world, keep the bad to yourself.

Learn to hide your aches and pains under pleasant smiles; no one cares to hear whether you have headaches, earaches, or rheumatism.

Learn to meet your friends with a smile; a good-humored man or woman is always welcome, but the dyspeptic is not wanted anywhere.

Don't cry; tears do well enough in novels, but are out of place in real life.

Above all, give pleasure; lose no chance of giving pleasure.

You will pass through this world but once.

Any good thing, therefore, that you can do, or any kindness that you can show to any human being, you had better do it now; do not defer or neglect it.

FOR YOU WILL NOT PASS THIS WAY AGAIN.

"The race marches forward on the feet of little children."

The Loafer

After you read this editorial, study our cover design for this month, by William Grotz, also the cartoon on the next page by Gordon Ross

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN

IF a bee bringing honey back to the hive eats it instead of storing it for the general good, the other bees sting it to death.

If the same ethical code were adopted in the human hive, what would happen to the millions who not only eat what should be stored for the general good, but who do nothing whatever to produce what they eat and wear and spend?

Why should these human drones be allowed to take the best honey, and much more of it than they need, out of the human hive, without giving anything in return? Why should they be allowed to put their hands into life's great granary and take out all the good things which the toil and sweat and blood of generations of hard workers have produced, and they do nothing in their turn for the good of the human family? Why should they be allowed to take out of this granary all of the most desirable and beautiful things, all of the rare and costly things, all of the luxuries with which the workers have filled it, when they never put anything at all into it? We ask you to study our cover design for this month after you have read this editorial; the artist has shown in colors what we want to say.

If you are not doing your part in the world's work; if you are not making your just contribution to the race, not giving back at least as much as you are getting, not by spending selfishly what your father or some other wealthy relative accumulated, but through your personal efforts, you are nothing but a sponge. If you are healthy and able to work, you are a parasite riding on other peoples' backs. You are riding on the backs of your brothers and sisters who are obliged to do the work which belongs to you.

There are a great many wealthy people who are working as hard and doing as much, personally, to contribute to the general good as the most efficient and conscientious wage-earners. But there are multitudes of sponges, parasitic idlers, living on the wealth accumulated by their fathers and grandfathers who say, in effect, to the workers of the world, the great cooperative society of civilization: "We propose to enjoy all the good things of life without contributing anything toward their production. You shall do all the sweating and toiling while those of us who do not work shall regard you as inferior beings. We propose not only to make you do all the work of the world, all the drudgery, while we play, but we are going to degrade you because you are willing to do it. We robbers and thieves of the fruits of the labors of others propose to call ourselves 'aristocrats,' while you shall be known as the 'common people,' the 'lower classes'."

SUPPOSE your father or your grandfather did accumulate a fortune and passed it on to you, my able-bodied young friend, do you think it is fair, do you think it is manly, to assume such an attitude toward your fellow men? What would you think of a man who was shipwrecked at sea, if he should refuse to help his fellow survivors to manage the raft on which they were trying to get to safety? Suppose he should plant himself in the most comfortable seat he could find and should help himself to all the fresh water and all the food they had managed to save from the wreck—the things on which all of their lives depended—and never raise a finger or do an iota toward getting the raft ashore, while his companions

It is not difficult to shut out poisonous thoughts from the mind. All one need do is to substitute the opposite thought to that which produces the fatal poison, for it will always furnish the antidote. Discord can not exist in the presence of harmony. The charitable thought, the love thought, will very quickly kill jealousy, the hate, and the revenge thought.

were straining and sweating at the oars, how do you think they would feel toward him? Would you be surprised if they should at last turn upon the miserable loafer and throw him overboard? Of course you wouldn't, for his selfishness was endangering the lives of all on board. Yet you are not one whit better than this wretched creature!

What do you think you are here for? To batten on the labor of others? Where did your right to get something for nothing come from? Your father cannot pay the debt you owe to the world. That is a personal obligation, not transferable. There is no power in inherited property that can release you from toil, from the obligation to do your share of the world's work. We are all on the great humanity raft and each has to lend a hand in keeping it



What would you do to him?

afloat. We are in this world, under bond to the One who sent us here, to do our part to make life as comfortable and as happy as possible for all. The understanding is, that we shall all make contribution of our personal effort to emancipate the whole from drudgery. The Creator has made us interdependent and it is only by working for the good of all that each can bring out the best that is in himself.

THE late William K. Vanderbilt, Sr., head of the Vanderbilt family, who recently died in Paris, said that inherited wealth was a

killer of ambition, that it destroyed the greatest motive in life—the desire for achievement, the necessity for personal effort in striving for the things we long for.

The inheritance of great wealth is certainly a tremendous handicap to the development of man power and the attainment of real happiness. The Creator has so planned things that both of these are dependent on work, not on the work that your father or some one else does, but only on the work you do yourself. Where there is one Roosevelt, who although wealthy by inheritance, made his life worth while, there are thousands of sons of wealthy parents who are never heard from; who never do anything worthy of their talents and their opportunity, who often bring shame to their families. It is a dangerous

thing, my parent friend, to endow your son with so much money that he will be under no necessity to work.

You may ruin him, for you are placing a tremendous premium on a life of mental stagnation, a life which is calculated to smother rather than to bring out the possibilities of your boy.

There is only one way to be a man; that is, to pay the price for manhood in honest, useful work. There is only one way to be happy; to win our own respect and that of others; that is, to do our part in bringing the great humanity raft safely to port.

The raft is in very stormy waters to-day. There is no place on it either for the bolshevist loafer, the millionaire loafer, or any other loafer. Bolshevist or millionaire, if you don't do your part, you'll go overboard.

Pertinent Sayings of Thomas G. Masaryk

President of the Republic of
Czecho-Slovakia

Translated for
THE NEW SUCCESS
By F. O. BARTON



THE purpose of life does not only consist in observing things, but, first of all, in doing them.

◆ ◆
Communion is possible to that extent and on such a basis as already taught by Aristoteles against Plato, on Friendship.

◆ ◆
Work alone will not save us—it is the aim we are working for that matters. Mephisto also works and is very busy indeed.

◆ ◆
The problem is **WHAT** heart and **WHAT** feelings. A cannibal has also a heart and feelings.

◆ ◆
To observe things that interest nobody, to do things that most people find tiresome—in this lies the heroism of the future.

◆ ◆
I am bound to believe in progress—that the life of the individual and all people is improving and will continue to improve. They who believe in progress will not be impatient. Progress means victory over the bad. To make bad good is not so difficult, but to make good better is a harder task.

We do not ask for sentimental philanthropy in modern man—we expect a sense of duty and constant thoughts how to relieve and remove physical and spiritual wretchedness.

◆ ◆
Mankind was not created for religiousness, but religiousness was created for mankind.

◆ ◆
Philanthropy is content with alms; but, nowadays, the poor do not ask for alms, they want justice.

◆ ◆
The thoughtless man totters from left to right: the thinker, conscious of his strength, minds his own business, for him there is no left, no right. He surmounts obstacles, masters them, creates new ones, but chooses, unblindfolded, to make eleven foolish things out of ten.

◆ ◆
A deep belief and wisdom express themselves in simple words.

◆ ◆
The problem of a new philosophy is not only theoretical but also practical—it is a problem of a new life.

One Day's Postal Work

What the New York City Post Office Accomplishes Every 24 Hours

RECEIVES and delivers 15,000,000 pieces of mail.

Collects from financial-district boxes more than 1,000,000 pieces.

Receives and delivers 50,000 pieces of registered mail.

Handles 325,000 pieces of misdirected mail.

Finds owners of about 300 unaddressed parcels.

Receives 40,000 pieces of mail without street address.

Supplies 25,000 pieces of mail with correct addresses.

Receives 2,000 notices of removal.

Weights and despatches 650,000 pounds of newspapers and periodicals.

Finds in "dead" letters more than \$50,000 a year, or about \$140 a day.

Collects \$146,000 in postage.

Receives and disburses about \$2,000,000.

Issues money orders for about \$100,000.

Pays money orders amounting to about \$40,000,000.

Takes care of \$12,000,000 in postal savings.

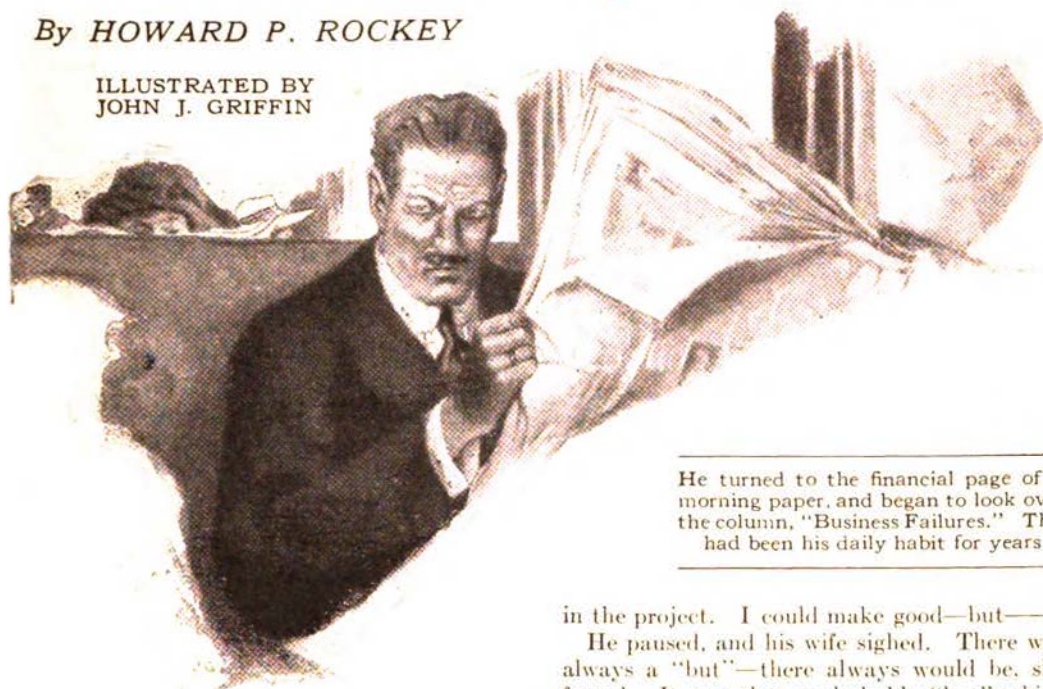
Our Little Earth

WHEN we consider that thirteen hundred thousand earths, like our own, could be taken into the sun through one of the holes on its surface which we call "sun spots," and that this sun is but as a single grain of sand compared with the number of the heavenly bodies, we get a faint idea of the earth's littleness, and of the immensity of the universe.

The Doubting Thomas

By HOWARD P. ROCKEY

ILLUSTRATED BY
JOHN J. GRIFFIN



He turned to the financial page of a morning paper, and began to look over the column, "Business Failures." This had been his daily habit for years

PART I

THOMAS DOUTY firmly believed in the old saying, "Look before you leap." He had believed it and practiced it so religiously that he found himself, at the end of twenty years, just about where he was at the beginning of his commercial career. He spent so much time in looking that it always was too late to do any leaping when his doubts had been overcome.

So, one balmy evening, when he again broached the subject of going into business for himself, his wife smiled rather pathetically and turned her head away so that he might not see her expression of disappointment.

"I thought you'd made up your mind long ago," she said. "I am sure your ideas are good and that you would be successful. But, you're not getting any younger, Tom, and if you are going to build up a business and a fortune of your own, it is high time you were starting. We're neither of us getting any younger."

But the modification of her words had come too late. She knew her husband was offended. "I don't think that you should tax me with that, Jane," he said sharply, with something of a pained note in his voice. "I do believe

in the project. I could make good—but—"

He paused, and his wife sighed. There was always a "but"—there always would be, she feared. It was that unshakable "but" which had stood in their way all their lives. It was the thing that had kept them in a tiny cottage, with a bare salary on which to struggle along—the thing that had kept their daughter, Martha, from the society of her playmates. It was not that Jane Douty complained. She loved her husband and she loved their child; but she did hate to see Tom losing out in the battle for life because he lacked sufficient resolution and decision to carry his ideas into execution.

"Every year, I've thought I'd break loose from the old firm and launch the project," he went on. "But each twelvemonth has brought up some new obstacle. There was the panic—then the war—and, ever since, I've somehow felt that it wasn't the right time to start. If it was not for you and little Martha, I don't suppose I'd hesitate; but I've been with the old firm so long that I sort of dread making a change—taking a chance. And, then, again, I sort of feel that this is not the logical moment to take the step."

"Why?" his wife asked. "Things seem to be booming now. The woolen market seems to be at high tide—"

"Yes," agreed Douty, "but I doubt if it will remain there."

"You know the old saying, 'Nothing venture,

nothing gain," Jane reminded him. "By that I don't mean that you should be foolhardy; but, I believe that overcautiousness has ruined more careers than overconfidence or recklessness. You are still an employee. Your school friends are at the head of their professions or in control of their own business. They are all successful. I don't envy their wives their money," she went on earnestly, "but I do envy you their success—the satisfaction which must come to a man who has done and is doing the biggest things he is capable of doing. Oh, Tom, I know there is a wealth of power, of unused and undeveloped ability in you—deep down in the real you. If you could only expel doubt from your mind and form an alliance with initiative and decision, I know you would go a great way."

Douty's eyes seemed to fire up as his wife spoke. For a moment his enthusiasm grew, and his common sense told him that she was right. He knew, deep down in his heart, that he had the ability to branch into wider fields—to put over the great idea that had been in the back of his mind for a quarter of a century—the idea, the dream that was growing moldy and more and more hazy as his hair grew grayer.

But as they sat on the veranda of the little cottage, the specter of possible failure came and perched itself on the arm of his chair. It would be too humiliating, at his age, if his venture were to prove a failure. Suppose their savings, their very home, and his modestly paid position should suddenly be swept away because of his reckless desire to plunge ahead! It was this that had always held him back. He had been waiting for a clear road, devoid of obstacles, certain of success; and, somehow, it had never dawned on Thomas Douty that such a road to success does not exist—except in dreams and romances. It did not occur to him that his very indecision, his postponements, his waiting for some more favorable opportunity, had all acted to erect a still more formidable barrier across his path to greater things.

"Of course, I don't want to urge you, Tom," said Mrs. Douty. "You know best, naturally. But it seems to me that caution carried to the extreme, is almost a sin. Look at Sam Phelps. He ran great chances, every one said. He was accused of being an enthusiastic fool when he spent so many years patenting, perfecting, and then selling his new motor. But look at him to-day! He made mistakes, he had hard sledding, and there were times when Ethel Phelps didn't have anything like the comforts and luxuries that I have had. But he had faith

in himself and his scheme, and he has reaped his reward."

"Phelps is a genius—his success one chance in a thousand," her husband told her.

"He's no more a genius than you are!" Jane snapped back angrily. "His success may be one in a thousand, but it is because he has the faith of one man in a thousand—the determination of one in ten thousand. He believed in himself and—and he doesn't hesitate. He burns his bridges behind him—gives himself no chance to turn back. And when a man does that, he simply must go ahead."

"YOUR philosophy is very pretty," Tom Douty said slowly, "but I can't help doubting that this is not the right time to start the new business."

"But I thought you said you were thinking of doing so," Jane reminded him.

"I am—I am—" he replied slowly. "I shall think it over—talk it over—and see. I am not sure that I can swing it."

"Then don't try it!" exclaimed Jane, taking the other tack. "Self-depreciation has made more failures than enthusiastic mistakes. You are standing in your own light by your persistent doubts. You are deliberately discouraging yourself, and it is neither sensible or fair."

"Well, well," Thomas interrupted, somewhat impatiently. "Don't worry. As I have said, I'll think it over; and I am rather inclined to think that I shall go into it before this year is over."

Jane Douty thought back hastily over twenty bygone years, during which no action had been taken—and, now, as her husband was well into middle life, she feared that he never would make the break. With the trace of a tear in her eyes she arose and went in to look after her household duties.

From within she heard someone call to Tom, from the garden rail. It was Walter King's voice. "Think it's going to rain, Tom?" came the query.

"I doubt it," Thomas answered, peering at the sky, somewhat dubiously.

His wife clenched her fists and her eyes flashed. "Oh, if he only wouldn't doubt things," she exclaimed bitterly. "If he would only say that he thinks it *will* rain, or that it *won't*—instead of faltering, speculating, wondering—doubting!"

Walter King passed on and Tom sat alone on the veranda musing. He grew enthusiastic as he thought of his pet scheme, to leave the brokerage office of Brown & Brown and go into

business as a wool merchant on his own hook. He thought of his ideas as to shorter, better ways of doing things. He thought of the profits to be made, the standing in the community that would be his under such circumstances. Then, when he had arisen, mentally, to the highest pitch of his rosy dream, Doubt decided it was time to take a hand once more.

"Suppose my idea is merely a mirage in the desert of life," Doubt put into Thomas' brain. "Suppose I should fail and become the laughing stock of the town as well as an inmate of the poorhouse. I doubt if I'm young enough to take a chance with all of my responsibilities."

WHILE he sat meditating, he heard youthful voices coming up the street, and, a moment later, saw his daughter, Martha, pretty and slender in her girlish, simple frock. She was returning from prayer meeting, and her escort was young Billy Drew, whose father's death, some three years before, Doubt recalled with a pang. He had liked the elder Drew. The two men had been alike in many ways: earnest, able plodding employees who had won gradual promotion because of their faithfulness and application, yet neither had managed to pull himself out of the rut by his own effort. Drew had died while making up his mind, and the small insurance he had left was barely sufficient to support his wife and pay for the remaining years of his son's schooling.

Douty liked the boy and greeted him pleasantly as he came up on the veranda with Martha. The girl bade him a friendly good night. Douty liked their air of comradeship—clean and wholesome. Martha went inside to her mother, and Billy Drew paused on the steps to chat a moment with Douty.

"I'll graduate from high school in June, Mr. Douty," he said rather proudly, his chest swelling just a bit with justifiable satisfaction. "And I've decided to do something I believe is right."

"What's that?" asked Douty, a bit startled by the boy's decisive tone and the phrasing of his announcement.

"I'm going to work my way through college," said Billy.

Douty paused a moment before replying. Then he shook his head solemnly. "That's a pretty big undertaking for a young man in your situation," Douty told him. "I rather imagined you'd take a full-time position and support your mother, after your graduation. I felt that I couldn't do it when I was your age, and I can't say that I'm sorry. There are a great many young men and women striving to

work their way through college and into professions which never pay them much of anything—far more than ever make their higher education pay them. They seldom succeed in getting back the cash investment their college courses cost them—let alone the wasted time."

"But I'm going to be a civil engineer—and there is big money in that if a man makes good in the work!" Billy declared.

"I like your spirit," Douty said to the boy, "but don't forget that it is a long, hard struggle and there are many pitfalls in the way. I would seriously advise you to go slow—at least to think it over."

Young Billy Drew laughed. "I have thought it over and my mind's made up. I've convinced mother, too. I know a lot of fellows fall down, because they don't really care enough about the education they are trying to get. I know I want mine. I know what I'm going to do with it—and I'm going to get it, too. I'm not going to be a clerk or a paid employee all my life!"

Douty frowned and stifled a retort that found its way to his lips. But then he smiled. Here was the enthusiasm—the blind faith—the recklessness of youth. The boy would learn—bitterly, perhaps, he told himself.

"Well, I wish you success," Douty said, "but take my advice. I am an older man. Just think over the matter carefully and see if you don't think you'd better look for a paying position in a permanent place, instead of trying those four precarious years in a college with no one back of you to help out with the expenses, and bitter disappointments that are sure to come."

BILLY shook his head smilingly. "Do you remember that old song, Mr. Douty. 'I Want what I Want when I Want It'? Well, that's me. I know what I want, and I'm going to get it. I may be making a mistake; but I am young and can afford to take a chance. Some day, when I've made good, and when we're both old enough, I'm coming back and ask you to let me marry Martha."

And without another word he ran down the porch steps and out through the garden gate. Douty gasped. Marry Martha! Why the girl was a mere child! But something else—another view of the matter suddenly dawned on Thomas Douty. His daughter was approximating an age when she would be thinking of her own future. It would not be many years before some one would ask for her hand. And here was a youth, scarcely older than Martha, who was spurning a salaried position and a





steady promotion, year by year. He wanted a profession—a business of his own. He was the first of Martha's suitors—and he was overturning all of Douty's ideas. Instead of thinking matters over, as the elder man had suggested, Billy had decided. He was going to it.

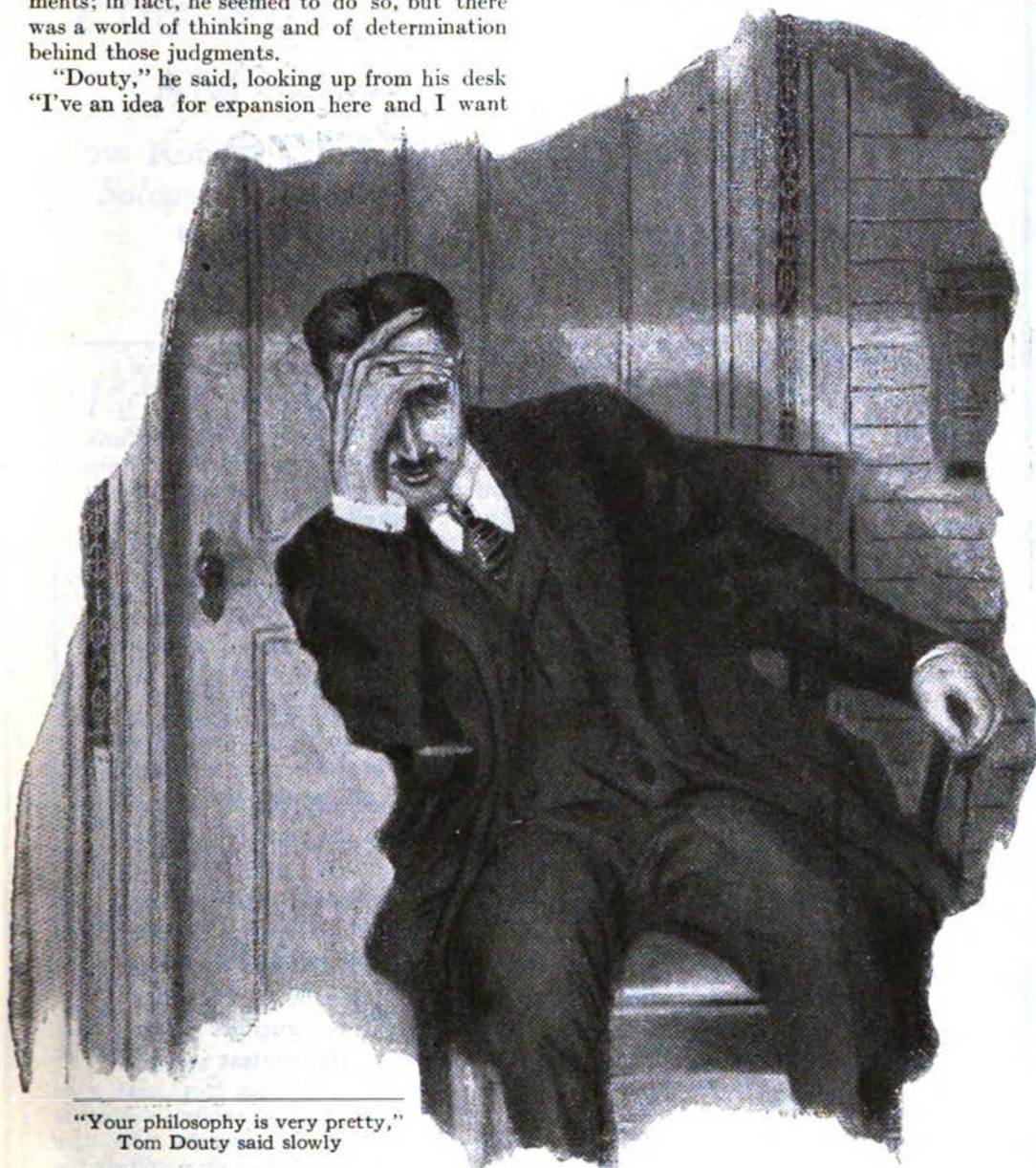
It set Douty thinking; but still he had his doubts.

The next morning, Douty was called into the office of the senior member of the firm that employed him. Gerald Brown was a nervous, active man, with a piercing eye and an abrupt manner of speaking. It was said that he made snap judg-

"He's no more a genius than you are!" Jane snapped back angrily. "His success may be one in a thousand, but it is because he has the faith of one man in a thousand—the determination of one in ten thousand"

ments; in fact, he seemed to do so, but there was a world of thinking and of determination behind those judgments.

"Douty," he said, looking up from his desk "I've an idea for expansion here and I want



"Your philosophy is very pretty,"
Tom Douty said slowly

your opinion of it. You know wool—you know the market—and you've been with us many years. Now, do you believe this is feasible?" Then he launched into an outline of his plan and Douty listened carefully, thoughtfully.

When Brown had finished, Douty stood there, knocking the desk with his pencil. He seemed uncertain—unconvinced—yes, doubting. And as might have been expected, his reply was "I'd like to think the matter over—but, I doubt——"

"Doubt!" snapped Brown. "I didn't ask you to doubt it. I asked if you *believed* the thing feasible. Either you *believe it is* or you *believe it isn't*. There's no time for doubt in this business."

Douty flushed. "It might work out," he faltered, "but——"

"Hang the 'but'!" laughed Brown. "If you really believe it *might work out*—I'll see that it does. If you'd said flat-footedly it was im-

(Continued on page 120)

\$1000.⁰⁰ Prize Story Contest

THE NEW SUCCESS wants to add to its inspirational features the best *fiction* stories obtainable, and in order to stimulate the interest of well-known authors, as well as to encourage new writers to send us their manuscripts, the editors offer \$1000.00 in cash prizes, which will be awarded in addition to the regular rates paid for all stories accepted.

In order to compete in this prize contest, the stories submitted should be between 3000 and 8000 words in length, and *must be stories of success* won in the face of great odds, of accomplishment in some line of endeavor, of the solution of some business, advertising, sales or administrative problem, of a successful romance or adventure, of the successful solution of some personal problem. The kind of story we want is one that will fire the reader with sufficient enthusiasm to emulate the example of the hero or heroine.

\$500.00 will be awarded to the author of the story that is judged to be the best one submitted, and \$100.00 will be awarded to the authors of each of the five next best stories.

This contest will close December 31, 1921, and the prize-winning stories will be announced in our March, 1922, issue, published February 20, 1922. All prizes will be paid on or before that time.

All manuscripts must be typewritten on one side of the paper only, and return postage must be enclosed if the authors desire unaccepted manuscripts returned at the end of the contest

Address:

Prize Story Contest Editor

THE NEW SUCCESS MAGAZINE

1133 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

The Man Who Came Back—

And Made Good When He Got Back

How Robert E. Hicks, now editor and publisher of *Specialty Salesman Magazine*, once a fugitive from justice, consented to obey his conscience and give up his freedom

By ALBERT SIDNEY GREGG

IN March of this year, Robert E. Hicks, the Chicago editor and publisher, purchased a complete printing-outfit and building at South Whitley, Indiana, worth \$110,000 for \$36,250. This transaction marks a climax in one of the most unusual struggles for self-mastery and success the world has ever known.

Twenty years ago, Hicks was a mail-order swindler.

He almost froze to death during a drunken spree.

He has "done time" in a penitentiary.

He was pardoned by President Wilson.

He became a noted religious worker in New York.

He has come clean in confessing his wrong doings.

ROBERT E. HICKS told me the story of his life, as we sat at luncheon in a Chicago hotel. In his youth, he worked on a farm, sold goods from house to house, became a printer, and, finally, drifted into mail-order schemes. His first venture was to sell visiting cards for ten cents, then he handled school supplies and "helps" for teachers.

For a while, he was editor and publisher of the *Lewis County Journal*, a paper which he started at Monticello, the county seat of Lewis County, Missouri. But he could not stand prosperity and he sold *The Journal*. After spending the money he received for it, he returned to the business of specialty salesman. He said he could always make money that way. But that did not satisfy him. He started one scheme after another, of more or

less questionable nature, such as selling mustache powder to make the mustache grow. With the money thus obtained, he developed plans for selling outfits for collecting addresses, setting beginners up in the mail-order business, circular distributing, panaceas for ill health, and all kinds of schemes by which money could be secured through the United States mails.

"In telling you all this," explained Hicks, as he went on with the story, "I want you to understand that I am making no attempt to justify myself. There is nothing whatever to justify me. While I was in the business of swindling the public, I always tried to make myself think I was doing right, but I was only fooling myself. One of my sophistries was that I was giving my victims more than they could get elsewhere for the same money."

So far as making money was concerned, Hicks was a success. In 1898, he went to New York and established himself in the mail-order business on a larger scale. He started the Geneva Chemical Company, a fraudulent concern which was a money maker until 1902, when Anthony Comstock got after Hicks and put him out of business. Hicks was arrested and gave bond. In May, 1903, he was tried in the Federal Court, New York City, before Judge Adams. The trial lasted several days and was stubbornly fought on both sides. Hicks was convicted and sentenced to ten months in the county penitentiary and to pay a fine of \$1000. He took an appeal and was released on bail; but, pending the appeal, he went to Europe, where he remained for some time, returning to this country in the fall of 1903.

Then for twelve years he was a fugitive from justice. He engaged in various business enterprises with more or less success, but he lived in continual fear of being apprehended and taken into custody by the federal authorities. He wandered from city to city and from town to town, with the dread of the law continually hanging over him.

Hicks says his early life was spent in a Christian home where family worship was a daily affair, but when it became necessary for him to go out into the world and earn his living, as a canvassing salesman, on a farm, or in a printing office, he forgot his boyhood teachings. Every dollar he made was wasted in pleasure seeking. He learned to drink excessively and was what was known as a "periodical" drunkard. Once he started on a spree, nothing could stop him until he had finished it. Then he would brace up and remain sober until he went on another spree. His employers found that he was entirely untrustworthy because of his love for liquor. Drifting back and forth across the country, he finally found his way into New York City again, right under the shadow of the penitentiary to which he had been sentenced. There was a fascination about the metropolis that he could not resist. He knew that he was in peril, every minute he stayed in this city, but, somehow, he could not keep away.

The constant use of intoxicating liquor eventually developed into delirium tremens.

"I was so far gone on one occasion," he continued, sadly shaking his head, "that I saw monkeys hanging from the ears of my landlady and dangling from her arms. When I protested and asked her to shake them off, she ran from me in terror. Then a big human face, the size of one side of the room came up close to my face, and I could feel the hot breath of that demon scorching my skin. I doubt if the torment of hell could be any worse than that experience."

ON December 1, 1912, Hicks wandered into the office of a New York business man who had once been his friend, but who now was anxious to get rid of him. For weeks he had been hopelessly intoxicated. This man took him to several hotels on the East Side, but no one would let him in because of his filthy, drunken condition. At length, way down on Front Street, the proprietor of a low dive permitted him to enter. He assigned Hicks to a little room, without ventilation and no heat, on the third floor.

Hicks was so drunk he had to be put to bed by two porters. Late in the afternoon of that day, the Reverend Robert E. Davey, of the National Bible Institute, while visiting this hotel went to the room occupied by Hicks. If he had been a few hours later this story would never have been told, for Hicks was not only freezing to death but he was stupefied from the effects of the poisonous, vile whiskey he had been drinking for several weeks. He was also weak from hunger.

Dr. Davey took Hicks to the Manhattan Gospel Hall, on Manhattan Street. It was late in the afternoon. Hicks was given a clean warm bed, something he had not known for fifteen days. The mission workers cared for him tenderly. Under their ministrations his health was restored, and his conscience awakened. During this process he suffered the tortures of those whose bodies are abused by intoxicating liquor. The great East River was not very far away, and Hicks felt that if he could only let its waters close over him and cool his burning head he would enjoy rest that he could not find anywhere else.

In the midst of this agony, he knelt at his bedside and prayed the little prayer that every mother teaches to her children, and which had been taught to him in boyhood, by his mother:

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep,
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.

In that moment he surrendered himself to God. Clothed and in his right mind, his first thought was for the wife and children he had deserted. He told Dr. Davey about them. In a few days his family was located and their address given to him. He returned to them a sober man.

HICKS started a small printing business in New York, and became an active worker in the missions of the metropolis. His days were spent in making a living and his nights in saving souls. None of his new Christian friends knew that he was a fugitive. Ten years had passed since his trial and conviction, and he consoled himself with the thought that, perhaps, the Federal authorities had forgotten. But, finally, no matter how he reasoned about the matter he could not forget it himself. The load became heavier day by day. He talked in many of the most prominent churches in New York and in various missions around Manhattan and Brooklyn. He spoke at many of the outdoor gatherings. He was called to nearby cities to tell about his experience. The more religious work he did the more he felt the load of being a man who was leading a double life.

Time after time he would make up his mind to go to the office of Anthony Comstock. On one occasion he had screwed himself up to the point of making a surrender and actually got as far as the floor on which Mr. Comstock's office was located. But his courage left him, and he did not open the door. He felt that he

was not ready. He would put it off a little longer.

In the spring of 1915, he sent his wife and three children to spend the summer months in a nearby city outside of sweltering New York. On a Sunday morning in May he spoke at the Bowery Mission, which has an international reputation for helping crooked men to lead better lives.

More than 500 hopeless, helpless outcasts listened attentively to his testimony. At the close of the service, a man past middle age rose in the audience and declared:

"I want to live the life I've heard about. Only a few days ago, I was released from the penitentiary on Blackwell's Island. Everywhere I go, I feel that every hand is turned against me. I'm an ex-convict. I feel that every one knows it."

What that man said struck home. He had served his time. The man who had told him of the better way was a fugitive from justice, and not entitled to the confidence of those about him.

Hicks then and there resolved that he would lift the load; that he would pay the price. He would give himself up to the government. The next day, he telephoned Anthony Comstock at his home in Summit, New Jersey. A woman's voice answered: "Who is it wants to speak to Mr. Comstock?"

For fear that his strength might leave him, Hicks instantly replied: "Robert E. Hicks, 638 Hudson Street, New York City."

He was so anxious to complete what he had set out to do and not again lose his courage, that he gave his name and address, so he could not back down. While he was waiting for Mr. Comstock to come to the telephone, Hicks began singing, "Nearer, My God to Thee." He was singing into the telephone when Mr. Comstock answered.

"Mr. Hicks, what can I do for you?" asked Mr. Comstock.

"Do you remember me?" asked Hicks.

"Oh, yes; I remember you, where are you?"

"In New York, and after all these years, I want to surrender. Shall I come over to Summit, or shall I call at your office in the morning?"

"Be at my office at ten in the morning. Is there anything I can do for you in the meantime?"

"Yes, Mr. Comstock, can you pray for me?"

"Oh, I will do that," he replied, "I've often prayed for you."

When Robert Hicks wrote a letter to his wife, telling her the step he had taken, how



Photograph by Morrison, Chicago

ROBERT E. HICKS

I WENT to Europe to escape prison. I did not know God then.

A man once said to me, "Hicks, it required a great deal of courage to do what you did."

"Perhaps so," I replied, "but do you know that it was not Hicks' courage, because when Hicks did not know God, Hicks did not have courage—he was a coward and like a thief in the night he went to Europe."

I had a horror of the penitentiary. I felt that ten months in the penitentiary would kill me. Whether or not it would have killed me, I do not know, but I would rather have been dead than to have gone to the penitentiary thirteen years before.—Robert E. Hicks in "A Conscience Unburdened."

happy he felt, and how anxious he was to undo all the wrong he had done while he was swindling the public. When he walked into

Mr. Comstock's office the next day, he had no idea except that he would be sent to the penitentiary at once. He did not think he would have an opportunity to see his wife and children again. He found Mr. Comstock waiting for him, and was given a very cordial greeting. Then the most peculiar thing happened. Much to the surprise of Hicks, the very man who had convicted him thirteen years before—the head of the Society for the Suppression of Vice—now wanted to keep him out of prison.

"I have just been looking over the records in your case and the trial," Mr. Comstock told him, "and I have made some inquiry as to the work you have been trying to do for the past two or three years. I recall thirteen years ago as only last week. You were very vindictive and determined and it was very difficult to convict you. We had a hard time to get you sent to the penitentiary. Now, I fear, we are going to have it still harder to keep you out."

Mr. Hicks protested that he wanted to serve his time and have the load lifted from his conscience. And to this Mr. Comstock replied:

"Mr. Hicks, I am not going to surrender you to the United States attorney to-day. I will see what I can do to keep you from being sent to the penitentiary. Go about your business and return here a week from to-day. I will then let you know what I have accomplished in your behalf."

Hicks did as he was directed. The next day his wife returned and they talked the matter over. Mrs. Hicks was almost prostrated with grief. Most everyone with whom Mr. Hicks talked disapproved of the step he had taken. They did not feel that he was doing right. His Christian friends did not know that he had been a fugitive from justice. They had supposed that everything in his life was all straight. Many good Christian men contended that inasmuch as he had made everything right with his God, it did not matter as to man; but to Hicks it did matter.

On the appointed day, accompanied by several friends, he went to Mr. Comstock's office. The situation was discussed. Mr. Comstock said that there was nothing that he could do. He advised Mr. Hicks to go home and settle up his business so his wife would be cared for during his absence and then come back. Most of the day on Wednesday was spent with his family. Many Christian workers called to console Mrs. Hicks. Hicks spent the evening alone with his wife planning the future. In referring to this experience he said:

"Can you imagine that you are going to the

penitentiary to-morrow and be supremely happy the night before? Can you imagine that you are about to be parted from your wife and children for nearly a year, leaving them without protection in a great city and with only scant financial support, while you are serving a term in prison? I don't know what it would mean to you; but I know that, with me, it was a night of prayer, thanksgiving, and joy that I had met the supreme test of my life."

THE next morning, in company with Mr. Comstock and a large number of friends, Hicks went to the office of the United States attorney in the Post-Office Building. There he was given a warm welcome. The government prosecutor said he had gone over the matter carefully and had found the commitment papers issued thirteen years before. He was sorry that there was nothing he could do but follow the dictates of the law. Hicks could hardly understand how it was that the federal authorities who had been so eager to convict him were now as anxious to set him free. After further discussion, it was decided that they should go before the judge of the United States District Court, then in session. There the United States attorney reviewed the case of Hicks and told what Hicks had been doing in the slums of New York. To the surprise of Hicks, the government attorney had a number of letters which had been written to him by men of prominence in New York and other cities in behalf of Hicks. The judge asked if Hicks was represented by counsel. He replied that he was not, that he did not see the need of counsel, that he wanted to pay the price of crimes committed thirteen years before. The judge suggested that it might be possible to make an application for a new trial; but the district attorney argued that it could not be done. Then the judge intimated that inasmuch as the Kings County penitentiary had been torn down and, therefore, as there was no penitentiary in Kings County, it might have a bearing on the case.

"No, your honor," replied the attorney. "You have it in your power to resentence Hicks to some other penitentiary."

Then addressing Mr. Hicks the judge continued: "There is nothing I can do, Mr. Hicks, but resentence you. The decree of the court is that you serve ten months in the county penitentiary on Blackwell's Island and pay a fine of \$1000." Turning to the United States marshal, the judge added: Mr. Marshal, you understand the circumstances surrounding this case. I trust you will extend to Mr. Hicks

such courtesies as you feel are admissible in a matter of this kind."

After talking with his wife again and closing up some of his business affairs, Hicks approached the marshal with, "I am ready to go."

HE went to the penitentiary on June 10 and was released on July 18. He worked in the printing office during his period of incarceration and was very active in trying to win the inmates to his faith. President Wilson pardoned Hicks at the earnest solicitation of many of his friends in New York and elsewhere. Near the close of his term at Blackwell's, Hicks made a resolution which has governed his life since his release and will control it to the end.

In referring to this incident he said: "As I looked at the gray walls of the prison, I promised God that, so long as I lived, if it is His will, I would right the wrongs that I have done by protecting canvassing salesmen against the fraudulent schemes of firms who are engaged in the same kind of business that I had been active in thirteen years before. I could not make restitution—that was impossible; but I could, through the medium of a magazine published solely in the interests of canvassing salesmen, expose the firms who had been and were robbing them.

"When I made this vow," he said, continuing, "I did not know how it was to be accomplished for I had no money and no influence; but, somehow, I had an assurance that the way would open."

After his release from prison, Hicks received a letter from F. E. Miner, President of the Atoz Printing Company, South Whitley, Indiana, which had been addressed to him at the Bowery Mission, New York City. Hicks had formerly worked for Mr. Miner and Mr. Miner was anxious that he should return to Whitley and take a position in his printing office. But Hicks had other ideas. He told Mr. Miner about his determination to start his magazine. Mr. Miner agreed to back him; and the magazine was launched.

IN November, 1915, the first number of the *Canvasser's Magazine* made its appearance. Publication was continued at South Whitley, Indiana, until November, 1916, when the office was moved to Chicago. The name was changed in January, 1917, to *Specialty Salesman Magazine* and has been continued under that name ever since, with Chicago as the headquarters.

When Hicks went to South Whitley, it was with the understanding that the Atoz Printing Company would finance the undertaking. Before the first issue was printed, and about \$1400 had been expended in advertising and preparation, the Atoz Printing Company decided to go no further. The president wanted Hicks to accept a position with the company, but Hicks was determined to push the magazine. He had \$222 in bank. The Atoz Company said that if he would repay the money they had expended, they would get one issue for the cash he had on hand and allow him credit on the balance.

Thus the first few years involved a very desperate struggle. Hicks rented space in a real-estate office for

\$2 a month. This office had to serve for both editorial and business purposes. He had no money with which to employ a stenographer, but Mrs. Hicks, being a stenographer, attended to the correspondence for him. He was not able to print the magazine regularly. He would skip an issue now and then. About the best he could do was to get out two or three issues and then miss one. He had managed to keep his bills fairly well paid up, but he had never been in shape to apply anything on the debt which had been contracted before the magazine was launched. Then he went to Chicago and induced a printer to get out one issue for him.

One Saturday, late in the afternoon, Mr. Hicks went home. Mrs. Hicks had washed and ironed the Sunday clothing for their little children. The clothes were spread out on the rack all ready for them to wear on the following morning. Hicks was met with a very singular greeting. Mrs. Hicks said, "Helen can't go to Sunday School to-morrow because she has no shoes fit to wear." Then she added, "We have no milk for dinner—the milkman refused to deliver milk this morning because I could not pay two dollars and eighty cents for the milk last week."

Several evenings later, while opening letters at home, Hicks was cheered by receiving two letters from people he had helped. He handed the letters to his wife. Her face glowed as she handed them back.

"It doesn't make much difference about Helen's shoes," said Mrs. Hicks, "she can wait. Don't worry about the little inconveniences at home. Stick to your magazine. Go ahead with this work and we will come out all right."

IN February, 1917, men whom Hicks supposed were his friends expressed a willingness to subscribe for stock in his company, on the installment plan, paying on something like \$400 a month. This amount would meet the losses which had to be incurred up to that time. When the organization had been completed, Hicks was made president. Under the new management, on March, 1917, one issue was printed. Immediately after the magazine had been distributed, a meeting of the board of directors was held and Hicks was discharged as editor and president of the company, and the magazine was suspended. The only money that the other four directors had invested was \$200. They had worked into the company to kill the magazine. Hicks had exposed and put out of business some of their friends and they were bent on his destruction.

Hicks was almost crushed by the turn things had taken, but he had not lost courage. The thought uppermost in his mind ran something like this: "How can I break the news to my wife." He did not have \$5 in cash. His rent was due. The little children were not suffering for lack of food, but Mrs. Hicks did not have much in the way of clothing. She had not bought anything new for two years. But she never complained. All that was left were debts that the magazine owed and some of these debts had been made by the directors that Hicks had trusted.

Hicks went home that evening as usual and, after supper, told his wife what had happened. She put

(Continued on page 104)



The Triumph of Katherine O'Day

The Story of a Girl Who, Against Almost Insuperable Odds, Won Her Place in the World

By BEULAH SHELDON

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT A. GRAEF

I

IN the heart of Ireland, in the town of Killarney, surrounded by evergreens, picturesque the four seasons of the year, stood a modest little cottage of the family of Thomas O'Day.

O'Day had reached the age of thirty-seven years. His features while plain, emphasized the fixed, dreamy stare in his large, hollow eyes. All his motions were peculiarly sudden and abrupt, as the impulse seized him, and he was often heard muttering to himself. He was a hard-working, honest man who lived and cared only for Mary, his wife, and Katherine, his daughter.

Striding along, he reviewed the past, harking back to the day when he married Mary Nolan, the girl of his dreams. He regarded her, then, the most beautiful blossom in Killarney—and the most beautiful blossom he regarded her still.

Mary had her ambitions, and it was after many disappointments that she agreed to marry Thomas. She had a voice and, at one time, might have sung in a music hall. But her parents opposed indignantly that method of earning a livelihood, so out to service Mary went. Finally she married Tom O'Day. Two years later, her parents passed away; but she never had regretted her choice for Thomas loved her dearly and gave her everything his meager purse could afford.

When Katherine arrived, sublime happiness entered the household of the O'Days. Thomas vowed that his daughter should be as fine a lady as ever breathed in the whole of Ireland.

And Katherine grew to be a real Irish rose with a crown of beautiful black wavy hair, the complexion of a lily, and eyes the shade of violets. She had her mother's beautiful voice.

Thomas O'Day was a day watchman for John Fargo, a wealthy lumberman of Killarney, and Mary occasionally was engaged to assist Mrs. Fargo when she entertained. The money she earned in this way was put aside for the development of Katherine's voice.

Thomas O'Day was on his way home, one evening, when he was startled by a formidable cry—a cry of despair. He turned just in time to see a policeman fall to the street. O'Day hastened to the officer's side. The bobby had been shot by an escaping miscreant and mortally wounded. While stooping over

to investigate the extent of the man's injury, O'Day was struck by a thrown brick which sent him to the ground, helpless.

With tremendous effort he was able to speak. Several sympathetic bystanders assisted him to the modest abode where his wife and daughter were awaiting him for the evening repast.

When O'Day was carried into the living room, Mary and Katherine grew white with horror. They stood motionless and speechless. Mary was the first to recover. She tore her hair when her husband whispered, "Mary, darlin'; don't go on so. This is the will of God."

The nearest physician, Dr. Henley, was summoned. After a careful examination, the recovery of Thomas O'Day was pronounced quite hopeless—the shock had paralyzed his legs.

Dr. Henley was Katherine's godfather. So he took more than an ordinary interest in the case. He remembered the great joy in the O'Day household when Katherine was born; he compared it with their present lamentable plight. He did all in his power to relieve the stricken man and advised consultation with an eminent London specialist. But the limited means of the O'Days prevented the carrying out of the good doctor's plan. O'Day, who realized his invalidism, would have welcomed death sooner than be a burden to those he loved more dearly than life.

One day, after a short conference, the three O'Days—a family of loving hearts—decided on future plans. Although Thomas was paralyzed, he had all his mental faculties. Katherine discontinued school reluctantly; Mary was compelled to go out to service. It was the only solution of the problem.

Mary toiled for Mrs. Fargo daily as a housemaid; Katherine labored in the little home. Crutches were purchased for Thomas. It was exceedingly pathetic to gaze on this man, once an athlete, now peeling potatoes and doing other little chores in the household. Frequently he became utterly distracted when he thought of the child about whom he had woven so many beautiful dreams, growing to womanhood, a household drudge.

Mary seemed to smile—though tears would fill her eyes—as her heart suffered for the man, now an invalid, trying so hard to do his share; for her child with nothing but a future of shattered hopes. She yearned to give Katherine that which had been

denied to her in girlhood. But she performed her daily service at Mrs. Fargo's with a troubled heart, and Katherine stopped at the Fargo home frequently to proffer her mother a word of cheer.

On a particularly warm and sunny afternoon, on one of these visits to her mother, Mrs. Fargo and her son, Dennis, while walking through the grounds, noticed Katherine hurrying along a path.

Mrs. Fargo, stout and plain, was also very nervous and quite arrogant. Dennis was a good-looking youth, about twenty years old, with light-brown hair and roguish blue eyes. He was quick tempered but often showed evidence of a sweetly sympathetic nature. He resembled his father, while Patricia, their daughter, was like her mother—much to Mrs. Fargo's regret.

"Mother, who is that beautiful girl walking down the path?" Dennis enthusiastically asked.

"Why," replied Mrs. Fargo, "she is the daughter of Mary O'Day, our housemaid."

"Great faith!" exclaimed Dennis, "she's like an Irish rose. If a prize were given for good looks, I'm sure that girl would get it!"

Mrs. Fargo overcome with surprise at her son's remark, replied with a half-peevisish smile, "It's indeed strange how beauty enters the most humble homes, while the rich crave it and would give much of their wealth in exchange."

SEVERAL days later, Mary O'Day, on her way home, encountered Mrs. Fargo and Dennis. Mrs. Fargo stopped Mrs. O'Day and, in a haughty manner, said, "Mary, I have been thinking it would be nice if you would purchase a black dress, a white apron, and cap for Katherine, for which I am willing to pay. I wish her to wait on my guests when I give a tea."

With supreme effort, Mary tried to control her wrath and said mildly, "I'm sorry—very sorry not to be consentin', Mrs. Fargo, an' I mean no disrespect; but I have great ambitions for my girl. I'd rather die this very minute, than see my Katherine anybody's waitress. I could never live through it."

Mrs. Fargo appeared upset by Mrs. O'Day's refusal, and, in her usual nervous manner, asked if Katherine were attending school.

"No," answered Mary, without lifting her eyes, "she had to stop her learnin' when Thomas was hurt; but I keep on prayin' an' hopin' somethin' will happen so Katherine can go on studyin'. An' if ye don't mind my sayin' it, my girl, Mrs. Fargo, has a singin' voice like a bird."

With her face somewhat rigid, Mrs. Fargo declared, "It's all very sad—to have all your hopes and expectations shattered."

"My hopes are not gone or shattered, for the Lord will not desert me. My Katherine won't be anybody's waitress," replied Mary.

DENNIS was amused at their controversy. And Dennis, suddenly became interested in Katherine. Many wonderful ideas had taken form in his mind for the future of Mary O'Day's daughter.

That night, the O'Day's had the usual dinner, which Katherine prepared; and when they had finished,

Mary offered up a prayer of thanks. Katherine noticed that her mother's prayer was more fervent than usual, and secretly wondered what had entered her heart at that moment. Finally, Katherine took down the family Bible and was reading from the Psalms when a gentle tapping at the door was heard.

"May some good angel enter at that door!" Mary whispered.

Tears filled the eyes of Thomas O'Day, who painfully raised himself and added, "It may be an angel the Lord has sent for me, Mary, to lessen your burden."

"No—no!" cried Mary, terror in her face. "To lose you, Thomas, would be a very heavy burden, one I could hardly bear."

Katherine stepped lightly to the door and turned the knob nervously. Dennis Fargo stood on the threshold.

"Good evening, Mr. Dennis," said Mary O'Day cheerfully. "Come right in; for right welcome ye are, an' may ye be sittin' down while ye tell me what's on yer mind."

"Well, Mary O'Day," Dennis Fargo began in a mellow tone and with a smile in his eye, "I've been thinking a heap these past few hours, and I've come to relieve and lighten my mind. Perhaps you know that when I reach the age of twenty-one, I'll inherit the fortune my grandfather left me, and—there's something I'm going to do if I attain that age."

He continued solemnly. "I'm going to pay for the education of Katherine O'Day, and if she has a singing voice, as you say, Mary, she's going to have her chance."

After a pause, Dennis glanced at Katherine who was sitting motionless. She was amazed, bewildered. In a moment of exultation she jumped up, kissed her father, then her mother, and finally said to Dennis, "I think the good Lord sent you as the answer of mother's prayer."

Dennis was a strong-minded upright young man who felt that his father should have no right to interfere with his future. Still, he felt uncomfortable when he saw tears trickle down Mary O'Day's face and dampen her husband's pallid cheeks. Dennis turned his proud head to conceal his emotion. The thought that misfortune had overwhelmed these three only heightened his desire to help. No one attempted to speak, and the conversation took a long pause.

"Well," remarked Dennis, as he stood up, "you have heard all, and I have nothing further to tell you but this: Not a word to a living soul, for I've several months to go before I reach my majority. Then the great fireworks will begin!"

ON Dennis Fargo's assurance, the members of the O'Day household slept tranquilly that night. The following morning, Mary started for work as lighthearted as a bird. Thomas was unusually happy. Katherine went through her work, singing the whole day long.

Everything proceeded in the same happy way. Dennis made arrangements for Katherine to attend a fashionable private school, looked after all the details himself, and gave Mary O'Day a comfortable

allowance to stay at home and care for her husband.

A piano was sent to the home of the O'Days, Katherine, who was learning to play must have an instrument when she came home for week-ends. The neighbors wondered what good fortune had struck the family of Thomas O'Day; Katherine sent to school—a private school at that—and Mary playing the grand lady at home.

Pat Mulligan, who lived next door, ventured to ask, when paying a visit. "Oi say, Thomas, perhaps it's some relation that's gone to the new country, makin' a great heap of money, that's sendin' ye some, fur the edication of Katherine."

"No—no Pat! Not—just—that," he answered nervously.

"Oi say, Thomas," continued Pat, with an air of curiosity, "why don't ye have them pins uf yourn

II

PATRICIA FARGO, the sister of Dennis, attended the same school where Katherine was a pupil. She fancied Katherine, as did the other girls, never suspecting her of being the daughter of a house-



fixed up, instead uf puttin' all yer wealth in the head uf Katherine?"

Thomas became excited. His eye flamed with anger as he muttered, "By golly! Pat Mulligan, I'll tell ye I'll have me daughter edicated—an' whin she's the great singer we're expectin' she'll be, then will I be thinkin' uf them legs uf mine."

Katherine exclaimed in a subdued, but angry voice, "Yes, my mother was your housemaid, but I wouldn't exchange her for your ugly, stuck-up mother, or any other lady in the land; and, besides, if her daughter is not good enough for you or the others present, you can all get out—right now!"

maid. She had been home so seldom that she did not know Katherine was even a neighbor.

Finally Patricia returned home on a week-end visit and was surprised to learn that Katherine lived in the town of Killarney. She invited several of her schoolmates to be her guests over Sunday, and made Katherine promise to call frequently.

While at home, Katherine related many incidents that happened at school. She spoke particularly of Patricia as her most intimate friend. "I must go over and see her, mother, as soon as I get a chance." She brightened. "I never thought I could be so happy."



Mrs. O'Day was in a dilemma, knowing that Mrs. Fargo would never accept Katherine, the daughter of her housemaid, as one of her guests; so she tried to be diplomatic but said in an apologetical manner. "Ye know, darlin', Mrs. Fargo is a good deal stuck-up, an'—awful jealous. An' she might be thinkin' here comes Katherine O'Day, daughter of them unfortunate O'Days, outshinin' my daughter, Patricia."

Mary turned hot with terror and wiped large drops of perspiration from her forehead. She feared to

relate to her daughter that, not so long ago, Mrs. Fargo desired to engage her as waitress, perhaps to wait on the very guests they were now entertaining.

Vividly Mary O'Day pictured the shock afforded Mrs. Fargo when she realized Katherine as one of her guests—her child repelled and rebuffed—and her refusal to return to school. "No," reflected Mary, "she will never cross the threshold of the Fargo domicile!"

Katherine observed her mother closely and understood the bitterness and anguish in which these last words were spoken. She forgot everything and, in sympathy and love, extended her hands toward her mother who immediately embraced her for her perfect understanding.

"Mother," Katherine whispered softly, "I shall abide by what you say."

Several days later, while Katherine was playing the piano and her mother was cooking the dinner, there was a knock at the door. Patricia and three of her schoolmates were calling.

"Hello, Mary!" cried Patricia in a familiar tone, "are you working for Katherine?"

Mary O'Day felt as if her heart would stop beating. She was about to say "Yes," to save the embarrassment that was likely to ensue. She did not mistake the gravity of the situation and realized that, sooner or later, Patricia Fargo must know the truth.

Katherine drew herself up to her full height. With quivering lip and faltering tone she said, "Yes—she has worked for me always. Didn't you know she is my mother?" Putting her arm tenderly around her mother's waist she continued, "And let me tell you, Patricia, she is the dearest mother in the whole of Ireland."

Patricia hardly believed what she was hearing. In a slow incredulous tone she replied, "Katherine—you don't mean to say—that Mary—our former maid, is really your mother?"

UNABLE to repress her outraged feelings, Katherine exclaimed in a subdued but angry voice, "Yes, my mother was your housemaid, but I wouldn't exchange her for your ugly, stuck-up mother, or any other lady in the land; and, besides, if her daughter is not good enough for you or the others present, you can all get out—right now!"

Thomas O'Day, whose invalidism made him a

prisoner, interposed in an indignant manner, "There ain't one of yer fit to be wipin' my girl's shoes. She may be the daughter of a hard-workin' woman an' a day watchman, but, she's a far foiner ledy than ye be, Patricia Fargo, an' may ye never darken me door until ye apologize to my little girl."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Patricia. "Apologize to a servant's daughter! Not I, Thomas O'Day!"

"Young ledy!" he cried, leaning heavily on the arm of his chair, "I became crippled in the service of yer father. An' remember—ye are not at the end of yer days. Don't forget them words."

With a cruel, merciless, angry expression in her eye and voice, Patricia shouted, "Good-by Mary! Good-by, Thomas. And good day to ye, Cinderella Katherine O'Day!" She slammed the door.

Katherine had taken no part in the incident beyond what she had said to Patricia. For a while she sat perfectly still, her eyes bathed in tears. No longer able to suppress her feelings she sobbed bitterly and said, "I almost wish I had never accepted any help from Dennis."

"An' suppose ye have," interrupted Thomas O'Day consolingly. "Ye will be payin' it back—an' with interest, besides—whin ye are the great singer we're shure you'll be."

Katherine realized that she might have blundered; that good sense consisted in knowing how to conform with one's situation. Mary's instinct prompted her to say, "It's I that's the great disadvantage to ye, Katherine."

But the daughter's heart ached for the mother who had been so self-denying. Quickly but nervously she commanded, "For mercy's sake, do not speak this way!" Gazing in alarm on the toil-marked features of her mother, she brightened up. "Indeed you're not! And let me tell you, mother, Patricia can't break my spirit, for I'm going back to school and I'll study harder than ever."

"An' Katherine," spoke up her father. "Patricia is as ugly as a hedge fence. All the beauty powders an' pills in the universe wouldn't have any effect on her, I'm shure."

"Yes, father," Katherine answered, "I'll go on until I reach the very top. Then I'll pay back my debt to Dennis—on a large golden platter." All the irony vanished from her voice and countenance as she smilingly continued, "Let us forget about Patricia's visit and those stuck-up nobody's, and sit down to tea—just us three." Fondly stroking her father's hair and kissing his cheek, she added with considerable spirit, "We are the people, father darlin', that make the world beautiful to live in, and they are the people that make existence unbearable."

A LIGHT tap was heard on the door, while they were having tea. Katherine's face lit up with smiles as she opened the door. The caller was Alice Mack, one of the girls who had been present with Patricia. Her face partly turned and her eyes downcast, Alice timidly said, "May I enter, Katherine? There's a great deal I have to say."

"Surely, Alice Mack. If there's something you'd

like to say, provided the words are not harsh, you're welcome to join us at tea."

"I'm sorry—heartily sorry for all the unkind things Patricia said. If you can make room for me, I'd like to spend the rest of the week-end with you."

"God bless your soul!" exclaimed Mrs. O'Day. "Indeed ye are welcome as the flowers in spring, an' we'll try an' make it comfortable for ye." With her heart full of gladness, she turned to her daughter. "I knew, Katherine darlin', all yer true friends would stick by ye."

"And supposing they didn't," conceded Katherine, "I don't want any friends who'd decline to accept you or father."

Pat Mulligan paid a passing call. He beheld the guest, and stood hesitantly beside the table. "I was jus' passin' an' a thought came into me head about ye, Thomas," he said, "but—now I'll be on me way."

"Come right in," said Katherine, "and pray sit down, Mr. Mulligan. Our friends and neighbors are welcome at any time."

"Miss Katherine," added Pat, with deference and admiration, "ye shure have grown lovely, an' I see ye ain't a bit stuck-up with all yer learnin'. Ye'll yet be a credit to the town of Killarney." With a roguish twinkle in his eye, he added, "I'll be hurryin' now, fur I'm not enjoyin' them words that be spoken by the missus whin I'm late, so I'll be sayin' good-by to ye an' the sweet young lady beside ye."

"Thanks," Alice answered sweetly, "I hope to see you again."

KATHERINE returned to school with more spirit and a sterner resolution. She was determined to live up to her parent's ardent hopes and ambitions. She studied singing ardently—her voice becoming sweeter and stronger. Her instructor gave her great hope, encouraged her to go on and suggested a well-known teacher in Milan. But Katherine pondered how to approach Dennis to shoulder this new obligation. She thought of the vast extent of the debt already encumbered, and hesitated to make further demands.

Day and night, she dreamed of a career, of a tremendous success; and frequently, in the deep of night, sat up in bed, believing she was before a great audience that was calling and calling for her to repeat some aria. And she actually uttered aloud a little speech of thanks for their appreciation, when her roommate, awakening at the sound of her voice, inquired if she were ill.

"Oh—no!" Katherine guilelessly explained. "I must have been talking in my sleep." In the stillness of that night she recalled the past, her mother's indomitable courage, her sweetness of character and unfailing cheerfulness, her father, so helpless. Was she not his only source of inspiration? She yearned for the time of affluence to arrive, when she could afford expert medical aid for him. Her most blissful hours were spent in those wonderful dreams. While dreaming she would lightly whisper, "May my dreams come true."

PATRICIA FARGO snubbed Katherine. One morning when Nellie, the maid, was dusting the living room of the school, Patricia observed Katherine sitting with Alice Mack, and not engaged as usual in practicing or reading. Patricia said in an insolent tone, with a tinge of anxiety, "Nellie, why do you work so hard when you look so ill?"

Nellie appeared surprised at Patricia's sudden concern and looked up precipitately.

"Didn't you know," added Patricia, "that we have a housemaid's daughter in our midst, who, no doubt, is well-adapted to dusting? Perhaps, if you ask her, she may help you out."

Alice Mack, angry, indignant, shouted, "Cat!"

Katherine, disregarding her friend's exclamation, with tolerant amusement and a roguish smile, approached Nellie. "She means me, Nellie; and I'm not denying it, for I'm proud of my mother. I rather favor Miss Fargo's advice, as I'm sure the exercise will do me a heap of good. So, I'll finish the dusting for you."

Nellie had red hair, blue eyes, and a very florid complexion. Sparks seemed to fly as she spoke. "An' shure, great faith! I'd be out of me head to let ye do me dustin'!" Looking slyly at Patricia, she said distinctly, "Ye—Miss O'Day—the finest ledy of them all, is me thoughts about ye. I'm shure ye mother is a ledy—an' a fine one at that, for, to be shure, the good Lord has blessed her with the most beautifulest girl in the whole of Ireland." Nellie was conscious of the hurt intended for Katherine. "Besides, I'll venture to say, I'm in the very best of health—an' I'll say also it's the green monster that's troublin' some people round here."

III

A WEEK passed and Katherine still lacked the courage to approach Dennis on the subject of Italy. Her sincere heart rebelled against placing the burden at her mother's door. At length, she decided to write Dennis how she had progressed beyond her instructors, of the great encouragement given her. Only two more years of earnest work were necessary to obtain the hoped-for result.

She looked with vague apprehension for Dennis's reply. When it did reach Katherine it assured her of his great desire that she continue until she reached the very height of fame. When she finished the letter, Katherine laughed and cried with joy. Then she said appealingly, "Oh, Lord, you have been very wonderful to me. Should any great sorrow come into my life, I shall try to bear it meekly."

Arrangements were made for Katherine to study in Italy, in the studios of an eminent tenor. A modest apartment was engaged for her during her stay there. Before she left for Italy, she made a hurried visit home. It was agreed that she was to remain abroad at least two years.

"You certainly look beautiful to-night. It is not only your beauty I love, but the sweetness of your character." Dennis Fargo had called, and he and Katherine were alone. "I know in all your greatness you will never forget those who lovingly reared you."

Dennis took her hand tenderly and kissed it; and

he looked at her with all a lover's affection. Katherine did not answer by words. Her pretty lips moved and finally settled into a smile.

"I don't want to spoil your career by courting you now," Dennis added, "but I'll wait patiently until you take the world by storm—then my parents will have no objection."

Understanding engulfed her in that moment. Dennis saw her color deepen a little; he perceived that she was hurt—that he had blundered.

After a few minutes, which seemed hours to him, Katherine nervously and timidly said, "If I thought you were ashamed of me right now—and—should care only if the world acknowledges me—because—your folks would then think I was good enough—Dennis, I would not accept you." Suddenly she reflected that this was not the time to defend a great principle. "Don't think I'm ungrateful, for I truly appreciate all you've done for me. I'm under a tremendous obligation to you, and I mean to pay back every penny."

"I'm sorry," he softly whispered, "I didn't mean to hurt you."

"I'm sure you didn't." Katherine spoke in a buoyant manner. "And, Dennis, I think more of you than any other man I know. I, too, don't dare to think of love's young dream—not until I've straightened out everything." Hesitating a few minutes, she whispered, "You can always count on me, Dennis, to do anything that will please you or make you happy."

IV

KATHERINE was in Italy—comfortable in a delightful little apartment in Milan. It was past midnight. She could not sleep, for her head was in a whirl of excitement. She was due at Signior Capanelli's studio in the morning.

Signior Capanelli was agreeably startled by Katherine's unusual beauty, and stood gazing at her intently with an air of great respect. He thought he might regard her as some celestial being only intended for worship. Blushing deeply, Katherine turned her eyes away.

Capanelli undertook to supervise her studies. Katherine made wonderful progress. A year had almost passed. In another twelvemonth, she would be ready to accept a professional engagement. One day when she returned to her apartment, after her lesson, the postman knocked at the door and delivered a letter from her mother. The letter was unusually bulky. Katherine's heart beat violently as she opened it and saw that the paper was somewhat tear-stained. While reading, she exclaimed, "Poor, dear Dennis. Who would have thought it?"

She walked nervously about the apartment, then dropped into a chair. All her hopes seemed shattered. She read the letter again, calmly and compassionately, trying to determine the most prudent thing to do. Her disappointment and annoyance diminished. She rose to a high pitch of excitement, declaring resolutely: "I shall not falter! I will go on—on and on—until I reach fame." Her courage and

(Continued on page 122)

What One Immigrant to America Accomplished

Began Clearing Tables in a Restaurant for \$20 a Month and Retired a Millionaire

By IRENE O'CONNOR

DEMETRIUS POLYMEROS was born at the foot of Mount Pelion—whence Jason set forth in search of the Golden Fleece. From the first moment of his recollection, small Demetrius had heard of the adventures of the Argonaut. He, too, longed to fare forth. The legend of Jason's adventure may have had much to do with the unwritten law of Greece—that every Greek boy must seek fortune in a far country. Jason may be the reason why almost every Greek boy leaves home.



DEMETRIUS POLYMEROS

waiter; for the head waiter had observed that young Polymero kept a cool head in an emergency and that he seemed to have but one interest in the world—his work. Having served the guests of the Hotel Morton for a year he followed the beckoning finger of opportunity across Union Square. It led him as a waiter to the Everett House. Here, as elsewhere, he was handicapped by his height. He was considerably less than five feet tall. Other waiters complained that, with his none too loftily held

At all events, Demetrius Polymero, broad of shoulder and compactly built, went to Egypt. He struck his roots into a village between Cairo and Alexandria. Having found a boarding place and opened a small office, he shipped on a Nile River steamer in search of his golden fleece. Only the fleece he sought was white. He bought cotton from the farmers and took it back to the village. He had begun selling it when, over night, a revolution started. Christian lives were menaced by the Moslems; the cross by the crescent.

So the modern Jason had to leave his fleece behind him and flee to Greece for his life. His adventure having ended so unfortunately, the young man was of a mind never to return to Egypt or to continue on such troubled soil as that of tormented Europe. When he left the region of Mount Pelion a second time, it was for America. Not in the steerage, but neither in the first cabin.

The moment he came ashore at New York, he sought a job. He found it at the Morton Hotel south of Union Square. He was engaged to do the menial work in the dining-room, at \$20 a month.

Four months of clearing tables and safely guiding dishes to and from the kitchen, and he was placed on the list as a prospective

tray, Polymero was in their way. There were numerous collisions. Yet the young Greek increased his stock of forbearance. He is still convinced that one cannot overstock with that commodity.

THE next time opportunity beckoned it was farther up Broadway—almost too far, it seemed at that time—for it was all the way to the Hotel Marlborough at Broadway and 36th Street. His courage in taking the risk of such a journey beyond New York's center, was rewarded by his being made head waiter.

After another year, something kept saying to him, "Go into business, Demetrius. Go into business for yourself."

"But," answered Demetrius, "I have not saved enough money. I have saved all I could. But that is not enough to start a restaurant."

"Take a partner, Demetrius," whispered the something.

"Who?"

"There is Apostolo."

APOSTOLO RINGA was a handsome Greek lad from the town which had been the home of Demetrius. He, too, had heard the story of Jason and the Golden Fleece and he, too, set out in search of it. Unlike Demetrius

Polymero, he had not crossed the Mediterranean to Egypt. He had come directly to the United States.

Apostolo had done what he could in this country. He invested the few dimes he had in colored toy-balloons and sold them to the children on the street. He sold fruit from a push cart. He, too, became a waiter at the Morton House. And because both had watched the shadows on Mount Pelion, Demetrius accepted the younger man as his roommate.

They pooled their savings—\$3,000. They opened a tiny restaurant next door to the Hotel Manhattan on 42d Street. Guests of the Manhattan patronized the little restaurant for economy first. They became steady patrons because the food was good.

"Neither of us had ever cooked any food. But we knew how to eat," Demetrius says of that beginning. "We did everything but cook. We knew the simple wholesome dishes that most people prefer. We worked hard. One of us would wait on the tables while the other perched behind the cash register."

CAME need for expansion. They took a larger dining-room and kitchen on the present site of the Hotel Belmont. Their neat refectory across the street from the Grand Central Terminal had no specific name. It remained without one until the happening of which I am about to tell you.

A man issued with the stream of arriving passengers from the Grand Central. He carried a valise and that anxious expression one bears when he is either harassed or hungry. He passed the place, walked up the street, came back, looked in, walked back again. He repeated this maneuver half a dozen times. The senior member of the firm made his way to the door and surveyed the perturbed stranger.

"What nationality is this place?" he asked.

"We are Greeks," replied

Polymero.

"That's it," said the stranger joyously. "I am from San Francisco. Before I left, a friend said to me, 'You must be sure to eat at the Greeks.'"

Mr. Polymero escorted his happy patron to a table at the window, himself placed the order, then sought his partner. "I think, Apostolo, we should name our restaurant 'The

Greek.'"

He related the circumstance of the worried San Franciscan. The next day the name was painted on the large window. When they moved to 56 East 42nd Street, the name went with them. Soon after they saw the same sign on a dining place farther upstreet. Mr. Polymero paid the man a visit.

"Why have you taken our name?" he asked. "We had it first."

The man shrugged his shoulders. "Greece is a large place and there are many Greeks," he answered.

"Well, then, I will take down my sign. I will not allow you to use our name to draw patrons once to your place. They will come once, but not again. Your food is too bad."

ACCORDINGLY The Greek restaurant has not since been known by that name. The name was transferred to the hotel of which it was a part. On the window of the restaurant was painted, "Athens." On the walls were painted reproductions of the Acropolis, walks 'mid olive groves, street scenes of the capital of Greece. The pseudo Greek restaurant packed up its dishes after three months and closed. The Athens prospered.

Recently it was sold and its name has been changed. The proprietors who, twenty-seven years before, had opened something little more ambitious than a coffee-and-rolls house at 11 East 42nd Street, with a capital of \$3,000 and some energy, had become millionaires.

They were planning a visit to Greece. They would go back and renew their boyhood beneath the shadow of Mount Pelion. And they would tell the young Greeks they met what could be done in America if a business were well learned and if energy were applied to it.

"I will tell them as I tell you," said this modern Jason, "that we worked twenty-six hours a day. That we watched the food from its arrival until it reached the palates of our patrons. That we used to be up at dawn to receive the provisions and arrange them in the kitchen. I always laid out and labeled the different articles in certain relative places, so that the meat which arrived fresh to-day would not be mixed with that bought yesterday. I am proud of my career. Not because I have made money. But because I always gave the public its money's worth."

I KNOW WHAT
PLEASURE IS,
FOR I HAVE
DONE GOOD
WORK. ☺ ☺

—Robert Louis Stevenson

THE PASS-IT-ON CLUB

THE NEW SUCCESS invites all its readers to become members of the Pass-It-On Club, and to pass on to the editors quotations, mottoes, maxims, poems, or other cherished bits of literature,—little anecdotes, humorous stories, bits of wisdom—in fact anything that has helped, inspired or cheered you—anything that you have saved for your scrapbook, or that you would like others to share with you.

THE NEW SUCCESS will print the best of these, and thus pass on from one member of the Pass-It-On Club to another—and to all our readers—many things that will help them in some way. *But do not send in original poems.*

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I Would—

(From Mrs. C. R. Millett, Mechanic Falls, Maine.)

I WOULD be true, for there are those who trust me;
I would be pure, for there are those who care;
I would be strong, for there is much to suffer;
I would be brave, for there is much to dare.—*Selected.*

Begin to Save

(From W. C. Hardy, Ames, Iowa.)

EXTRAVAGANCE rots character; train youths away from it. On the other hand the habit of saving money, while it stiffens the will, also brightens the energies. If you would be sure that you are beginning right, begin to save.—*Theodore Roosevelt.*

Easy to Find Out

(From Joyce Kelley, Chicago.)

IF you want to know whether you are destined to be a success or not, you can easily find out. The test is simple and infallible. Are you able to save money? If not, drop out. You will lose. You may think not, but you will lose as sure as fate, for the seed of success is not in you.—*James J. Hill.*

Judge Not

(From Cora Atwood, Salt Lake, Utah.)

IN men whom men condemn as ill,
I find so much of goodness still,
In men whom men pronounce divine,
I find so much of sin and blot,
I hesitate to draw the line,
Between the two, when God has not.
—*Joaquin Miller.*

A Gentleman Defined

(From Lucy A. O'Mara, Hamilton, Ontario, Canada.)

A MAN who is clean both outside and inside, who neither looks up to the rich nor down to the poor; who can lose without squealing and win without boasting, who is considerate to women, children and old people, who is too brave to lie, too generous to cheat, and who takes his share of the world and lets others have theirs.

The Rare Quality

(From J. H. Wilson, Colusa, California.)

THE longer I live the more deeply am I convinced that that which makes the difference between one man and another, between the weak and the powerful, the great and the insignificant, is energy, invincible determination, a purpose once formed, and then—death or victory. This quality will do anything that is to be done in this world, and no two-legged creature can be a man without it.

Two Views

(From Harry S. Epstein, Baltimore.)

THE world is mine that day on which I see
My debts all paid, and in my little purse
A single bill—a ten-spot or a V—
That I can lend if some one's lot is worse.

The world is yours the day I have no cash
And debts confront me, while my wretched strait
Makes me, perforce, a bit of useless trash—
Without a dollar for a luckless mate!

Mottoes and Bits of Wisdom

(From Emil Pfenninger, New York City.)

THE steady drop bores the stone.
Many times it happens that we get what we want when we are even not aware of it.
A good example is worth more than scores of theoretic doctrines.
Love of the work that is to be done, makes it easier.
Practical sense very often is more needed than a great stock of knowledge.

Your "Boss" and You

(From Walter Miller, Brooklyn, N. Y.)

YOU who have counted the time of your Employer as so many minutes and hours to get through with, are going to find that you are the one who has lost, and no matter where you go or what you do, you will remain the poorer for the loss.

"I look upon correspondence instruction as one of the most wonderful and phenomenal developments of this age."—Theodore Roosevelt



This Executive Rose From a Clerkship

Five years ago he was a subordinate. Today he is dictating policies in a great corporation. Some of his former mates say it was luck—others talk of favoritism—but the records of LaSalle Extension University show that it was specialized business knowledge which put this man into an officership. He saw that training was all he needed to pass from the high stool in the outer office to the big mahogany desk in the private room. He realized that the only men who are "held down" are the ones who do not make themselves worth more to their employers.

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This man got his start by sending a coupon like the one below. It brought him complete information about the LaSalle Problem Method of training under experts by mail during spare time—a plan which organizes and gives a man the knowledge and experience of hundreds of the country's successful executives and business authorities. Along with this information came evidence—copies of hundreds of letters—from men who also were formerly in subordinate positions, but who had been advanced thru LaSalle training. He enrolled, got this specialized training and quickly won promotion.

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LAUGH WITH US!



THE father of four boys, discovering the eldest, aged thirteen, smoking a cigarette, called the four together for a lecture on the evils of narcotics.

"Now, Willie," he said, on conclusion, to his youngest, "are you going to use tobacco when you get to be a man?"

"I don't know," replied the six-year-old, soberly, "I'm trying hard to quit."

◆ ◆ ◆

IF the party who found my two coats refuses to return them and receive reward, will he kindly come and get the pants and vest, as I have no use for them now and as a matter of sentiment I hate to see them separate. Room 31, Harvard Hotel.—*Lost and Found ad. in the Omaha Bee.*

◆ ◆ ◆

"FATHER, is the zebra a black animal with white stripes or a white animal with black stripes?"—*London Mail.*

◆ ◆ ◆

"OH, Harold! That new housemaid has dropped my diamond ring down the sink!"

"Never mind, dear, we will take it out of her next month's wages."

◆ ◆ ◆

DOCTOR—"You have been at death's door, and only your strong constitution has saved you."

PATIENT—"Remember that when you send in your bill."

◆ ◆ ◆

THE home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Brown was the scene of a beautiful wedding last evening when their youngest daughter Margaret was joined in holy deadlock to Mr. David Preston.—*Quoted from a western paper by Boston Transcript.*

◆ ◆ ◆

"ELIZA," said a friend of the family to the old colored washerwoman, "have you seen Miss Edith's fiance?"

Eliza pondered for a moment, then bent over the laundry tubs once more. "No, ma'am," she said, "it ain't been in the wash yet."

"BABE" RUTH
Says:

"THE HITS YOU
MADE YESTER-
DAY WON'T WIN
THE GAME TO-
DAY."

A NEGRO who had an injured head entered a doctor's office.

"Hello, Sam! Got cut again, I see."

"Yes, sah; I done got carved up with a razor, Doc."

"Why don't you keep out of bad company?" said the physician, after he had dressed the wound.

"Deed I'd like to, Doc, but I ain't got 'nuff money to git a divorce."

◆ ◆ ◆

HE was out with his best girl, and as they strolled into the restaurant he tried to put on an I-do-this-every-evening kind of look. When they were seated at a table, a waiter approached them.

"Will monsieur have a la carte or table d'hôte?" he asked.

"Both," said the young man, "and put plenty of gravy on 'em."

◆ ◆ ◆

A BRITISH lord has a lion named Laury. None of the verse-makers seems anxious to be the poet Laury ate.—*Baltimore Sun.*

◆ ◆ ◆

JACK—"I don't think I should get a zero on this examination."

PROFESSOR—"Correct, but that's the lowest mark I know of."

◆ ◆ ◆

"STOP, look, listen!"

The reflective man stopped to read the railroad warning.

"Those three words illustrate the whole scheme of life," he said.

"How?"

"You see a pretty girl; you stop; you look; after you marry her you listen."—*The Ladies Home Journal.*

◆ ◆ ◆

WIFIE (at the breakfast table) — Oh, Henry, I dropped my diamond ring off my finger, and I can't find it anywhere!

HUBBY (triumphantly) — It's all right, my dear, I found it in my trousers pocket.

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The Man Who Came Back

(Continued from page 85)

her arms around him and said: "This is not altogether bad news. We can start all over again. We can hire some one to take care of the children during the day, and I will get a position as a stenographer. You can continue to work on your magazine. Part of my salary will support the home and the balance will help you. You must not give up now. I know that you will succeed. This is the turning point—and we must make good."

"I had expected a gloomy evening," remarked Hicks with glistening eyes, "but it was just the reverse. We talked and planned, and I sometimes think that a cigar-store Indian with such encouragement would have succeeded."

But the magazine was not issued for the months of April, May, or June, 1917.

IT was the middle of June when the antagonistic board of directors resigned and turned back to Hicks the books of accounts, subscription list and correspondence which they had taken during the suspension of the publication. In the meantime, five judgements had been secured by creditors.

Mr. Hicks finally succeeded in publishing the July number. He had to pay the printer \$150 in advance. He secured several pages of advertising which helped tide him over this critical time. He continued to issue the magazine until the World War broke, and then it was necessary to reduce the size and put it out every other month. After the armistice was signed, Hicks enlarged the magazine to its usual proportions and, since then, it has been published regularly.

He was soon able to meet his obligations, and, in a short time, the magazine was breaking even. In

January, 1919, there was an encouraging profit. Every issue since then has made money. Hicks paid all his debts and began to discount his bills.

Then came a blow from a most unexpected quarter. The woman who had stood by his side and encouraged him in his darkest hours suddenly passed away. Mrs. Hicks died after a few moments' illness, on February 23, 1920.

Hicks is in middle life, very vigorous, very pungent in his conversation and public addresses, and exceedingly capable as a business man. He is in constant demand for addresses at all sorts of gatherings, and wherever he speaks there are no "sleepers" in the crowd. He has a way of talking that brings his words straight home to every man in the audience. He is a firm advocate of the idea that business can be done honestly in this country and that it is not necessary to be crooked in any way in order to get along.

Robert E. Hicks has met the severest test that could be imposed upon any man. He conquered a weakness that was dragging him down, and he bared his own soul to the gaze of the world just to be honest with himself and his fellow men. His surrender and confession in the midst of prosperity was an act of supreme moral courage.

Speaking of the passing years he made this comment: "I don't ever expect to be what is commonly called an old man; but I know that, in the nature of things, some day I will be incapacitated and feeble—but never old. I live young, think young, and play with my three children to such an extent that old age means nothing to me. I just realize that, some day, I must drop by the roadside and rest."

Only the People Can Censor Moving Pictures

(Continued from page 19)

devoid of character—but the weaklings are so terribly in the minority that it is a question, in my mind, whether or not they should be permitted to deprive the person of strength of character of what the latter may consider legitimate and harmless amusement.

"I want to say most emphatically that if we have forty-eight boards of censorship in the United States, the public is going to be the loser. Federal censorship—such as we have to enforce prohibition—is, of course, out of the question. Every city, town, and hamlet may have its own board of moving-picture censorship and these boards will wipe out, in short time, all that is objectionable in moving pictures.

"Let's get together and do it."

You have read the interview with Rex Beach. Write us your views on this very important subject. Tell whether or not, in your opinion, Mr. Beach's plan is feasible. Will it work in your town? Are you willing to help organize a local board of censors?

Can you suggest anything that will improve Mr. Beach's plan? Address your letters "The Editors of the New Success, New York City."

Ford's 5,000,000th Car

AT a certain moment recently the Ford Motor Company's total production reached the number of 5,000,000 cars. On the day when the 5,000,000th car was built, the 50,000 employees of the plant turned out approximately 3,000 others like it.

When the company was formed, in 1903, Detroit was a modest city of 285,000 inhabitants. When the Ford plant produced its 5,000,000th car, Detroit contained, according to the 1920 census, 993,000. The city's population has nearly doubled since 1910. In 1909 the 2,036 manufacturing establishments there employed 81,000 wage earners and turned out articles worth \$252,000,000; in 1916 there were 251,000 industrial workers and the manufactures amounted in value to \$900,000,000. Detroit is the fourth American city, not only in manufacturing but in population.

Mr. Ford has seen his plant grow from the status of a small shop to that of perhaps the largest single factory in the world.—*The Sun*.

Sam Hodge, American

(Continued from page 32)

"Perhaps Mr. Tode here can tell us something about it," Sandy suggested.

"Not so much about bolshevism," said Tode. "But in the course of my wanderings I have been an observer of labor conditions. Even in India they have their troubles."

"How do you find the situation here compares with that of Europe?" said Will Simpson.

Clearly, these men were receptive, Tode thought, so why beat about the bush? "I find it no better than it is over there."

"Why," sneered Joe Bailey, "we get better pay and we live better than those fellows."

"That fallacy," said Tode, "has been exploited by capital to disarm the American workingman. Even if you do live better, you don't live as well as you should."

"Oh, rats!" said Tom Flannigan.

"No, it isn't rats," snapped Tode; "it's a fact. Why should capital live in a palace that's worth a dozen houses that labor lives in? If you boys only knew as much as I do, you'd be living up there in the McCumber mansion instead of where you do live. Hang it all, it was built by your sweat. Why shouldn't your children have just as much as McCumber's?"

An almost imperceptible smile passed round the circle. For McCumber was an old bachelor. But not a soul took the trouble to correct Tode.

"That's all very good to spout, Mr. Tode, but can you tell workmen like us how to get the McCumber mansion to live in?" asked Bill Phoeny.

The rest of the crowd, not being good simulators, held their breath and waited, for all realized the leading nature of the question.

Burns says: "The best laid plans o' mice an' men gang aft agley." It is one of the curious freaks of fate that the ablest men blunder at the psychological moment. Napoleon Bonaparte did, so why not Casparillo J. Tode? Perhaps anxiety had unbalanced Tode's judgment. Perhaps desperation had spurred him on to take a long chance. At any rate, Tode blundered at the precise opportune moment he had so eagerly sought. "It's easy," he said. "When the time comes you've only to reach out your hand and take it."

Tode's words, "when the time comes," was enough to convict him in the minds of those shrewd men, who exchanged subtle glances; but they gave him still more rope.

Tode misconstrued the silence. He felt that he had his audience with him. Of course he had. That fool, Blatsky, was wrong. He raised his voice high in vehement anathema. He proceeded to damn the methods of capital-ridden Rosedale; he denounced Hodge as a tool of the bosses and cited the mayor's suppression of free speech as proof thereof. "You'll all be slaves forever—miserable slaves, unless you join the liberty lovers and throw off the shackles of

these corporations that will grind you under their heels!" he shouted.

Tode would have gone on, step by step, identifying himself, according to the prescription Hodge had furnished Danny, as a bolshevist, but with well-simulated enthusiasm the twelve sprang to their feet, vociferously announced their intention to become liberty lovers, and proclaimed the exultant Tode their leader. Four of the husky young fellows grabbed him and put him high on their shoulders; and, forming a procession, marched into the street where they were greeted by an expectant crowd. The procession then turned north on Main Street, gathering recruits at every step, until the thoroughfare was blocked from curb to curb. On they went, the twelve of the laughing committee royally shouting: "For he's a jolly good fellow!"

In the midst of Tode's triumphal march, his four bearers—at a preconcerted signal from Billings—turned sharply to the left, passed down a short alley, and suddenly brought up at the brink of an old, disused and stagnant canal. Instantly Tode realized what they were about. But there was no time to expostulate. For with electrical suddenness the four bearers dumped the froglike little man head over heels into the shallow ditch.

Tode, belying his name, was no amphibian. He had to come to the surface for air. And when he did so, the rising strains of "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow" greeted his ears and a shower of mud balls smote the water, like hail, all about him. After a violent struggle through mud and water, Tode reached the opposite side.

In the fraction of a second, while he was still clambering up the bank, there flashed before Tode a panorama of individual impressions, casually caught at different moments, arranged by his subconscious mind in proper sequence and stored there for future reference. The first impression was of a town called Harmony got from a paper called *The Clarion*, which editorially damned Hodge for suppressing free speech in Rosedale. Another impression Tode had gathered from gossip he'd heard about a certain feud between Hodge and a fellow, named Hichens, who had established the town of Harmony. Not being interested in Harmony, Tode had paid little attention to the story of the feud. The third impression was that, because of this feud, Hichens had moved his plant to Harmony and established a community of workers there. Tode had not been impressed by this either, since it indicated that Harmony was little more than an off-shoot from Rosedale and not by any means so available for plucking.

But Tode's present dilemma had changed the relations of things. Harmony now stood out like a lighthouse on a hill, the rays—the Hodge-Hichens feud, the Hichens wealth, the Hichens proclamation of his love of free speech—luring him there. So Tode shook the water from his ears and started off in the general direction of Harmony.

CHAPTER VII

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WHEN the black clouds of unrest first peeped out over the horizon, Walter Hichens smiled complacently. Even when those clouds grew bigger and blacker, and took on definite cyclonic form, Hichens continued to smile complacently. "They can't touch Harmony," he said. "This town is buttressed by contentment. Look at our rose gardens and our cows and our chickens and our contented people. Rosedale, yes—the boss-ridden place."

Even while Hichens was still laughing at the wicked Sam Hodge and the degenerate Rosedale, the serpent entered his own Eden in a most disreputable condition.

There were two things about Casparillo J. Tode: he had a keen sense of what is called the psychological moment, and the keenest kind of a keen sense of self-exploitation. Tode was, above all things, an opportunist. In spite of his rage at his most undignified exit from the town he had set out to conquer, presently his face lighted up. "By jingo!" he thought as he looked at his soaked garments, muddy shoes, and filthy cuffs, "here's a chance, a great chance. I couldn't have contrived it better."

Tode resolved to capitalize the very incongruity of his appearance. He would go direct to Hichens, whom he now cunningly determined to proclaim a great liberator, and play him off against Hodge, the autocrat. If there was anything in the talk he had heard in Rosedale about the feud between the two men, his scheme would be easy of execution. There was no doubt, from all he had heard, that Hichens was an idealist, an absolutely honest man, a man of powerful convictions. He would grab at a chance to exploit his principles, particularly at the expense of Hodge and Rosedale. It seemed as if fate were working for him, Tode, to use this man Hichens as a cat's-paw to further his own ends.

Tode's appearance in Harmony was no less sensational than he had expected. So was his appearance before the fastidious Hichens.

"Why did you come to Harmony?" was Hichens's first question, after Tode had given him the details of his most unaccustomed experience in Rosedale.

"I was told that this was a place that would welcome all advocates of personal liberty, free speech; that here men's consciences, and not the iron hand of the law—distorted for their own purposes by the special interests—would decide right and wrong."

"But why did they drive you from Rosedale?"

"Because I am a liberty lover."

Hichens pondered for a moment. "I thought so—the hand of Hodge, and Hodge is the hand of the autocrats over there." Hichens regarded his uninvited guest curiously for a moment, then: "You go to the hotel and get cleaned up, Mr. Tode. Then I want you to go to my editor, Phillips, of *The Clarion*, and tell him all about it." He paused. "Or—no,—go to Phillips just as you are." Hichens chuckled. "Your appearance certainly won't lie."

So Tode carried Hichens's card to Phillips of *The Clarion* and was duly interviewed and quite correctly photographed. Having much personal vanity, the little man adjusted his tie on the way over, and when

he got to the office requested to be photographed just head and shoulders, without his hat. But the photographer, whose sense of humor was equal to his news sense, not only insisted upon taking Tode's whole figure, but with his funny little hat on as well. Truly, it was a wonderful picture. It was a bitter pill for Tode to be exploited in this way. He sincerely hoped that the circulation of *The Clarion* was limited, that none of his friends might see him thus portrayed.

Again Tode gave an account of what had happened to him in Rosedale. He was clever enough to state facts, for he knew there was a multitude of witnesses to prove him a liar if he didn't. As it was an opportunity for Hichens to exploit the Hodge barbaric methods, Phillips played up the Tode story for all it was worth.

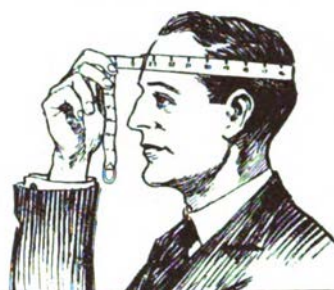
Ever since Harmony was established, there had been disgruntled workmen, who, finding it inconvenient to get certain liquid consolation there, had growled. It had been Phillips's business to neutralize the influence of these malcontents. Casparillo J. Tode had furnished him with an ace of trumps to play in defence of Hichens. Phillips played his ace after the following manner, on the editorial page of *The Clarion*: under the heading, "SUFFERING FOR THE CAUSE," occurred in Phillips's characteristic style:

Some years ago, Walter Hichens, prompted solely by principle and having the courage of his convictions, established the town of Harmony. Though himself a capitalist, Mr. Hichens would not subscribe to the domination of the moneyed autocracy of our unfortunate neighbor, Rosedale. So he left that burg to the mercies of one Sam Hodge, then and now in the saddle, riding rough shod over the rights of men. Fortunately there comes a time when the most adroit autocrat, confident of his own security behind bales of greenbacks, grown bolder and bolder because of the success of his unchecked foraging upon the community, will lose his head and show his hand. Sam Hodge did this in the case of Casparillo J. Tode, whose story appears on another page. Here was a man who had come to Rosedale with no other purpose than to preach the rights of men, and how was he treated? Instead of being welcomed as a liberator, Tode was subjected to the most brutal violence—all, we are confident, at the behest of Sam Hodge. While we sympathize with Casparillo J. Tode for his suffering, we thank him for the good he has done the cause of liberty. We, the people of civilized Harmony, extend to Mr. Tode the right hand of fellowship and welcome, for he is a true liberty lover.

When Sam Hodge saw the editorial in *The Clarion* next morning he chuckled gleefully. "Gosh, Danny, how the gods do put ammunition into the hands of the righteous"

Turning to the phone, Hodge had a short talk with Griffiths of the *Evening Mail*, pursuant to which brief interview there appeared in the labor organ of Rosedale, the same afternoon, a reprint of Tode's most disreputable picture from *The Clarion*, captioned: "This is the kind of citizen Rosedale rejects—The kind that Harmony welcomes."

Casparillo J. Tode was much offended at his absurd



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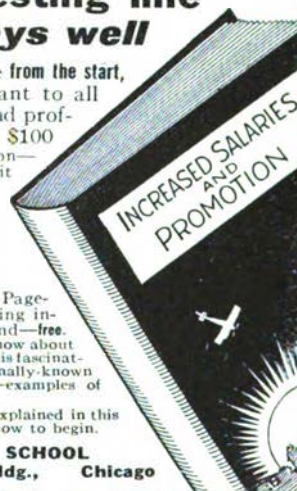
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appearance in *The Clarion*. But no sooner did he read the flamboyant editorial in his behalf than wounded vanity gave place to a wonderful pride in himself. He was a much bigger man now than he had ever dreamed of being, thanks to the facile pen of Phillips. The effect of the editorial was at once apparent. Tode was made the recipient of congratulatory letters—more or less ungracefully couched—in the comfortable quarters to which Hichens, who felt he had made a great find, had assigned him.

Tode began at once most assiduously to cultivate his "benefactor," as he took care ostentatiously to term Hichens on every occasion. Hichens, in turn, considered Tode an acquisition. Here was a man who could go out among the people of Harmony and demonstrate, from personal experience, the superiority of Hichens's methods over those of Hodge. In order to retain so valuable a press agent in Harmony, Hichens offered Tode a lucrative position in his office where he could also use his accomplishments as a linguist in engaging men whose knowledge of English was extremely limited.

Even by design, Tode could not have placed himself in a position more advantageous for his purposes than the one into which the fates had thrust him. All applicants for positions who spoke foreign tongues had to pass through his hands. He was in a position to sift out the detrimental, and any man was a detrimental who didn't obviously possess bolshevistic proclivities. The notoriety that Tode's exploit had gained him became immediately effective in another way. The real bolsheviks and near-bolsheviks of Rosedale, who had not been converted or re-converted to Americanism by the Sam Hodge campaign, found the atmosphere of that municipality wholly incompatible with their peace of mind. Not one of them dared to utter a suggestion that savored of bolshevism. And for a true bolshevik to keep silent was intolerable. So, one by one, they quit their jobs—either loudly anathematizing Rosedale as they left or silently stealing away. At any rate, they made for Harmony with one accord. As each presented himself at the portals of the great Hichens Works, he was referred to Casparillo J. Tode, and that gentleman on accepting him reminded him of his experience in Rosedale and admonished him to be discreet—always giving him to understand that it was owing to his, Tode's, championing of his cause that he was permitted to earn a living in Harmony, or anywhere else for that matter. All kinds of stragglers of the liberty-loving type from other parts of the country as well as Rosedale filtered into Harmony and appealed to that great friend of man, Casparillo J. Tode, for help.

All went merry as a marriage bell in the fair, chickened, cowed, rose-gardened, and otherwise Hichenized town of Harmony.

Tode had learned a valuable lesson from Sam Hodge. He was determined not to be precipitate again. He would feel his way this time, step by step, to establish himself. So, for six months he assiduously and discreetly continued to worm his way into the good will and confidence of Walter Hichens. At the end of six months, Tode wired Sandowski, and, three

days later, that gentleman arrived in Harmony. Sandowski was now Americanized in everything but heart.

During the first talk of the precious pair, Tode truthfully related in detail all that had transpired since he had left Sandowski in Chicago and had gone to Rosedale with a view to acquiring the *Evening Mail* there.

"But you were so sure of Rosedale, my dear Casparillo," Sandowski observed, a little dubiously, "you protested even that fate was with you."

"Destiny, controlled somewhat by myself, led me to Rosedale. But Rosedale proved only a way station, my good Sandowski. Destiny drove me forth, a martyr. Destiny established me here as the champion of the people's rights, a man who had suffered ignominy for his principles. But you need have no doubts this time. I have already got the paper."

"Got it already?"

The transfer was made only last night, my good Sandowski, so you see, I have lost no time."

"Which one?"

"*The Evening Star*."

"You astound me more and more, my dear Casparillo. How did you manage to 'pull it off,' as the Americans say?"

Tode laughed. "Sam Hodge pulled it off for me—but he didn't know it."

"Don't talk in riddles, my dear Casparillo."

"It was this way. I convinced Hichens that it would be a wise scheme to start a campaign in the Harmony papers to establish the rights of men, freedom of speech. I suggested that it would be best for me, the acknowledged champion of the people, to conduct such a campaign. For if he did it, he would be suspected of self-exploitation. I hit the nail square on the head when I told him that I would make him the champion against the autocracy of—"

"I get you—Sam Hodge," cried Sandowski. He pondered amusedly. "What a wonderful man he must be, this Sam Hodge, to be as powerful absent as he is when present."

"Quite so," Tode agreed.

"Under what conditions did you get the paper, my dear Casparillo, that is, there will be no restrictions as to policy, eh?"

Tode laughed. "Hichens was going to put in the contract that I would work always to promote the harmony of capital and labor. I pointed out to him that such a qualification was unnecessary. I swore by all that I held sacred, that I would do that. Also, I pointed out that in case any one should chance to see the agreement, he would suspect that Hichens still controlled, that I was only a mouthpiece. He saw the light."

"And you say he is a good business man?" Sandowski sneered.

"I said he's a good hater."

"Sam Hodge again," Sandowski mused. "But what money arrangements did you make, my dear Casparillo?"

"A small cash payment and my notes, six months and a year."

"A good business man, this Hichens," Sandowski muttered.

"A good hater and a man of principle, I tell you, my good Sandowski." Tode paused, then: "We have three great available assets here in Harmony. The first is Hichens's hatred for Sam Hodge."

"I'd have guessed it," said Sandowski.

"The mere mention of that name makes him see red. When all arguments for or against a thing fail, one has only to say: 'Sam Hodge would or would not do that,' and you get him."

"I wish I could get somebody to hate me like that. How I would capitalize it."

Our next biggest asset is, Hichens doesn't know even his own men. He hasn't any friends among 'em. I've sounded 'em. They're working for his dollars, not for him."

"Good! He leaves 'em to the agitators. We can't kick at that. It's a pity he didn't have enough sense to pay a good mixer like you, my dear Casparillo, ten thousand a year and make you vice-president just to circulate among the hands to make friends for the house, to ask Jones about little Mary's measles or Ferguson about little Johnny's mumps and send 'em a jar of jam."

"A good suggestion; but I'm looking for bigger pickings, my good Sandowski. Our third great asset is Hichens's passionate championship of free speech—regardless."

"Great!" cried Sandowski, his eyes flashing with enthusiasm. "But won't our soap-box orators capitalize that fact, eh, my dear Casparillo?"

Tode paused and reflected, and presently said: "We have everything our own way, my good Sandowski. We can't fail if we adhere strictly to the policy laid down for *The Star*—a narrow one, I admit, but concentrated and effective."

"You haven't suggested it, my dear Casparillo."

"Above all things, we must attack Sam Hodge, attack him first, last, and all the time—keep on attacking him—because Sam Hodge stands for capital; he stands for a strict enforcement of the law; he suppresses the kind of free speech our people want."

"Great!" cried Sandowski. "And how easy. A splendidly picturesque object of attack, this Sam Hodge—so human, so magnetic. Some men, my dear Casparillo, have the faculty of engaging the attention of the public; whether it hates them or loves them—doesn't matter. That's Sam Hodge."

"Above all things, my good Sandowski,"—Tode looked about him and lowered his voice—"we must keep the soldier boys out of Harmony. I have already managed to do so thus far. But we must not relax. We must keep them out by hook or by crook."

"They know that bolshevism was invented in Germany to destroy Russia, and they hate all things German," Sandowski observed. "But it will operate against us if we turn them down."

"We must. Their presence here will be fatal, I tell you. Read the papers. All our red meetings—and our I. W. W., meetings—and our socialist and our bolshevist meetings are raided and broken up by the soldiers and sailors wherever they chance to be. There are four million of these fellows and they seem

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to have an understanding that amounts to organization *they're* going to manage things in this country now. They're going to run America in the American way. They say they love their old rag of a flag, that they've suffered for it, fought for it, died to keep it up in time of war, and they don't propose to have us pull it down in times of peace. In other words, my good Sandowski, the soldier boys are after our scalps." Tode pondered, then: "I can kill three birds with one stone—keep the soldier away from Harmony, keep putting our own people in the works, and—" he hesitated.

"The third bird?"

"I will use the turning down of the soldier boys as a most valuable weapon against Hichens when the proper time comes—"

"The proper time?" Sandowski suggested.

"I shall run for mayor on the ticket of the People's party which I shall organize. In fact, I've already laid pipes."

Tode paused and Sandowski ventured: "Oh, by the way, one little matter, my dear Casparillo—what about my—ahem—"

"You must trust me as you have trusted me before, my good Sandowski. But be assured you will be rewarded according to your great ability, your great loyalty to me—and my principles," he added.

"Yes, I have trusted you before, my dear Casparillo—but not in big things like this," he muttered to himself. "Caesar, grown great, sometimes forgets the steps by which he ascended," which reflection showed Sandowski, while not suspicious, still cautious.

"And I trust you, my good Sandowski. Your loyalty is beyond question."

"And your friendship is beyond question, my dear Casparillo."

CHAPTER VIII

THE day that the Rosedale *Herald* announced the selling of the Harmony *Evening Star* to Casparillo J. Tode, Sam Hodge motored over to Harmony. He went at once to the office of Walter Hichens, was announced by the dumbfounded telephone girl, and immediately shown into the inner sanctum. The elegant young magnate rose as Hodge entered the room.

"To what am I indebted for this honor, Mr. Hodge?" Hichens's tone was icy, yet conciliatory.

"I came here on business, Hichens," Hodge paused, took in at a glance the elegant surroundings of the young millionaire, and removed his cigar for better articulation. "No use palaverin' between you and me, Hichens. You've got a bunch of bolshevists here in Harmony an' you're handlin' 'em in a way to make 'em dangerous." Hodge lifted his hand, shutting off the words that Hichens was about to utter. "You can call me impertinent if you like—you may say that you've got a right to do this. Perhaps you have, technically, but you ain't any moral right 'cause these fellers are apt to corrupt the community they live in an' other communities besides."

"I'm particularly worried about Rosedale," Hichens sneered.

"Of course you are," said Hodge. "So am I

worried about Rosedale. That's why I come to Harmony."

"And what makes you think I have bolshevists here, Mr. Hodge?"

"The fact that you sold the *Star* to this fellow Tode that we drove out of Rosedale. He's one of 'em, lock, stock, an' barrel."

Hichens laughed. "Just because he bought a newspaper?"

Hodge swung on Hichens. "Why you must be blind, young feller. You don't know what's goin' on in this town even as well as I do. I haven't butten in 'cause I hoped you'd wake up and get onto this fellow Tode's curves and fire him and his gang with him. Your selling the *Star* was the last straw. Nobody ever dreamed you'd do such a thing. Don't you know you've put weapons into their hands to fight you with?"

"Don't get hysterical, Mr. Hodge," said Hichens, indulgently. "Casparillo J. Tode's only a liberty lover, a freed m-of-speech man, a friend-of-labor sort of a fellow."

"Friend of labor! He's the biggest enemy they ever had! Why did he want to get the *Star*? Not to make money with. It never paid. Everybody knows that. Why have these liberty lovers been seeping into Harmony? As fast as they found Rosedale too impolite, they came right over here. You know that."

"I knew you'd been bullying them, Mr. Hodge."

"Call it what you like. I've got another name for it. They left Rosedale. That's the main thing."

"Oh, indeed."

Hodge ignored the sneer. "Why do they go right to Casparillo J. Tode when they want a job here instead of coming to you? They do, don't they?"

Hichens smiled sweetly. "Because Tode speaks their language."

Hodge swung on him. "You bet he does. And what is that language? It's the low-down language of the bolshevists."

Hichens became lofty. "Really, Mr. Hodge, that's no affair of yours—is it, now?"

"It's a very important affair of yours, Hichens."

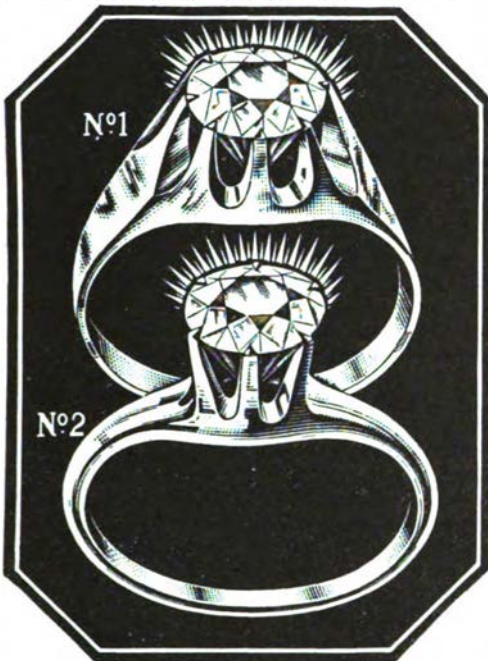
"Then I hope I may be allowed to attend to it."

"You would if it only concerned you. But your barn happens to be next door to my barn, and if it catches fire I'm not going to fold my hands and stand by just because you say, 'Permit me, I'll attend to this.' You're blind, Hichens." Hodge puffed his cigar vigorously, then fixing the elegant young man with his great forefinger said: "Hichens, why did you put the soldier boys out of Harmony when they came here for jobs? Why did you let Tode do it?"

The question threw Hichens from his equipoise, put him on the defensive. "My works were full up with men," he began.

"What men?" Hodge cut in. "Tode's friends, his adherents, his followers, men that wear his collar and do his bidding." He paused, shifted his cigar, then: "Even if you were full up, you might have put more men on. McCumber did, and so did McCandles and Raymond and Hill and Johnson and all of 'em over

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in Rosedale—put on a heap more men than they had any immediate use for. They didn't discharge one of their old men to give these soldiers work, either. Those fellers have always sat in big games. They're wise. They saw the handwritin' on the wall. They put their hands down in their pockets and stood the loss. And they're piling up materials in their storehouses an' their yards till you can't see the heavens for the stacks of 'em. They've given our soldier boys work—which they'd a' done anyhow—an' they've helped keep bolshevism out of Rosedale. Why couldn't you have done like them, Hichens? You've got plenty of money. But, no! While they've been fightin' like hell to crush this viper, you've been doin' all you can to nourish it. Great Scott, man, if you ain't got any patriotism, where's your business sense? Say, Hichens, every soldier boy that came to Rosedale from Harmony gave you a bad reputation. Every red-blooded American resents the way you treated 'em. But you ain't to blame. It's this feller Tode that's got you hypnotized. You mark my words, he'll use it against you. And it's an ace card in the hands of a low-down ingrate like him. It ain't you I'm worried about, Hichens, but they take a single case, like that, the way you treated the soldier boys, make it typical of all business men in this country, an' breed discontent. That's the result of your damned irresponsible conduct, young feller."

Hichens stood up, white with rage. "Don't you practice your bullying methods over here, Mr. Hodge."

"I'll practice my bullyin' methods, or any other methods, where Uncle Sam needs 'em—an' he needs 'em right here!"

Hichens was calm again. "Mr. Hodge, I'm no stranger to you or to Rosedale. You don't come here to help Uncle Sam. You come here because you're sent here by that bunch of men over in Rosedale that have always oppressed the people. You come here to blackguard Tode because he's a friend of the people. You're afraid conditions in Harmony are threatening the interests of your masters. Really Mr. Hodge, the more and more I see of the methods of men like you, the more I'm convinced that there's nobody honest but the people."

Hodge stroked his "Uncle Sam," shifted his weed and his mental gear from the intense to the philosophical. "I guess you're right," he chuckled. "All preachers are hypocrites; all lawyers are shysters; all doctors are quacks; all scientists are fakes; all newspaper men are liars; all merchants are crooks; all grocers an' butchers are profiteers; all plumbers are cheats; all chauffeurs are grafters; all bosses are oppressors; all carpenters and bricklayers and machinists are time stealers; all janitors are drunkards an' bullies; all bankers are usurers; all landlords are extortioners; all husbands are unfaithful; all wives are disloyal; all girls are flirts an' vampires; all young men are tango lizards; all boys are truants, all school teachers are ignoramuses posing as scholars; all servants are impudent huzzies; all babies even soon learn to simulate symptoms of bellyache to get at-

vention. Yes, Hichens," Hodge sighed, "I guess you're right. The only honest ones in this world are the people."

"Being short on arguments, you resort to irony, Mr. Hodge," Hichens observed.

"Resort to irony? Short on argument?" Hodge retorted. "All right. But you go to this Casparillo J. Tode, liberty lover, friend of labor. You put it to him point blank. You tell him you're onto his curves, make him put his cards on the table face up." Hodge waved his forefinger back and forth under Hichens's arched nose. "An' then you read those cards, young feller." He clapped his hat on his head. "Good day," he grunted.

"Good day," Hichens snapped.

CHAPTER IX

IMMEDIATELY after Hodge left Hichens, Casparillo J. Tode called on his editor. Sandowski saw that his employer was laboring under much excitement.

"What's up, my dear Casparillo?"

Sam Hodge has just been here, closeted with Hichens. I couldn't get a line on what they said, but I'm sure his visit concerns us." Tode drew an envelope from his pocket. "This also is important. Things are coming to a head, my good Sandowski. A letter from Malovitch, Listen:

"Organizations are being formed in various cities and towns, not only here in the Northwest but—according to reports from my agents—in the East and South. They call themselves Laughing Committees. Wherever these organizations obtain, bolshevism is being burned out by the fire of ridicule. It simply cannot stand up against it, so look out. The editor of the great Chicago *News-World* characterized this campaign that antidote that's following close on the heels of the plague, bolshevism, that is sweeping the country. But, my dear Tode, it is not only following on the heels of bolshevism, it is catching up with it, getting ahead of it."

"I see," Sandowski commented.

Tode lifted his clenched fists and gave way to vituperation. "Damn this Sam Hodge. He's behind it all. Damn him!" he cried, "I see his face everywhere—jeering at me, sneering at me, grinning at me, threatening me—always the face of Sam Hodge!" Then, calmly, "Why am I afraid of this man, my good Sandowski? I never was afraid of any man before."

"It isn't Sam Hodge you're afraid of, my dear Casparillo, it's the spirit he personifies," Sandowski protested soothingly. "It's the American spirit—energy, marvelous ingenuity of resource, and, worst of all, that wonderful American humor that refuses to take anything or anybody seriously that opposes Uncle Sam. It isn't a man, I tell you, my dear Casparillo, it's a spirit that pervades the whole country. In Syracuse it's a Sam Jones; in Dallas it's a Sam Black; in San Francisco it's a Sam Hicks; in New York it's a Sam Harris; but it's always a Sam something—and it stands for Uncle Sam. Why does Sam Hodge come over here and make us do what we don't want to do, while Sam Hodge sits in Rose-dale? Don't you catch on, my dear Casparillo?"

That's what we're up against. And it behooves you and me to make a killing and get away before this town develops a Sam Hodge of its own. For, sure as death, that's what it'll do when the occasion comes.

"See here," Sandowski picked up the *Rosedale Herald* and pointed to the morning cartoon.

The aforesaid cartoon—captioned, "If He Should Wake Up," represented an enormous elephant, placarded "The American People," lumbering along with closed eyes. The huge beast was being led by a bolshevist-headed monkey, labeled, "Liberty Lover." The diminutive simian wore a pirate hat and a pirate sword and pistols. With an anxious grin, he was regarding his captive over his shoulder and saying: "If I don't hurry up and get my harvest, that sleeping powder I gave him will wear off and he'll wake up and then—gee whiz!"

Tode shrugged his shoulders in a quick, shuddering way.

Sandowski turned quickly. "What's the matter, my dear Casparillo—somebody walking over your grave or are you losing your nerve?"

Tode tapped the cartoon with his forefinger. "It's prophetic, my good Sandowski. It's a warning. Some day that elephant will put his foot on that monkey, and the great, hulking creature will move on, unconscious of the little form that lies squashed out flat in the dirt."

"More prophetic than flattering, my dear Casparillo, but no use to be hysterical," Sandowski commented. "We'll pluck the fruit before the sleepy people of Harmony wake up. And when they do wake up, we won't be here. Eh? my dear Casparillo."

"I was going to hold off a bit, let the sleeping Hichens continue to sleep until I had cinched the nomination for mayor by the People's Party, next week. But Sam Hodge's visit has changed my plans. We must come out into the open at once."

"Certainly, my dear Casparillo. You have nothing to fear. Your great concern was to get hold of the *Star*. You have that cinched. You will have to fire an opening gun some time. Why not declare your policy now, to-day? It will add immensely to your prestige. Your nomination will follow—" Sandowski threw out his hands.

Tode paced the floor for a few moments. "How long will it take you to prepare the editorial, my good Sandowski?"

Sandowski laughed. "No longer than it takes to count a thousand. I shall use form Number One of the bludgeon class."

Tode regarded Sandowski quizzically. "Number One? I'm not familiar with your journalistic lingo."

"Number One, my dear Casparillo, is of the hit-'em-between-the-eyes class. It's a kind of—er—crazy-quilt mixture of anathema and prevarication strung together by a slight thread of truth. Number One shows up, of course, the unparalleled degradation of the rich as against the incomparable virtues of the poor and lowly. It shows how the rich get rich because they are crooked, and how the noble poor stay poor because they refuse to be anything but idealists and mankind-loving patriots of the most

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Correct your constipation from the kitchen cabinet, not the medicine chest.

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It is first, last and always a FOOD—and can in no way be classed as a drug or medicine.

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While passing through the stomach and bowels it will absorb twenty times its weight and five times its bulk in water drawn from the fluids of the stomach. While passing

through the entire intestinal tract in the form of semi-solid gelatinous granules, it gives great aid to sluggish muscles, lubricates the walls of the intestines, increases the peristaltic action and carries the moisture to the lower bowel, thereby softening the stool and furnishing a very easy, thorough cleansing.

Unlike purgatives, cathartics or other artificial means. They have no

tendency to weaken or irritate and the results are soothing and permanent.

As it goes through the body it thoroughly cleans the walls of the intestines and bowels—carrying all the waste matter into the colon for easy elimination.

A dish of CALIFORNIA FIG-NUTS AGAR eaten once or twice a day will relieve the most chronic case of constipation.

By the regular use of this wholesome, nutritious food you are protected from the many ills arising from constipation. It will keep your system clean and sweet. It will sponge out all the poisons—help digestion—and bring health to your body.

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"Its freedom from medicinal preparations appeals to me and to practically all of the patients to whom I recommend its use, as most of them have learned from experience that drugs, while affording them relief in chronic constipation, do not effect a cure, and FIG-NUTS AGAR has accomplished for many of them what diet, exercise and medication has failed to do."

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exalted type. It reveals them as preferring to grovel in filth—which, to them, is the handmaiden of virtue—rather than to live in a palace with a bath tub on every floor. There's nothing new to Number One, my dear Casparillo. It caught the mob a thousand years ago; it caught them yesterday; it catches them to-day—so, why change it? I admit it has been answered and destroyed a thousand times by logical men. But the mob doesn't read what those men say, because it hates the truth. That's why it's the mob." As he spoke, Sandowski took from his desk an envelope, marked "Personal," and therefrom extracted another envelope ironically labeled, "Flamboyant vituperation—to be used on

the mob either by editors or soap-box orators." There was another envelope there marked, "High Brows. Soft pedal stuff for parlor gatherings," but that's another story.

Sandowski carefully went over the first with pencil, filling in the blank spaces to make the editorial comply with the present conditions, and despatched it to the composing room.

And so the *Harmony Evening Star* fired its first gun for bolshevism.

"Sam Hodge, American" will be concluded in **THE NEW SUCCESS** for September, published August 20.

Think It Over!

At least one stenographer in every ten marries her boss.

Women stenographers, at \$35 and \$40 a week, are replacing former high-priced male executives.

It will cost every man, woman, and child in the United States, \$60 to run the government this year.

Thousands are selling poisonous whiskey in this country because it is profitable and *they are not afraid of the consequences.*

Dr. R. S. Copeland, health commissioner of New York City, says there are over 200,000 children in this city suffering from lack of food.

There are 15,000 professional leaders of labor in the United States who are drawing \$60,000,000 a year out of the pockets of union men.

The Canadian Pacific is the only solvent railroad on the North American continent, says the *Wall Street Journal*.

B. C. Forbes states that every fifty-thousand-dollar-a-year man is either already placed or could earn more by going into business on his own account.

"No Smoking" is a new sign in the women's room at the Manhattan end of the Brooklyn Bridge, and the matron says it is necessary.

In Poland, a new law has been passed whereby juvenile criminals will be sentenced to trade schools instead of the penitentiary.

Columbus was told the earth was flat; that the Sun going down at night in a flare of flame, dropped into hell to renew its warmth for the day to come.

An experienced salesman found recently that, after being out 53 days, his expenses totalled \$1,484, due to excessive railroad and hotel rates.

Four girls, between thirteen and fifteen, tried to kill themselves, only one succeeding, because school was too much for them. They were afraid of their examinations.

Three Italian sisters emigrated to the United States together. Two could read; the third who did all the work for the other two while they went to school was sent back to Italy.

A floral wreath subscribed by 281 prisoners whom he had sentenced to jail, was the unusual tribute paid to the memory of Judge Ashley M. Gould, senior Justice of the District of Columbia Supreme Court.

There are 35,000 churches in the United States without pastors. There are only 5000 students in all the theological seminaries of this country, 1450 of whom will be graduated this year.

The people of the United States eat sufficient candy and ice cream every year to build half a dozen super-dreadnaughts—in two years, enough to build another Panama Canal.

Of the 500,000 insane in the United States, the farmer, as a class, outnumbers all others. This is due to hard work, little recreation, monotony, and worry.

The most extravagant woman in Europe recently boasted of having spent \$5,000,000 in three weeks, in Paris. The United States has just contributed \$7,000,000 to feed starving China.

It is estimated that automobiles, last year, carried nearly 5,000,000,000 passengers in the United States,

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or four times as many as were carried by our railroads. The freight haulage by motor trucks was half the haulage by rail.

A loss of more than 35,000,000 in world population has been traced to the World War. Battle deaths were 9,000,000. The other loss was caused by war epidemics, food blockades, starvation and the fall in the normal birth rate.

"No tips allowed. A fixed price of five lire (one dollar) is daily charged every person on the Hotel Register." This pleasant legend printed in three languages in almost every hotel in Italy, where an effort is being made to kill tipping.

The mother fly lays 150 eggs at one time, and deposits six batches in her lifetime of five weeks. In the track of a single fly have been found 116 colonies of germs, and on and in the body of a single fly, 6,600,000 germs.

There are 35,000 divorce suits pending in the courts of Paris, and many are the cases of Americans. But Parisian divorces are recognized in certain States of the United States wherein it is almost impossible to secure a divorce.

A farmer shipped a horse and two cows from Pine Hill, New York, to Hempstead, Long Island, about 150 miles. The railroad agent said the freight would cost \$150. The shipment was made in a motor-truck that cost \$600, and the farmer's freight bill was \$30.

To-day Germany can put a ton of steel in England \$20 cheaper than what it costs Great Britain to make it. Germany is, to-day, selling pneumatic tools to Detroit where formally we made such machinery and shipped it to Germany to be sold there cheaper than she could make it.

The leader of a band of bomb terrorists, in Chicago, confessed, when arrested, that his gang had a regular scale of rates for operating in political feuds and private grievances. Where two sticks of dynamite were used the charge was \$200. If four sticks were used the charges were advanced to \$250; if six sticks, the job cost \$300. For plain slugging \$25 was charged.

The sex motive is being over-emphasized everywhere in our civilization, to-day as never before,—over-emphasized to the point of danger in many of our moving-pictures, which children should never see; over-emphasized in many of our books, which children should never read. It is over-emphasized in woman's dress, often in a most shameful way. It is over-emphasized in daily conversation.

Eleven years ago a man knocked at the cottage door of Mrs. Joseph G. Peddicord, Waukegan, Michigan, and begged food. She invited him in, cooked him a meal, and sent him away with fifty cents. Recently Mrs. Peddicord received a letter informing her that this man, George Foster Paddock, a

millionaire of Watertown, N. Y., had died and left her \$1500 as a "reward for kindness."

The teacher had written "Danger" on the boy's report card, signifying that he might not graduate.

"Your father will have something to say to you," said his angry mother, when she saw the card.

But that father had nothing to say. When he got home the boy was dead. He had taken a pistol from the overcoat of his father, a policeman, and killed himself. Death was not so bad as waiting for that "something" his father would have to say to him. That boy might have made a more useful citizen than many children with "perfect" marks.

If you want to borrow money to build a house, first, you must pay the highest interest rate, then you must pay a commission, then you must pay a lawyer, then a guarantee title company, and also, which is a new financial "wrinkle," you must buy from the money lender something in way of real estate "junk" foolishly bought and not worth much. In any other business this would be called blackmail.

Two years ago, Marie Galpern, then twelve years old, was one of hundreds of thousands of victims of World War adversity. Driven with her family from their native country, Poland, they came to America, the Mecca of liberty. Knowing scarcely a syllable of English, Marie entered the Eugene Field School, Rogers Park, Chicago. Perhaps the hard experiences of her early life made her appreciate more keenly her new advantages, for she absorbed eagerly all possible knowledge. To-day she possesses the medal awarded by the Colonial Dames for the best essay on "Americanism." In two years, she had powerfully and completely attacked the handicaps of speech and knowledge of English, and triumphed over all the pupils of the public schools of Chicago.

All that was needed to arrest the heartbreaking decline in the stock market was vigorous support in some of the specialties that have been the principal targets of bear attack, and skilled leadership to match and offset the elusive tactics of the buccaneers, writes S. S. Fontaine in the *New York World*. These pirates have not only been pillaging the public's property, but have sought by the vicious distortion of certain unpleasant facts and the circulation of canards as malicious as they were false to disturb the public mind. These falsehoods tend to impair faith in the recuperative forces at work for weeks that have actually made remarkable progress. Nothing that is infamous has been neglected in this campaign for destruction. Reputations have been assailed, the financial standing of men and institutions has been put under public suspicion, and the credit of corporations has been constantly and wantonly attacked.

If you know how to spend less than you get you have the philosopher's stone.—*Poor Richard Almanack*.

FEAR

A DISCOVERY WHICH HAS BEEN A GREAT REVOLUTIONARY FACTOR IN THE SUCCESSFUL TREATMENT OF MENTAL AND PHYSICAL DISORDERS.

Certain strong emotional thoughts, such as FEAR, ANGER, JEALOUSY, DEEP SORROW, HATRED, etc., create a REAL poison in one's body and depress both mind and body tremendously. This is backed by our Government experts, who have themselves made tests and experiments.

Similar methods to those which I employ, and have employed for the past fifteen years, were used as much as the limited number of qualified practitioners would permit of, by the governments of England, France and the United States during our recent war in treating many types of disorder.

If your trouble has not responded to the usual treatment and has been looked upon as a "hidden" or "obscure" ailment, let me assist you in diagnosing your case through the means of Psycho-Analysis.

You can learn a lot about self and my methods by mailing me TWENTY-FOUR cents in stamps for my booklet, LEAVITT-SCIENCE. I will mail the booklet and a case sheet for you to fill out, which, when returned to me, will entitle you to a FREE diagnosis of your case. I WANT TO HELP YOU.

**C. FRANKLIN LEAVITT, M. D., Suite 738, 14 W. Washington St.,
CHICAGO ILLINOIS**



Doctor Tells How to Strengthen Eyesight 50 Per Cent in One Week's Time in Many Instances

**Free Prescription You Can Have Filled and
Use at Home**

Philadelphia, Pa. Do you wear glasses? Are you a victim of eyestrain or other eye weaknesses? If so, you will be glad to know that according to Dr. Lewis there is real hope for you. Many whose eyes were failing say they have had their eyes restored through the principle of this wonderful free prescription. One man says, after trying it: "I was almost blind; could not see to read at all. Now I can read everything without any glasses and my eyes do not water any more. At night they would pain dreadfully; now they feel fine all the time. It was like a miracle to me." A lady who used it says: "The atmosphere seemed hazy with or without glasses, but after using this prescription for fifteen days everything seems clear. I can even read fine print without glasses." It is believed that thousands who wear glasses can now discard them in a reasonable time and multitudes more will be able to strengthen their eyes so as to be spared the trouble and expense of ever getting glasses. Eye troubles of many descriptions may be wonderfully benefited by following the simple rules. Here is the prescription: Go to any active drug store and get a bottle of Bon-Opto tablets. Drop one Bon-Opto tablet in a fourth of a glass of water and allow to dissolve. With this liquid bathe the eyes two or four times daily. You should notice your eyes clear up perceptibly right

from the start and inflammation will quickly disappear. If your eyes are bothering you, even a little, take steps to save them now before it is too late. Many hopelessly blind might have been saved if they had cared for their eyes in time.



can be obtained from any good druggist and is one of the very few preparations I feel should be kept on hand for regular use in almost every family." It is sold everywhere by all good druggists.

NOTE: Another prominent physician to whom the above article was submitted said: "Bon-Opto is a very remarkable remedy. Its constituent ingredients are well known to eminent eye specialists and widely prescribed by them. The manufacturers guarantee it to strengthen eyesight 50 per cent in one week's time in many instances or refund the money. It is one of the very

"STAMMERING Its Cause and Cure"

You can be quickly cured if you stammer. Send 10 cents, coin or stamps, for 288 page cloth bound book on Stammering and Stuttering. It tells how I cured myself after Stammering and Stuttering for 20 years. **BENJAMIN N. BOGUE**
2028 Bogue Building, 1147 N. 11th St. Indianapolis

WHY THE MILK CURE?

"Health four weeks away"

Ask **The Moore Sanitarium**
Office 908 Selling Building
PORTLAND, OREGON

A Stenographer to See You, Mr. Business Man!

(Continued from page 22)

edging on the other end of that guest towel? I know stenographers who are afraid to be caught doing anything but office work. Hence, if they are "writing a letter home," they "drag" it hastily from the machine at the boss's approach. I know one stenographer who tells me she would like to study in her spare moments but hesitates to do so. So she fusses around pretending to be busy.

16.—Your stenographer is paid to wait on you and it is a good plan to let her do it when, by so doing, you actually save time. But don't get "chair bound." And don't be afraid to use the telephone all by yourself occasionally.

A pleasant young man in our office often strolls languidly to my desk and asks me to do a little phoning for him. While I interrupt a piece of rush work and turn to the telephone, he stands around listening and waiting until I finish. Thus we both lose time. Another man I know, rings for his stenographer—who is located at a desk a considerable distance from his office—in order to ask her to call up a certain person to whom he wishes to talk. If he saves any time by this bit of circumlocution, I doubt if he is able to employ it to any advantage.

17.—Don't imagine that your stenographer is in love with you—though this does happen frequently in fiction. At the same time, don't fail to distinguish her from inanimate office-fixtures. Your courtesy and consideration never pass unnoticed, and are not always unrewarded.

18.—Don't forget that there are thousands of "office girls" who are practically running their offices, taking full responsibility for innumerable details which never trouble the executive. The marvel, after all, is not that some of them are stupid and indolent; the marvel is that so many capable girls can be hired so cheaply.

19.—Please don't get the idea that this is a plea for the downtrodden stenographer *versus* the domineering employer. Stenographers are not downtrodden, and the domineering employer is rapidly becoming extinct. In the first place, the average man has no desire to domineer over anybody. In the second place, he couldn't get away with it if he tried.

Men who employ stenographers are, in the main, very considerate and tolerant and easily pleased. Probably no man living makes all the mistakes I have mentioned. As a matter of fact, there is a man in our office, who would easily pass 100 per cent on every count. Nevertheless, the various caps were designed to fit different individuals with whom we stenographers come in contact; and if one of them chances to fit you, sir, with the good-humored grin, I am confident that you will accept it gracefully and wear it jauntily until such time as you outgrow it.

THAT'S all, gentlemen. Please mimeograph your notes and distribute them among your friends.

What Did I Fear? Darned if I Know!

(Continued from page 37)

heart. Sometimes the point of contact is his business; but, more often, it is something closely related to his recreation—a hobby perhaps. Quite often your ground of common interest is in some author you have both read. Every live man is intensely interested in some object that is vital to his success or happiness. Find it and you hold the master key to his graces. It may be fishing, antiques, or the Volstead Act.

The self-conscious person always underestimates himself and over-estimates the rest of us. He is a student of life, keen and analytic but with an exaggerated sense of human values. His analysis is usu-

ally directed in, instead of out. Hence his self-consciousness. He is nearly always a person worth knowing; his retiring nature has led him to the study of good literature and thusly he enriches his mind with the wisdom of the ages. He is a man of quality—is the bashful man—keenly sensible to the rights of others. Ponder that fact, you shrinking violets! Others may get more from contact with you than you can from them. If they just know how. You are superior in many essential ways. And get this one, brother: *Positively there is nothing in this old world worth worrying about!*

Dreaming never hurts anybody if he keeps working right behind the dream to make as much of it come real as he can.—*Maxims of F. W. Woolworth.*

Everybody believes in the man who persists.

No fabled fall of Adam can chain you to the sod. You are the child of glory, the messenger of God;

How Acorns of Ideas Became Oaks of Prosperity

(Continued from page 46)

and well kept, but painfully devoid of furniture. There were only two rooms, a bedroom and a combined kitchen, dining room, and living room. After seating himself in the latter he amused himself playing with the children for a while, and then, as a matter of habit, began to talk insurance.

"Been here long?" he asked the farmer.

"Four year," was the stolid reply.

"Own the place?"

The Swede nodded.

"Got a pretty big family."

"Ay tank so."

"Any provision made for the support of your family if you—er,—should be called away?"

"Ay no go way," responded the Swede, placidly.

"I mean if you should die. Such a thing might happen, you know. Now, see here, my friend, my business is to enable men like you to leave a comfortable sum of money behind them when they are gone. I am an agent of an insurance company. You know what insurance means. You pay a few dollars while you are alive and your family gets a great deal more when you are dead. Ever hear of the Prudential Life Insurance Company?"

The farmer shook his head. He did not seem interested, but the agent rattled on, bringing forth one argument after another, and finally, in the line of his routine work, he drew from his pocket a reduced facsimile of a famous advertising sheet of the company, showing the Rock of Gibraltar with several steamers passing it. The Swede's stolid face lighted up. He leaned forward and exclaimed:—

"Ay seen that. I bane to town and seen that. And my boy, he bane to town, too. He have that picter."

He said something in Swedish to a tousle-headed youth, and presently a much-thumbed poster was produced. Its frayed and jagged edges showed that it had fallen from some fence, but the rock was there, with the famous catch-line, "The Prudential Has the Strength of Gibraltar," printed upon its front. To the agent, who knew his business, it was like a seed unexpectedly planted in a desert, and he made good the traditions of his calling.

The value of that oriflamb, as it might be called, to the Prudential Company, is incalculable. It forms the principal feature of the enormous amount of advertising by the company, and it appears monthly—to quote an assertion of the company,—before more than fifty million people, through the medium of three hundred and sixty-eight publications. The use of the word "Gibraltar" as a synonym of the strength and prominence of the company came from a suggestion made by one of its agents. Its value was instantly recognized by President Dryden, and it was first used in an advertisement appearing in *Public Opinion* in August, 1896. In 1895, the year in which the Prudential began its campaign of advertising, its assets were \$15,780,154. In 1903, or after

The Most Remarkable Cures Known to Man

have been produced without the use of drugs in any form. Don't continue wasting money for pills, powders and potions. Stop trying to live, or to make a living in violation of natural laws. Send for any one of the following health education Courses and learn how to feel well and vigorous at all times. Money back if you are dissatisfied.

Curing Diseases of Heart and Arteries The Alsaker Way. It is generally believed that arteriosclerosis, high blood-pressure, apoplexy, and chronic heart disease cannot be cured. This is far from the truth. **The Alsaker Way** explains how those who suffer from these diseases can be made safe, and how many of them can make complete recovery even after they have been given up as incurable.

Price, \$3.00

Getting Rid of Rheumatism The Alsaker Way. You need not take drugs nor waters, nor have your teeth extracted to cure Rheumatism. Learn from Dr. Alsaker the true cause of Rheumatism, and then follow his instructions for the correct use of the foods you like, and you will get rid of your rheumatic pains and aches.

Price, \$3.00

Dieting Diabetes and Bright's Disease The Alsaker Way. Dr. Alsaker explains the many causes of Diabetes and Bright's Disease, and tells how, when, and what to eat to regain health. He shows how a cure may be effected if a cure is possible, and how to prolong the life of those who cannot regain full health.

Price, \$3.00

Curing Constipation and Appendicitis The Alsaker Way. Medicines will not cure Constipation and Appendicitis are due to the wrong use of foods. Indigestion is generally the first stage, then Constipation, then Appendicitis. **The Alsaker Way** explains the cause and gives you a cure. Learn from it what to eat to prevent Indigestion, overcome Constipation and prevent Appendicitis.

Price, \$3.00

Conquering Consumption The Alsaker Way. Dr. Alsaker explains the true cause of the disease, and how to overcome it in its early stages—without drugs, serums, or sanitariums. A complete, satisfactory, and successful treatment is given. Sufferers have paid thousands of dollars for less valuable advice.

Price, \$3.00

How to Cure Headaches The Alsaker Way. A headache is an indication that something is wrong somewhere. There must be a cause, and that cause must be found and removed before permanent relief can be got. **The Alsaker Way** explains how to find the true cause, and how to prevent and cure headaches of all kinds.

Price, \$3.00

Publisher's Guarantee

An investment in any one or all of the above-named courses in health education will pay daily dividends in health and happiness as long as you live. Give **The Alsaker Way** an honest trial for 30 days. The plan is pleasant and practical to follow and you are sure to be satisfied with results. You take no chances in sending your money to-day, because if you are not satisfied after a 30 day trial you may return the course you order and your money will be refunded. So send your order to-day.

THE LOWREY-MARDEN CORP'N.,
Dept. 710, 1133 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

eight years of advertising, its assets were \$88,762,305, almost five times as much. In 1895, its insurance in force amounted to \$303,130,155.

For the third time it may be pertinent to give a recipe:—

*Take, of an attractive and significant trademark, four parts;
Good American business method, and a superior article. four parts;
Persistent advertising, eight parts;
Mix, and make several fortunes.*

IT is rather a good thing, in these modern days of iconoclastic proclivities, for one to feel that he has not yet lost interest in the old-fashioned stories of business success. We still read with absorbing interest of Dick Whittington's little journey to London, and of how Abraham Lincoln, our "Abe," crouched before the flickering light of the home log fire and laid the foundation of the education that was to broaden his mind and raise him to the seat representing the highest gift of his fellow men. We like to tell these stories to our boys. They are very fascinating links in the national chain of progress; and, after all is said and done, the little stories of success—of prosperity carved roughhewn from the adversities of lowliness and poverty,—form not the least interesting pages in our country's history.

What is fiction compared with the simple story of a country youth of eighteen who, with ten dollars in pennies saved by stern privation, journeys to the great metropolis of New York,—working his way on a cattle train, mind you,—and there lays the foundation of a business that has made him a millionaire? This did not occur in the early thirties, but no longer ago than the year 1879. The business was that of manufacturing little novelties in a small room on Fulton Street, chiefly rubber-type outfits and rubber stamps which the ambitious proprietor had invented before leaving his home in Michigan. The little business grew steadily, under his careful handling, until it had acquired, by 1887, eight years later, a

manufacturing volume of more than five hundred thousand dollars annually.

One day the boy, now grown to man's estate, chanced to visit the shop of a clock dealer not far from his own store. On one of the shelves covered with dust and surrounded by a hundred other discarded odds and ends, he espied a curious old timepiece, a sort of cross between a clock and a watch. It was not especially attractive, but it looked as if it could be manufactured at a low figure in quantities, and, if reduced somewhat in size, could be carried in the pocket. There was a vague idea tucked away in the young inventor's brain, and he bought the old timepiece then and there. At odd times he studied its dingy brass case, and made mental calculations with the unwieldy clock as a basis. The studying and the calculations continued until the year 1892, when suddenly the country became aware of the advent of a new and extremely novel timepiece,—the Ingersoll dollar watch. The commercial possibilities of such a remarkably cheap watch were questioned by all the wisacres in the business, but Robert H. Ingersoll had not taken the step blindly. During the time intervening between the accidental discovery of the old brass clock and the launching of his dollar watch he had devised improvements and perfected and patented machinery for manufacturing the watches at a minimum cost, and so skillfully did he estimate his margin of profit that to-day the firm of Robert H. Ingersoll and Brother has an immense capital and an output of over ten thousand watches every working day of the year.

The share of this prosperity due to advertising deserves a separate paragraph. It is undoubted that Mr. Ingersoll was one of the first business men to recognize the value of publicity in extending trade. Always original, he reasoned that a direct appeal to the public through printers' ink would create a demand for his wares which the dealers could not ignore. Consequently he was one of the pioneer advertisers to conduct a campaign on a national scale, and the firm ranks, to-day, as one of the largest patrons of advertising in the world.

The Doubting Thomas

(Continued from page 79)

possible—that it couldn't or shouldn't be done—I'd have discarded the idea. But since you think it may be possible, and you only doubt it, I'm going to put it over! No man ever got anywhere by doubting anything, because he can't prove that he is right and he doesn't demonstrate that the other fellow is wrong. Somebody said that in the bright lexicon of youth there's no such word as fail. That must be the lexicon in which someone cut out the word doubt. Do that, Thomas, and you can't fail—for confidence makes for dominance, and dominance makes for success."

Douty left the room a little humiliated, but considerably better for the interview. He seemed to have a new grip on himself—a new faith in his own ability—a new ambition to try out his own plans.

But he soon became skeptical once more. Brown was younger; yes, even more clever. Brown's very method of making snap decisions was abhorrent to Douty, and the employee reasoned, the boss might learn this time that thinking matters over a little would save him from disaster and loss.

But the incident had had its effect—as well as his talk with young Billy Drew the night before. And this time Douty did his thinking in a compartment of his brain that was closed to Doubt. It was the brain cell where the germ of ambition is confined. But on the way home, on the 5:43, settled in his seat, he turned to the financial page of a paper and began to look over the column, "Business Failures." This had been his daily habit for years. There was nothing humorous in this situation to Douty. He

did not apply the sub-conscious action to his own situation, but merely read the printed paragraphs with growing apprehension.

"What Brown said was well enough," Douty told himself, "but pride cometh before a fall, and others who have had such reasoning, blind faith in themselves, have gone to the wall before this. Yes, it would be better to go slowly, to wait until he had a larger nest egg in the bank—until the general situation looks more propitious."

Once again he was at the dinner table with his wife and pretty, smiling Martha.

He was strangely silent for some reason, but he was keenly aware of the conversation between his wife and his daughter. Martha was elaborating on what Billy Drew had told to her father the previous evening. Her young eyes sparkled with admiration as she told of Billy's plans and his determination. And Douty was conscious of the openly expressed approval this recital drew from his wife's features.

"And, daddy," Martha said at length, "there's something I want to ask of you and mother—something I'm afraid you may not approve of—at first—but which I want very, very much."

"You're far too young to think of such things," Douty said instantly, thinking of what Billy had said to him the night before.

"Of what things?" asked Mrs. Douty, arching her eyebrows, and looking with a puzzled expression from her husband to her daughter.

"Marriage!" exclaimed Douty. "Puppy love—tommyrot!"

Mrs. Douty looked astonished, but Martha burst into a peal of girlish laughter.

"Of course daddy's only joking. I wasn't thinking of such a thing. What I did mean is that I want to become an artist. Miss Purcell in the high school, says I have talent—rare possibilities, if I will work and develop them. I'm going to do it and I'm going to succeed—if you'll let me. Will you?" And she looked from one to the other with an expression of eager, earnest appeal.

Douty frowned and his wife's expression saddened. "It would be very wonderful if you could develop your talent," she said to Martha. "But we are not wealthy as you know, my dear, and art schools are expensive."

"Oh, I've thought of that," Martha said. "I've talked it all over with Billy Drew. He's going to work his way through college. I can do the same at art school."

"Preposterous!" objected Douty, with the first imperative gesture his wife had observed in ages. And Jane Douty could not resist the opportunity to score against her husband.

"Why preposterous?" she asked, pleasantly. "I doubt it."

Her husband, flushing at her inflection, and on the verge of an angry retort, held his peace, and they finished the meal in silence.

Part II. of "The Doubting Thomas"
will appear in
THE NEW SUCCESS for September

QUICK HAIR GROWTH! Box Free To You!



Would You Like Such a Result as This?



Do you want, free, a trial box of Keskott, that has proved successful in so many cases? If so, you need only to answer this adv. by postcard or letter, asking for FREE BOX. This famous preparation is for dandruff, thinning hair and several forms of **BALDNESS**. In many cases, **FREE** a new hair growth has been reported when all else had failed. So why not see for yourself? Keskott is used by men and women; it is perfectly harmless and often starts hair growth in a few days. Address:

Keskott Laboratory, East 32d St., KA-428, New York, N. Y.

TOBACCO Or SNUFF HABIT Overcome or NO PAY!

No matter whether used in pipe, cigarettes, cigars, chewed, or used in the form of snuff. Superba Tobacco Remedy contains nothing injurious, no dope, poisons or habit-forming drugs. Guaranteed. Sent on trial. If successful, costs you one dollar. If it fails, or if you are not perfectly satisfied, costs you nothing.

Write for full remedy today
SUPERBA CO., M-36 BALTIMORE, MD.

Banish Constipation! Headaches—No Drugs!

Do it yourself without drugs, electricity or appliances of any kind.

By a simple method of nerve pressure easily learned and applied—a child can do it—you can absolutely rid yourself of CONSTIPATION, HEADACHES, RHEUMATISM, ASTHMA and other ills as thousands of others have done.

For the price of a trip to the doctor you can obtain this wonderful system and this knowledge is yours for a lifetime—no further expense—and FREEDOM FROM THESE ILLS—think of that.

Write for further information. **Money-back Guarantee**—you risk nothing but your time. You owe it to yourself to take advantage of this offer.

ZONE THERAPY COMPANY

Dept. 26, Los Angeles, California

Healing Power of RADIUM

and Degnen's Radio-Active Solar Pad—full information free on request. Proven wonderfully successful in Constipation, Rheumatism, High Blood Pressure, Stomach, Heart, Liver, Kidneys. No matter what your ailment we will be pleased to have you try this Radio-Active treatment at our risk.

RADIUM APPLIANCE CO.

635 Bradbury Bldg.

Los Angeles, Cal.

The Triumph of Katherine O'Day

(Continued from page 91)

grit would be a fundamental factor in attaining a successful career. She felt that she owed it to her mother, and father—and to Dennis.

The letter arrived two weeks after the accident. It took that time for Mrs. O'Day to summon sufficient courage to write Katherine that Dennis was the victim of an automobile accident.

When the will of Dennis Fargo was read, no provision had been made for Katherine to continue her studies. Mrs. O'Day wrote. "So worried am I about my little girl, planning the whole day long, and not a way in the world can I find to solve the problem, so I'm leaving it to you and to Heaven."

Katherine remembered her mother's unselfishness, and, with heartfelt anguish, spoke her thoughts aloud. "Mother, darlin', you surely are the most wonderful mother in all this world; and—if I can't be an operatic or concert singer—I'll be a music-hall singer. And—if I can help it—you'll never know."

A FEW days later, when she became more calm and better able to control her feelings, she sent a letter to her mother; and with the unmistakable evidence of tear-filled eyes, she started for Signior Campanelli's.

"Come here, child," he said kindly as soon as he realized Katherine's presence. "What has brought you here so early in the morning?"

"Signior, something unexpected—something unusual has happened. I have come to tell you of it. Perhaps you can advise me what to do," she said softly.

Capanelli was a handsome Italian of thirty-seven. He had riches and many friends. He loved Katherine with unusual fondness. She filled his idea of beauty. It seemed to him that, in this atmosphere of love and music, she had blossomed into a full-grown rose.

Somewhat surprised at this unexpected visit and the paleness and nervousness displayed by Katherine, he wondered if Providence played so readily into his hands? It seemed as if the moment had arrived for his hope to be fulfilled.

"Make yourself comfortable, then you can tell me this great trouble of yours," he said.

"Yes, it is a very great trouble. I could think of nothing else for the past few days. I am unable to solve the problem."

"I will help you to solve it." He leaned tenderly toward her. "I am very eager to help."

Her eyes sparkled with gratitude as she replied, "I'm so thankful for your solicitude, Signior, for I'm sorely perplexed. I never told you of a friend—something in the expression of his eye made her hesitate. After a dreary pause, Katherine broke the suspense. "I mean a friend of my family—who paid for my education. My father met with an accident when I was a little girl. He became paralyzed—and my mother went out to work, while I managed the little home."

Turning aside her head to conceal her emotion, she

added, "A neighbor—a very good neighbor—who expressed great sympathy in our bereavement, agreed to send me to school, giving my mother an allowance to remain at home with father. Everything went along smoothly until a few days ago—when I received a letter telling me Dennis Fargo, my good friend, was killed—leaving no arrangements for me to continue my studies or any help for the folks at home."

The Signior in a more impassioned tone, and as if by a sudden and irresistible impulse said, "I will make you one of the greatest artists the world ever knew—that is—if you will concede—to my wishes."

Katherine, stunned and speechless was staring into space. She felt as if her heart would break and, strangely enough, was in no position to say what was uppermost in her mind.

Signior Capanelli broke the silence. Taking her limp hands in his, he said, very tenderly, "Go home, Katherine. Think it all over. And should you decide in my favor, come back to me." In a steadier tone he pursued, "You may continue with your studies. Besides, you can give all the beautiful things in life to your mother."

KATHERINE did think, taking every little detail into consideration. Instead of calling him a brute, a beast, and hurling herself into a fury, she did just the reverse. Very calmly she said, "Signior Capanelli, I think I understand life better than I did before I came to Italy. We can't always go on accepting things—without giving something in return. Give and take, is a very good motto. Of course, sometimes we give the thing we cherish most for what we take—the thing, perhaps, we prize the most—but I suppose it is the way of life. Those secure the bargains who have the money with which to buy."

Signior Capanelli was puzzled. "Can one have seen you once—and not desire to possess you!"

Misery was depicted on her face. With fixed expression she answered, "I'll think it over, Signior. Should I decide in your favor—I'll return." Her eyes lost their rigidity as she looked him square in the face. "Should I find another way—a straighter road—with just a few pebbles strewn in my path—I'll follow the signs. Should I become too weary—I'll return to you; for, if I fail, I only lose a little time."

There was something about her angelic sweetness that reached the heart of the artist. He touched her lightly on the arm. "You are a great inspiration!" His eyes filled with adoration. He added, "You—you are like the exquisite fragrance of some sun-kissed flower. With your indomitable courage, I trust you will overcome all the difficulties and obstacles that may cross your path."

They sat perfectly still for a few minutes, neither caring to break the silence. Suddenly Capanelli arose and said excitedly, "You are choosing poverty—obscurity and humiliation in preference to me!" Leaning tenderly over her, he infused into his words all the

vivid coloring he could command. "I am an artist—and—I think of you in many ways. I shall ever be waiting for—my wonderful Irish rose!"

"Good-by, Signior," she faltered, putting her hands in his. "I hope Heaven will show me the way."

SIGNIOR CAPANELLI waited until he heard the bolt grind in the lock of the gate. Then he stood up and muttered aloud, making all kinds of gestures. "Salvato! What a beast—what a brute am I?" He wiped the perspiration from his forehead. He thought he might have asked Katherine to marry him, but regarded that a greater injury than the hurt already perpetrated. He was far too old for so young a girl. He thought marriage an uncertain thing at best. Still he entertained a sportsmanlike respect for the girl, and hoped that she'd fight it through.

Katherine returned to her rooms, hastily wrote her mother, enclosed as much money as she could afford, explaining that she expected to secure an engagement within a week, doing concert work in London, and would try to get over to visit them—but not to worry at any cost. It was unfortunate that Dennis had met so untimely a death. Then, in a voice of anguish, she cried, "Why should I be so very much exalted above my friends?"

She pondered until her head seemed ready to burst. After all, she thought, there was nothing but destiny to blame. This held forth little consolation in the midst of her misfortunes. She left Italy, feeling all of her twenty years.

V

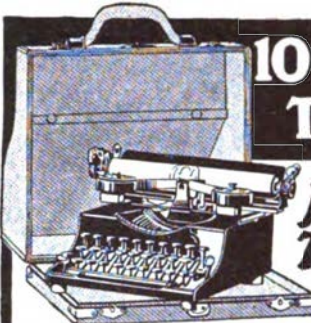
WHEN she arrived in London, she assumed a stage name—Fern Parlemo. Her voice and good looks quickly found her an engagement at a popular music-hall.

Jenkins, the manager, after hearing her sing, offered her ten pounds a week, but agreed to double this sum if she pleased his audiences. Katherine readily accepted his offer, as she had but a few shillings left. Jenkins advanced her sufficient money for a stage dress.

It was her first performance. She seemed a vision from the clouds. One could see from the simplicity of her gown, and the undecorated straightness of her head dress, the beauty within. Her marvelous voice rang out triumphantly. She sang without a spark of fear. Her listeners realized greater things for her.

Jenkins was beside himself with joy. He had found a jewel. Night after night, the same faces could be seen, waiting for Fern Parlemo to appear. Now and then there were those instinctive revoltings impossible to control; but, after all, she meditated, this circumstance provided her with a reassurance, vindicating her faith in life, demonstrating that her subconscious self was obedient to His will.

Jenkins raised Fern Parlemo's salary. He soon offered to triple it, provided she would sign a contract for a year. Thanking him, she explained that her plans were uncertain, that she could make no positive arrangements, but would stay on indefinitely. She sent ten pounds every week to her folks at home.



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You Can, But Will You?

A New Book

By Dr. Marden

A NY new book from the pen of Dr. Orison Swett Marden scarcely seems to demand more than an announcement of title to be assured of a wide following. And each succeeding book hits the nail squarely on the head with the precision of a hammer blow.

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The chapter headings themselves are sufficient to convince any reader that this new volume contains much food for thought. There are seventeen chapters, 348 pages in the book. The chapter headings follow:

"The Magic Mirror," "The New Philosophy of Life," "Connection with the Power that Creates," "The New Idea of God," "You Can, But Will You?" "Have You the Alley Cat Consciousness?" "How Do You Stand with Yourself?" "The New Philosophy in Business," "What Are You Thinking Into the Little Cell Minds of Your Body?" "Facing Life the Right Way," "Have You an Efficient Brain?" "Camouflaging Our Troubles," "Winning Out in Middle Life," "How to Realize Your Ambition," "The Web of Fate," "The Open Door," and "Do You Carry Victory in Your Face?"

YOU CAN, BUT WILL YOU? can be secured in connection with a year's subscription to THE NEW SUCCESS, Marden's Magazine, for only \$3.50 (in foreign countries, \$4.50). You will want Dr. Marden's Magazine in connection with his book if you are not already a subscriber, and if you are a subscriber you may wish to give the magazine as a present to some friend. The book alone sells for \$2.00, postpaid.

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IT was three months since her first appearance at the music hall, and she had not paid the promised visit home. She could not face her mother with a lie on her lips. While time was advancing, it was carving deep ravages on the heart of Katherine. She had borne up, for some time against the sudden blow that had shattered her young hopes, and separated her by an awful chasm from her great and ardent ambition to be an operatic star; but as week after week, month after month, rolled on, and she still sang in the limited environment of the music hall; and, as the horrible suspense hung over her, gradually her courage began to fail and her heart to sink.

Several months of suspense affected her general appearance. Her color, delicate as the hue of a young rose, faded to marble whiteness. Deep hollows appeared beneath her eyes.

She hoped to save sufficient money to continue with her studies. Thus stimulated, she faced the situation, obscuring the lower element of the music hall with a faith for things that were divinely beautiful. The music-hall crowds were as impersonal to her as the furnishings of the place. The hundreds of hard, admiring eyes meant nothing in her life. All these preliminary arrangements and inconveniences meant greater things for the future; so, at times, a little more hopeful, she would exclaim aloud in the quietude of her room, "Nothing shall stop me but my own fear and weakness—and they shan't do it!" So with a resolution sterner than ever, she started for the evening performance.

ONE night, eight months after her first appearance at the music hall, she was accosted by Jenkins, who said, "A gentleman—an artist—begs to have a few words with you." Jenkins was very nervous and waited within hearing distance for fear the visitor had another offer, perhaps a more attractive one, for Katherine.

Turning to meet the artist, Katherine found herself face to face with Signior Capanelli. Suddenly she lost all interest in herself, so overjoyed was she to see him. A first glance had failed to reveal her identity to the Signior, for he had said:

"Mademoiselle Parlema, I wish to compliment you upon your very beautiful voice. It is a great pity—" Suddenly recognizing Katherine, he cried in a loud excited tone of voice, "You—my beautiful little Katherine—whom I thought I had lost forever!"

"Yes, it is I," she replied in a melancholy tone of voice, "My dreams have been somewhat shattered, but—I have only found a few pebbles in my path."

"I have never known a moment's happiness since I let you go away. When you left, I lost a beautiful treasure, of great value to me. All the day long, I searched for you." Signior Capanelli was deeply affected. "If you will come back—on my word as a cavalier—I will make reparation for the miserable insult I dared to offer to you. I will be your brother, Katherine! You shall be to me as a sister." She took the hand he offered and he pressed it tenderly. "You will study and I shall be ever anxious for your success, remaining always in the background. Should you

have a successful career—you may pay me back if you so wish."

As soon as he had recovered from the shock, which was keener, perhaps, than his heart had ever experienced before, he asked, anxiously, "Now—what shall it be?"

"Somehow, Signior, I do trust you." It seemed as if Katherine, smitten to her innermost heart by the generosity with which Capanelli had made that offer, perceived, now and for the first time, her love for him. "Why, Signior," she faltered, "I shall be glad—to accept your offer."

It was the first in many nights that Katherine laughed and cried in delight. She had been dreaming, she thought, and had awakened suddenly. "No—no! I'll not dream any more! I'll wait until it all comes true."

She passed the night in thinking of him. She called him her shepherd. At length, sleep closed her eyes and she did not awaken until late in the next morning.

VI

SEVERAL months later, Katherine was practising with considerable spirit in a quaint and picturesque studio close to that of Signior Capanelli. A tap at the door brought her to a sudden stop. Capanelli was standing in the entrance. Katherine's spirits rose to all the cheerfulness and vivacity of her girlhood. She arranged the cushions on the most comfortable chair in the room, then motioned him to it.

From the expression in her eye, and the blush on her cheek, it was apparent that she was not at all displeased at the intrusion. Capanelli took the proffered chair and remarked laughingly, "Katherine, I wonder if you can guess where I have been this morning?"

"Where?"

"To my lawyer."

"Your lawyer?" She spoke in a startled voice.

"Are you in trouble?"

"No," he answered looking into her eyes as his own brightened. "I went there, dear child, to avoid trouble. Should I be so unfortunate as to meet with an accident—like your friend, Dennis—you, dear Katherine, shall not be left destitute. My little friend, I have made you my heir."

Katherine was overcome. The tears started to gather. Trying to control her agitation, she said, "You are a wonderful man; very noble—and so very good."

"Were I a younger man," he replied with a great deal of emotion, "I would ask for your love, and your hand in marriage; but I'm now nearly forty and would not ask so great a sacrifice." Without waiting for her to respond, he continued, "Some day you will meet a younger man, who will make wonderful love to you! Then you will be supremely happy. But you must not fall in love with any one until you have made your grand success."

VII

KATHERINE O'DAY was ready to make her first appearance at Covent Garden, London, in another year. She made a hurried trip to



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Killarney to visit her folks. She made plans for them to accompany her back to London. With a heart full of affection, she told her father how she had arranged for the very best surgeons to diagnose his case. To her mother she whispered softly. "You must buy many beautiful things in London."

The day arrived when they journeyed to London, where a cozy and artistically furnished apartment had been secured for them by Signior Capanelli. Wonderful plans were made and carried out.

On the afternoon of the day after the consultation, Thomas O'Day was taken to the hospital, where an operation was performed. It proved successful, for he soon began to move his legs.

The night arrived for Katherine's first appearance in an operatic rôle. She went through it with remarkable perfection. London went mad over the beauty, acting, and voice of its new operatic star. Men of rank flocked about her, offering their admiration and attention. Somehow she resisted them all.

Every day, Katherine, accompanied by her mother, visited her father at the hospital and found him as happy as a child, anxiously awaiting the moment when he could walk.

"Indeed you will, father," Katherine said sweetly. "And it's I who will take you for your first walk down the Strand."

"Glory be!" cried Thomas O'Day. "Ye—the great opera singer—walkin' down the main street with a mangled Irishman. What would the people be sayin'?"

"And I know, father, just what they would be sayin'. There goes Katherine O'Day with the finest man in Ireland—and, I'd be thinking, in London, too."

SIGNIOR Capanelli was awaiting Mrs. O'Day and Katherine at the latter's apartment. Katherine's face lit up with smiles when she beheld him, but it soon changed to disappointment and sorrow when she learned he had come to say good-by. The Signior

gazed at her with his very soul, but his words belied his looks.

"Katherine, my dear," he said, "you don't need me any longer. You have made your grand success. My work is done. I am going to make room for a younger and better man."

There was such deep, bitter, heartfelt anguish in his voice that she read—or believed she read—in his manly face and nervous frame the generosity and self-sacrifice he was willing to make for her happiness.

"I have one thing more to ask," he added.

Katherine's heart throbbed with delight, only to be disappointed again when he begged forgiveness for the thing he had intimated in the past. But those bitter days had been forgotten. In their place had blossomed a love—a love so great that everything seemed to fade before it. Katherine forgetting all else in wondering sympathy and compassion and love, extended her hand to the Signior, and, with tearful eyes, said, "You are the most unselfish man in all this world. Truly, I have nothing to forgive; but I have much to give—if you—care to accept it."

He could scarcely believe that Katherine reciprocated his love. He loved her beyond all words—with a love which was above human power to resist—which altogether conquered and subdued him. Even the flowers on the stands seemed to smile on them. Signior Capanelli finally realized that Katherine really loved him. He lost no time in telling her of that realization—both by word and action—particularly when he took her in his arms and covered her face with kisses. And when Mrs. O'Day entered, she found them still in each other's arms.

Early one afternoon, several days later, Signior Capanelli and Katherine were at lunch in the O'Day apartment when the telephone rang. Thomas O'Day's nurse at the hospital asked to speak with Katherine. She told Katherine that her father was better and ready to take his first walk. Looking lovingly at Signior Capanelli, Katherine said softly, "I have an engagement to walk with my father down the Strand. Won't you come along?"

Two Billion Dollars That Do Not Work!

IN the first two months of the present year the Government's floating indebtedness increased 250 million dollars. Seven thousand five hundred millions of "short-date debt" will mature within the next two years. Meanwhile revenue from income and excess profits taxation is falling.

The Treasury Department is floating \$400,000,000 of Treasury certificates, half at 5½ and half at 5¾ per cent interest. They make a good, safe investment. But since economy is so pressingly important, why not economize in our interest bills?

The people have put \$170,000,000 in the Postal Savings banks under a \$2,500 limit for only 2 per cent interest. There are at least \$2,000,000,000 savings in the United States which never get into any bank. They repose in buried tin cans, in old socks, in various hiding places.

If every post office were a postal savings bank, with no limit on deposits, and if Uncle Sam paid 3½ or 4 per cent interest, would it not be possible for the Government to finance its floating debt without borrowing constantly from the banks at high rates?

Men and women who foolishly distrust banks would probably be willing to trust Uncle Sam.

—New York American.

◆ ◆ ◆

All Nature is but art unknown to thee;
All chance direction which thou canst not see;
All discord harmony not understood;
All partial evil universal good.

◆ ◆ ◆

Never explain: your friends do not need it and
your enemies will not believe you anyway.

—Fra Elbertus.

KEEPING FIT

How to Be Comfortable in Hot Weather

A SCIENTIST has shown by experiments conducted at Harvard, that imagination has a powerful influence on the bodily functions. In these experiments the subject was placed on a perfectly balanced beam, so that the least change of blood circulation, the slightest movement of blood anywhere in the body, would be quickly indicated. It was found, for example, that if an athlete should imagine himself to be running and should concentrate his mind on the operation of running, the blood would invariably seek the leg muscles, as it would in the actual process of running.

Some people suffer more from the effects of anticipated heat, imagining the discomforts they must endure, than they actually do when the hot days are here. I know people who begin in the early spring to dread the summer. They are afraid of heat prostration. They feel sure that it is going to be a terribly hot summer. They actually swelter and perspire in anticipation, so that the real suffering they go through when the hot weather actually comes is slight compared with the anticipated suffering.

THIS is just one more instance of multiplying our trials and tribulations by anticipation, imagining all sorts of terrible things ahead of us. Most of the evils we anticipate never come anyway, and those that do come are usually very much lighter and less painful than we anticipated. How often one hears

people say, after the summer is over, "Well, it wasn't nearly as bad as I thought it would be. I didn't suffer half as much as I thought I would."

A similar thing is true of the cold weather which so many people dread. They fear the hard winters, and wish they could go to California, or Florida, or some other place where the climate is mild. But when the winter is over, they find it was not nearly so hard for them as they had imagined it would be.

You want to be comfortable this summer? Then don't talk about the weather; don't think about it; don't read about it in the newspapers; don't be constantly looking at the thermometer to see how hot it really is. If when you get up in the morning it seems a little warm, don't say, "It is going to be a scorcher to-day."

HOT weather is largely psychological. Talking and reading and thinking about it will only make it worse. Drive the subject out of your mind, just as you would drive out worry and fear, by holding the opposite thought. Think of coolness. Try to keep your mind cool. Keep sweet, serene. Don't allow yourself to get angered about anything. Don't hurry; don't worry; don't fret; don't stew; don't scold others. Keep just as calm and poised as possible, and you will be surprised to find how little discomfort you will suffer.

Mrs. George W. Loft

(Continued from page 60)

necessarily coöperate with other branches of the police service; and, though it is beside the point, I must say that I have found the police department, in every respect, most courteous and obliging to work with; on the whole, I believe, the police force of New York City is made up of high-grade men and women."

When I pressed the commissioner to tell me more about her personal part in the work, she modestly declined, declaring, "I am not in this field for self-advertisement. If what we are doing is made known to the public, well and good; but so far as I am personally concerned, I am content if my work finds fruit only in actual results to those we help. What I am

seeking is not personal glory; it is to accomplish good."

Mrs. Loft and her assistants will not wear uniforms. They will specialize as human beings. Their main effort will be devoted toward the prevention of crime, and punishment will be reserved for the immediate correction of glaring offenses.

The main thing is to prevent the breaking down of self-respect. A man—and more particularly a woman—does not become an habitual criminal until self-respect has broken down.

For this reason the police record, while it may have some apparent benefit for society, really injures society more because it creates in the criminal self-consciousness.

People are never impressed with a man's importance by an arrogant or over-bearing manner.

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